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GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART V.

XII.

THREE YEARS LATER.

THREE years are a long time to look forward to, but how short they appear when once they are past! That this was Ragnhild's experience, she half reluctantly confessed to herself, as in the third spring after the long remembered Berg wedding she wandered with her flocks to the mountains, where the old saeter cottages stood ready to receive her. And still, how wretched had she been in the first months after he had left her, how slowly and miserably had the days crept along! She had said that she would never more be happy, and happy she had not been; but time, the healer of all wounds, had also blunted the sting of her sorrow. She no longer thought of Gunnar with pain or regret; for her faith in him was great, and as the echo of his many and, as she now thought, wonderful words rung in her memory, she was even at times filled with an heroic devotion which made her strong to bear many a hard struggle which was to come.

Lars seemed to have grown much gentler since the affray at the wedding. He had been obliged to keep his bed for months, and it had even for some time been doubtful whether he was to regain his health at all. Of marriage there had been little said of late; and if people had not known both Atle Henjum and his sister so well, they might have supposed that the whole plan had been abandoned long ago. But Atle had been waiting for a favorable moment. This he now believed to have come; Ragnhild was composed and cheerful, Lars again as strong as ever, and, to make everything complete, the fishery had yielded this year nearly twice as much as usual, so the widow would be fully able to make a magnificent wedding, and that without touching either bank-book or the silver dollars on the bottom of her chests. Lars had accordingly set out again for a visit to Rimul; and had he come an hour earlier, he would probably have found Ragnhild at home. Now he came in vain.

The little cottage at Henjumhei

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looked cheerless and desolate since Gunnar had gone. The rock still stood frowning over it; the overhanging birch-trees still shook their yellow flower-dust upon its roof, and wafted their spring breath in through the open windows; the brisk river had not yet ceased to shower its cold spray over its walls; and yet, if you happened to enter, you would hardly have said that it was the same cottage you had seen years ago. There sat old Gunhild on the hearth, and spun early and late, spun and spun day after day, and never tired. Never tired? Perhaps if you looked more closely, you would find that three years had wrought great changes in old Gunhild. She is no longer the cheerful, vigorous woman she used to be. She talks very little now, for she has no one to talk with. Thor was always a man of few words, and now they are fewer than ever. Moreover he spends all his day in field and forest; and when he comes home late at night, hungry and tired, it is only to sit down in the fireside corner and there smoke on in silence, until sleep comes and makes the silence deeper. They had heard from Gunnar only twice in the three years he had been gone. In the first letter, which came some six or seven months after his departure, he had told them of his nightly flight from the valley, of his long wanderings and many hardships before he reached the capital and was finally admitted to the Academy of Art. The second letter was filled with enthusiastic praises of his friend Herr Vogt, a young man who was studying at the University, and who, from the time of their first meeting, had never ceased to shower upon him new tokens of regard. Time and daily intercourse had now ripened their intimacy into the warmest and sincerest friendship. Vogt was the son of a wealthy clergyman, who lived at some distance from the city, and Gunnar had received repeated invitations to spend his vacation at his home, which, however, for some reason or other, he had declined. He had hitherto made his way by giving lessons in

drawing, and by selling his sketches and compositions to illustrated papers. About Ragnhild he wrote not a word.

Strange it may seem that, in spite of Gunnar's success and happiness, his grandmother mourned him almost as if he had been dead. "Was it not what I always said, Thor, that that picture business would be sure to lead the child astray? But you never would listen to me, you Thor, when I told you to set the boy to honest work. There is no blessing in stepping beyond one's own station, my father used to say; and sure enough, there can come no lasting blessing from it either, Thor."

"It is often hard to tell where one's station is," Thor would answer.

One day he had been helping the girls to get the saeter cottages in order; and as there were a hundred things to do, and he the surest hand to do them, time had slipped by unnoticed, and the sun had already risen before he was on his homeward way: for sunset and sunrise follow close in each other's track in the month of midsummer. As he passed the parsonage, he saw the old pastor walking in his garden, with slippers and dressing-gown, and a long-stemmed meerschaum pipe in his mouth.

"Good morning, Thor," said the pastor, with a friendly nod.

"Good morning. The pastor is early on foot to-day." And Thor pulled his red, pointed cap from his head and held it respectfully in his hand, while the pastor addressed him.

"When one gets old one cannot always sleep at pleasure; and when light and darkness are no longer the distinctions between day and night, one is often tempted to get up both in season and out of season, according as wakefulness or weariness bids. In sleepless nights, however, I always have something to go by. As soon as I hear my hens cackling in the yard, I know the hour, and then there is no longer any question about staying in bed."

"I think the pastor once told me," observed Thor, taking a few steps forward, and leaning over the railing,

"that he was always a light sleeper. And when a man has so much in his head as we know the pastor has, it is no wonder that he finds little time for rest."

"But how with yourself, Thor? Age seems to be gaining on you fast. You do not look half as vigorous as you did a few years ago."

"One has to take things as they come." Here Thor paused, raised his head abruptly, and looked full into the pastor's face. "I suppose every one has his share of troubles," he added, rather hurriedly.

"Come in, Thor," and the minister opened the garden gate; "come and sit down with me on this bench here. It is a very long time since we had a good talk together."

Thor entered and took a seat at the farther end of the bench.

"I do not wish to intrude on you," continued the pastor, striking a match on the bench, and proceeding to light his pipe, which during the conversation had been neglected. "I have no intention of being inquisitive; but as your pastor, I might perhaps be able to bring you aid and counsel in the sorrows and troubles which beset you." Although thus invited to speak, Thor for some time remained silent, while the minister, with eager sympathy, watched the struggling emotions in his rugged features. It was not Thor's habit to speak; sympathy and confidence were quite unknown things to him.

"Pastor," he broke forth at last, and his voice trembled as he spoke, "you may remember Gunnar, my son. God knows I miss him very much."

A peasant's mode of thought is simple, and simple is his way of uttering it; but the minister saw through Thor's rough speech into the deep, loving nature beyond.

"Thor," said he, "I do not wonder that you miss your son; I confess, I often miss him myself. But then we must believe that God knows what is best for us all. And as regards Gunnar, I can give you great proofs that

God holds his protecting hand over him. It was not for nothing I called you, as you passed. Only look here!" The pastor pulled a letter and a newspaper out of his breast-pocket, and handed both to the peasant, while kindness and triumphant joy beamed forth from his countenance. "But wait a minute," continued he, "perhaps I had better take the paper, and, if you would like to listen, I will read you something that may possibly interest you."

"I am not very good at letters," answered Thor, quietly. "I should like much if the pastor would be kind enough to read."

The other unfolded the paper and began: "The gold medal of the Academy of Art was this year awarded Mr. Gunnar Thorsen Henjumhei, from the parish of T—— in Bergen Stift; and a stipend for two years of foreign travel, to which this prize entitles him, will be conferred on him from August 1st, prox. Never, since the earliest days of the Academy, has an opportunity been afforded us of expressing a heartier approval of its decisions than on this occasion. Mr. Henjumhei is evidently a genius of no ordinary scope, and we dare confidently to predict for him a place among the stars of the first magnitude, on the northern horizon of art. This is certainly much to say, but not too much; for even the slightest glance at his Hulder (now on exhibition in the Academy) will convince the beholder that here is one of the favored few whom Nature has truly admitted into her confidence. Judged, however, by the strictest rules of art, the Hulder is not perfect, and perhaps far from perfect. But it is not conventional perfection we ask from our young artists. Mr. Henjumhei's Hulder possesses qualities compared with which, we had nearly said, even perfection would be of small account. The Hulder, in spite of imperfect foreshortenings and unwieldy drapery, is all instinct with the native fire of genius, and glows with a life which neither rules nor teachings could impart. The weird grandeur of the

tradition could never have found a happier and more poetic expression than in those unfathomable, inward-looking eyes, in the harmoniously dramatic gesture of the raised hand, suggesting the idea that she is listening to some word or sound which, we feel sure, none but herself can hear, —

‘To the breathless, anxious secret
Which ever must rest untold.’

And again, the light, sportful airiness, the deep, nameless longings, which, as they are blended in our popular superstition, give such a rich charm to this legendary being, — these are traits which the artist can well feel and express, but are of too subtle a nature for the critic to dissect and analyze. She is, as the ballad expresses it, ‘the grace of the sunshine to the fir-tree’s grotesqueness wed.’

“Before closing our notice, we shall in confidence relate, what a bird has sung to us, namely, that Mr. Henjum-hei caught the inspiration for his Hulder from some fair damsel in his native valley, to whom the picture in some points is said to bear a striking resemblance. If true, we will hope, in the interest of art, that he may soon find the charm to bind the wayward sprite. For, in sooth, he is a youth of whom any damsel, yea, old Norway herself, may justly be proud.”

The pastor’s incorrigible pipe had again gone out during the reading. While lighting it, his eyes were firmly riveted on his listener. Thor sat immovable as a statue; but a tear trembled in his eyelid, and stole down his weather-furrowed cheek.

“Good by, pastor,” said he, rose quickly, and went.

It was about seven o’clock in the morning when Thor saw his cottage peeping forth between the light birch-trees. The night must have been very damp; every tiny leaf and sprig was hung with glittering dew-drops, and as the sun smote them they played and sparkled as from a luminous life within them. Thor looked up, took two steps backward, shaded his eyes with his hand, and gazed again. For fifty years

had he lived in that cottage, and how many a time in those years the sun and the dew had lent it their beauty! To him it was as if to-day he saw it for the first time, at least since those early years he had struggled so bravely to forget. On the bench before the door sat his old mother with her knitting-work. “Poor thing,” muttered he, “she wants to do everything for the best. But well for the boy that he was stronger than his father, or rather that a stronger hand came in between him and us. ‘A youth whom old Norway herself may justly be proud of,’” added he musingly. “I knew well there was the right mettle in him.”

Then, of course, Thor hastened to his mother with his news, that she might also know and share his joy. No, his joy was one which none but himself could feel, and none but his God should share it with him. So he wandered down toward the river, seated himself on a large moss-grown stone, where a heavy-browed fir stooped out over the rapids, and watched the strong, tumultuous life of the whirling waters.

The sun already stood high in the heavens, when old Gunhild, lifting her eyes from her knitting, and adjusting her spectacles, which had slid down to the tip of her nose, saw her son coming up toward the bench where she sat. Her quick eye caught the change in him. A calm, trustful happiness pervaded his whole being, and beamed forth from his countenance.

“Son,” said she, “I should say that you must bring good news from the saeter.”

“So I do, mother,” replied he, “and from farther off too than the saeter.”

“Thor,” cried she, dropping her knitting in her lap, “has the boy come?”

“Not that I know,” said Thor, “but here, let him speak for himself.” And he took the letter out from his inside waistcoat-pocket, sat down at his mother’s side, and broke the seal.

“No, no,” demanded she, “let me look at the seal, let me see the address and the postmark.”

"Mother," said Thor, laughing, "one would suppose you were ten years old. Now come, let us read together; and when I can't make it out, then you shall help me." The letter was written on a large sheet, folded together without envelope, in the old fashion. The father glanced down the whole sheet, turned over on the next page, then to the first again, and finally began:—

"My dear Father and Grandmother—"

"The blessed child, the blessed child!" interrupted the latter, already wiping her eyes with her apron, and nodding her head.

"Hush now, you must please be quiet for a minute."

"My dear Father and Grandmother:—Hurrah! here I stand, with the gold medal in my hand, and my head dizzy with the glorious thought of two years of foreign travel. Alone did the poor boy set out in quest of his beautiful princess, and long was the way. Perhaps even his father and his mother, and every one he loved, sent him, if not a curse, at least a pitying smile or a shoulder-shrug, for company on his journey. They knew nothing of his princess, and cared to know nothing. But the boy knew her, and knew that she was to be his. Many strange creatures did he meet on his wanderings. Both Necken and the Hulder, and numberless Trollds, large and small, sat waiting for him along the wayside, some to help him, others to do him harm. O, if you could have seen the Hulder of my heart! She it was who taught me the way to the mountain. Now I can discern the luminous path that leads to the castle, where sleeps the beautiful princess.

"An hour ago I stood with some twenty others in the vestibule of the Academy, awaiting the final declaration of the prizes. My heart was now in my throat, now in my boots, and everywhere else, except where it ought to have been. The stairs and the square were crowded with people, and we twenty culprits stood there, heated

and anxious or shivering, according to each one's particular temperament, but struggling hard to look unconcerned. The rest is to me like a dream. I only know that I rushed out desperately, hugged to my heart the first man I happened to meet, which fortunately was Vogt, and now I sit here trying to make you believe that all this is not a fleeting vision, but true and sober reality.

"I need not write more, for I shall soon be with you. In two days I shall start on a pedestrian journey with Vogt, for the purpose of studying our great mountains and glaciers with my new eyes. Vogt will visit the parsonage. His father, who is a clergyman and an old college friend of our pastor's, once spent some time in our valley, and, I believe, knows the Henjum people quite well. Promise me, however, that you will tell no one but yourself that I am coming. I have my own reasons for wishing it to be a secret. How happy I shall be to sit once again on the hearth in our cottage and hear once more grandmother's old stories; for grandmother must tell them all over again! My affectionate greetings to you all, father, grandmother, the birch-trees, and the old cottage.

"Your son,

"GUNNAR THORSEN HENJUMHEI."

"Heaven be praised," sobbed Gunhild, who towards the close had found ample use for her apron,—"Heaven be praised for all its dispensations, both good and evil. Yea, God knows we have mourned enough for the blessed child. And now he will come again. O, yes, I knew he would come home again, I always knew it! You well remember what I used to say to you, Thor. 'Thor,' I would say, 'the boy will soon find—'"

But Thor had already betaken himself to the river, where he still sat poring over his letter, and reading it half aloud to himself; while Gunhild indefinitely continued her soliloquy, with only the pines and the birch-trees listening.

XIII.

RHYME-OLA'S MESSAGE.

It was of course not long before the rumor of Gunnar's great good fortune spread through the valley, from one end to the other, and as rumors are wont to do, expanded on its flight into fabulous dimensions. Among the first whom it reached was Rhyme-Ola, and it is doubtful if Thor Henjumhei himself rejoiced more in it; but Rhyme-Ola had his own way of showing his emotions; on this occasion, it is said, he danced, laughed, and wept, and on the whole behaved so that people thought he had gone mad. The next thing he did was to appoint himself the sole authorized bearer of the message; and, beginning at the eastern end of the valley, he wandered from farm to farm and from cottage to cottage, proclaiming the great tidings.

Old Gunhild Henjumhei had grown quite lame and stiff of late years, and had not been able to move about much. But as next Sermon-Sunday approached, she began making extensive preparations in the way of arranging and increasing her wardrobe.* For to church she would go on that day, she said, whether she should have to creep or to walk. "And my best red striped skirt, which has lain so long at the bottom of my chest, I shall then put on. For I want to look my best, for the blessed child's sake. And if I were you, Thor, I certainly should have a new jacket made before Sunday. You have worn this quite long enough now."

Thor, after some faint resistance, had to yield the point. And the Sermon-Sunday came. Most of the people had already arrived, and stood in scattered groups, talking by the wall or in the church-yard, when Thor came slowly marching in through the gate, with his old mother leaning on his arm. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but walked straight

* One minister in the distant valleys of Norway is often the pastor of two or three parishes, and officiates at different times in different churches. Thus only every second or every third Sunday may be a "Sermon-Sunday."

toward the church door. But Gunhild protested, "Wait a moment, Thor," demanded she, half aloud, "I am an old woman, you know, and cannot trot along as fast as you, perhaps, would like. Let us rest a little here, as other people do, to greet friends and neighbors." Thor had again to yield, though this time rather reluctantly; for to him, the attention they attracted had no part in the joy he felt for his son. Not so with Gunhild; she was not loath to receive her due share of the public notice. They stepped into the small paths between the graves, and walked over towards the southern gate where the women were standing. There they stopped, and Gunhild leaned against the white stone fence. Four or five elderly women came up to speak to her. Two of them were gardeners' wives. Thor withdrew to join the crowd which stood nearest. All eyes were turned on him as he approached.

"Well met, Thor Henjumhei," broke forth a chorus of voices. "And thanks for last meeting," added two or three men, reaching him their hands.

"Well met," said Thor, shaking hands round, "and thanks to yourselves. A goodly number of church-folks to-day," continued he, "more than I ever remember to have seen in harvest-times."

"A pastor like ours is well worth hearing," replied a tall, grave man, who stood next to him.

"They say your son has come to great honor in the capital, Thor," cried a high-pitched voice from the opposite side of the crowd. It was Peer Berg, the father of the "Wild Ducks."

"About the honor, I know but little. He has struggled bravely, and has had the luck with him, God be praised."

"The rumor goes that the king himself has spoken to him, and promised to send him to Roman-town and German-land," ejaculated one, who evidently made some pretensions to a knowledge of geography.

"If that were true, I should most likely have heard of it," was Thor's reply.

"Is it not true, either," asked Peer Berg, "that he gained all the biggest gold and silver pieces in the Ca-Ca-Camedy, or whatever you call it, and that all in one rub?"

Thor answered something, but "the iron tongues of the steeple" spoke with a mightier voice; the air quivered as with full-throated song, and he listened, and forgot what he was about to say. The crowds broke up, and scattered; and with slow and solemn tread the people drew toward the church-door. Soon the church-yard was almost deserted; the entrance-hymn was already streaming out through the open windows, when Thor and Gunhild had reached the door. Then a pretty young girl, in her Sunday dress, with rich, sunny hair, came quickly up to them, looked rather shyly around her, and seized Gunhild's hand, and shook it. "I also wanted to shake hands with you," said she, dropping her eyes, and looking on the ground. For a moment she stood still, holding her hand, and hesitating, as if she wanted to say something more, then again dropped it, and vanished through the open door.

"Bless the child," said Gunhild, "she certainly had something on her heart."

The girl was Ragnhild Rimul.

Walking home from church that same Sunday, Ragnhild met her mother's brother, Atle Henjum. He was just coming down the hillside from Rimul, and had probably been paying Ingeborg a sabbath visit. He gave her a friendly nod as she passed. There was nothing unusual in Atle's going to see his sister; and still, without knowing why, she felt strangely oppressed after having seen him. And then that nod; he usually took no notice of her whatever. When she gained the Rimul gate, an unaccountable anxiety took such possession of her that she had to stop to compose herself before entering. The yard looked scrupulously swept and clean, as it always did on Sundays; but to-day it bore a most distressing air of awkward, self-conscious stiffness. On the

stair-case of the stabur, or store-house, sat her mother feeding the poultry, but as Ragnhild felt, evidently waiting for her to come home. As she came within sight, Ingeborg rose and beckoned to her. The poultry knew her too well to mind her presence. Only the cock laid his head on one side, and looked up at her with a knowing air, as if to make her understand that he was well aware of what was coming.

"What was the text to-day?" asked Ingeborg, as her daughter stood before her.

"About the Pharisee and the Publican," answered Ragnhild.

"And what did the pastor say?"

"Well, I could hardly tell, but it was uncommonly fine everything he did say."

"Much church-people?"

"A great many." Ragnhild was still standing in the yard, her mother a few steps up the stairs. She fixed a strange, searching glance on the daughter, and that firm decision in the lines about her mouth gradually relaxed into an anxious, quivering doubt.

"Ragnhild," said she suddenly, "you do not tell half of what you think." Ragnhild raised her large, innocent eyes in wonder, but as they met her mother's a deep blush stole over her cheeks; bewildered, she dropped her hymn-book and handkerchief, and quickly stooped down to recover them. It was a good while before she found them.

"Ragnhild," said Ingeborg, with an unusual tremor in her voice, "come into the stabur here, child, and let me speak to you." And she opened the heavy iron door, and Ragnhild followed. It was a large, spacious apartment, lighted by a few small, barred openings high up on the wall. All around the room stood bins, filled with grain of various kinds, and from the ceiling hung, in long-continued rows, hams, and pieces of smoked and salted beef. But what especially attracted the eye were three huge chests with vaulted covers, elaborately carved and painted, and exhibiting the likenesses

of mermaids, dwarfs, trolls, and other fabulous creatures. Through all these fanciful surroundings could clearly be traced the shapes of four or five letters, probably the initials of some long deceased ancestor or ancestress of the Henjum and Rimul families. The widow took the young girl's hand, and led her up to within four or five steps of the chests.

"Daughter," said she, solemnly, and pointing to the middle one, "can you read those letters?"

"L. A. S. H.," whispered Ragnhild.

"And those other letters underneath," continued the mother.

"R. S. D. H."

"Do you know what they mean?"

"No."

"Ragnhild, Ragnhild," exclaimed the mother, dropping her hand, and with arms akimbo placing herself right in front of the culprit, "do you mean to say that you do not know the names of your own grandmother and grandfather?"

Ragnhild remained silent.

"Then," continued Ingeborg, indignantly, "it is high time that you should know them. Those letters above stand for the name of my father, Lars Atle's Son Henjum, and the letters underneath stand for the name of my mother, from whom you were called, Ragnhild Sigurd's Daughter Henjum. It is strange that her father's name also was Sigurd. For now, as you know, those names will soon again be united." Ragnhild stared in hopeless bewilderment on the ominous letters, as if but dimly divining their hidden meaning. Seeing that she had failed to make herself understood, Ingeborg quickly drew a large bunch of keys out of her pocket, and opened the three chests. Then she raised the covers, and without delay disclosed their hidden treasures. There were silver spoons, with large crowned balls at the end of their handles, curiously wrought brooches, and silver breast plates, a fine, glittering bridal crown (an heirloom from immemorial times), heavy, snow-white

linen for table-cloths, sheets, and female apparel, all covered with a perfect maze of elaborate embroidery, skirts and bodices of darker and brighter colors, and numerous other articles, such as ancient wealth and family pride hoarded up from generation to generation. While the widow sat deeply engrossed in the contemplation of her riches, and with evident satisfaction surveyed, unfolded, and displayed every separate article, Ragnhild stood still aghast, gazing in mute astonishment. Now and then her features lighted up for a moment at the sight of some rich garment or ornament, but soon again were overcast, as by coming evil. Having finished all her preparations, Ingeborg beckoned her daughter to come nearer.

"Child," said she, passing her arm round the young girl's waist, and dropping her voice into a gentle whisper, "do you know to whom all these things belong?"

"They are yours," murmured Ragnhild.

"No, child, they are no longer mine. I have no heir but you and all that has hitherto been mine is now to be yours." And she raised her head, and gazed into the daughter's countenance to see if she were not overpowered by such a prospect. But Ragnhild's features betrayed no pleasurable emotion; a shade of painful disappointment flitted over the mother's face; she ran her hand across her forehead, and stooped forward as in deep thought. Then suddenly a new idea struck her.

"Come, child," said she, "let me see how this bridal crown will fit you. It is a beautiful crown. I have worn it once myself, and my grandmother and my great-grandmother before me." So saying, she placed the crown on Ragnhild's sunny head; the latter smiled faintly, and mechanically submitted to her mother's strange freaks.

"And then this bodice, and this breast-plate," cried Ingeborg, with renewed hope, "they will fit you within a hair, and be so becoming." Ragnhild made no motion to accept the proffered gifts; she stood as if petrified.

"Mother," said she, at length, "pray tell me, what does all this mean?"

"What does it mean?" asked the widow astounded, dropping the breast-plate in her lap. "Well, I thought you were old enough to know what it means to put on a bridal-crown. However, the case is simply this. My brother Atle Henjum, while you were still a child, asked your hand for his son Lars. To me, of course, nothing could be more desirable than to see you, my only child, so honorably matched and so well cared for. Therefore, I gave my consent. It was this I wished to make known to you to-day. Atle Henjum has been here this morning, and has renewed his offer. He wishes the wedding to take place soon, and I have long been of the same mind. You are no longer a child now, but a grown woman. At twenty I was married myself, and it is my belief that that is the right age to marry."

The words hummed and buzzed at Ragnhild's ears; she heard them, but they were to her only so many sounds, without any special import. Now they seemed to come floating from far away, sometimes to ring piercingly through her torpid senses, and then again they receded into a dim distance. She marry Lars Henjum? She certainly had heard some parish talk about that long ago—O, yes, so very long ago, she thought now; for the idea was as strange to her as if she had never heard it. And Lars, how ugly he looked to her, with his broad, ox-like brow and dull, staring eyes. And her thought grasped despairingly for Gunnar; for in all the fairy-winged dreams which had risen from her soul in the summer stillness, he had been her lord and hero.

"Well," continued Ingeborg, having still received no answer, "you now know my will. It can certainly not be any great surprise to you. But with regard to the time, and some few other things, I should like to know what you think."

There followed another long, painful silence. Ingeborg stared, she knit her brow; a deep crimson shot over her face, even up to her head-gear.

"Ragnhild Rimul," cried she, with rising indignation, "if you have so far forgotten your birth and your mother's name as still to remember that wandering beggar and vagabond, whose shame—"

"O mother!" implored the girl, and burst into tears. But the widow,—she clasped her hands over her forehead, pressed them convulsively against her temples, stooped down, and hid her face in her lap; and a heavy, struggling moan was the last farewell to a mother's life-hope. When she again lifted her eyes Ragnhild was gone.

The maids wondered much that day what had become of the house-wife. They searched the house, the barns, and the fields, but they searched in vain. Toward evening they found her again, sitting in her accustomed seat at the south window, and the old silver-clasped Bible lay open before her. But no one durst ask when she came or where she had been. She glanced up whenever the door-latch moved, then again bent over her Bible.

What were your thoughts then, Ingeborg Rimul? Why did your stately figure stoop, as you staggered from the stabur over to the house, hardly able to bear the burden of your self-wrought grief? And when you opened the Holy Book and sat down to read its well-known pages, why did those words, given to console the afflicted, refuse to comfort thee? Ah, Ingeborg Rimul, it was not the Word of God that was foremost in your mind that night. No, you remember still how your wayward thoughts wandered back to a time which you had long vainly striven to forget. And that moon-lit summer-night returned to your memory, when you sat under the birch-tree at the river, and your golden head rested lovingly on his bosom. Ah, if he,—if Thoralf Vogt had known of all the weary, sleepless nights that followed those days of bliss; if he could have counted the tears that flowed from your eyes, Ingeborg Rimul, before your faith and your hopes were crushed,—then you thought he would not have given you up so easily.

But you have changed much since those days. Then your faith in man and God was strong, for you loved as only a nature like yours can love. But, as I say, you have changed much; now you think you can repair one sin by adding to it another, and a greater one: you sacrificed your own happiness, now you offer upon the same altar the life of your child, Ragnhild, your only daughter.

XIV.

AT THE PARSONAGE.

"WHAT should she do, where should she go?" These were Ragnhild's first thoughts, as after a short flight upward through the birch-grove, she sunk down under a large drooping tree, hid her face in her lap, and wept and wept, and could never weep out her trouble, for the more she wept the more she felt the need of weeping. And the slender birch-boughs waved and trembled; then a faint rustling would steal through the fluttering leaves, as if the tree were trying to hush its own emotion. Hard by stood a steep, half-moss-grown rock, over which the water came trickling down in slow, strange, forest-like silence; and a clear pool underneath peered upwards with its calm gaze. But Ragnhild wept, — wept until the tears dimmed even her grief, and she at last hardly knew why she was weeping. Her thoughts had wandered far that day, no wonder they were weary. Hush! what a song-rich soul has the northern forest! And its life itself, — what a full-swelling tide of melody. But that was not the voice of the forest. She raised her head, wondered, and listened. A strange, soft crooning seemed to grow out of the silence, and then fade into silence again. Suddenly the thought of trollds and elf-maidens flashed through her mind. She sprang up and ran, until she plainly heard somebody calling her name. She paused and looked timidly around. There sat Rhyme-Ola upon the rock swinging his ragged hat in one hand,

and a bundle of papers in the other. It was plainly the papers he wished her to see; for as she hesitated, he flung his hat away, and again waved them towards her.

"Ragnhild," cried he, "was it not what I always used to say?"

Ragnhild took a few steps toward the pool, smoothed her hair, and washed off the marks of her tears; then by the aid of a small birch and some juniper bushes, climbed the rock to where Rhyme-Ola was standing.

"It was the very thing, I have always said, Ragnhild," repeated he, as if he were taking up the thread of a conversation, which had been broken off a minute ago.

"What is it you have always been saying, Rhyme-Ola?" asked Ragnhild, astonished, as, flushed and panting, she gained the singer's lofty haunt.

"Take a seat, make yourself at home," said he; "I am going to tell you all about it."

She dropped upon a stone and sat looking expectantly into his face.

"You remember," resumed the other, "how often I used to say that the valley would hear of him when they least expected it."

Ragnhild had no recollection of such a prophecy on the part of Rhyme-Ola, but, hardly knowing what he meant, she answered musingly, "O — yes," then, suddenly throwing herself forward, added in breathless haste, "And what have they heard of him, Rhyme-Ola?"

"Look here, Ragnhild," cried her companion, gayly, "if you have not heard strange things before, you may be sure you will hear them now. It was only what I always said; but nobody would believe me, not even you Ragnhild."

"Yes, yes, I *do* believe you," exclaimed the girl impatiently. "Only pray tell; what is it you have heard?"

Rhyme-Ola took one of the papers he held in his hand, unfolded it, and handed it to Ragnhild.

"You will find something there," said he; "I can't read, you know, so I can't tell you where it is. The pastor

told me it was there. He gave me the papers yesterday, and I promised him to carry them to the judge for him; for they two keep the papers together. But I have been keeping them to show them to you, Ragnhild, for I knew that, next myself, there was nobody in the valley who would care more to see it."

She did not seem quite to catch his meaning; she opened her mouth, and the question she was about to ask — well, she did not exactly forget it, but it just vanished on her lips, and she did not know what had become of it. So she sat there only gazing on Rhyme-Ola, but said not a word.

"Well, well, Ragnhild," said he, visibly disappointed, "if you don't care to read it, I am sure I sha'n't urge you." And he reached his hand out to take the paper back again; but she snatched it, then sprang up, and down she ran over the steep hillside, so loose earth and boulders came rumbling after in her track.

"Ragnhild, Ragnhild, don't you hear, it is the pastor's paper," cried Rhyme-Ola. A heavy boulder with a fierce rush dashed against a huge-stemmed fir. That was all the answer he got. A minute after he saw her light figure vanish in the dense birch copse below.

Since the time of her confirmation, Ragnhild no longer slept in her mother's room. Up stairs in the eastern gable of the house, a little chamber had been fitted up for her, and a very pretty chamber it was. It was five years now since she was confirmed, and still the girlish pride she took in her little bower was as fresh as the first day she entered it. She had spent so many happy hours up there. The furniture was perhaps scanty enough; but it was all, if not more than she required. Near the door stood the large painted chest in which she kept her wardrobe; then a bed in the wall, which, however, no one could see, unless when the trap-door was opened through which she entered it; but the door was generally open, and the snow-white sheets, the sheep skins, and

the rag blankets which Ragnhild herself had woven were always in such perfect order that she hardly would mind if you stepped near and took a look at it. The walls, which had retained their natural tint of the wood, were decorated with a small looking-glass, a colored print of Prince Gustaf, and the following verses painted in red letters, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bed: —

"May the good God look on me,
Keep my sleep from evil free;
Cleanse my soul from sin and shame;
So I sleep in Jesus' name.

"Thou hast waked me, God, from sleep;
Thou this day my feet wilt keep.
Glad to labor I arise,
Under thy protecting eyes."

When Ragnhild woke up the next morning, her first thought was the newspaper, which she had hid under her pillow; but the wish she made when she did it, she would not for any prize have told to living mortal. She again examined the paper, read the article through, word for word, to assure herself that it was all true, and that she had not merely dreamed it. The words "art" and "artist" struck her singularly; Gunnar was an artist, it said. What was an artist? She had some faint notion that his pictures might have something to do with it, in fact, she knew they had; but the word was strange to her, and she had no very definite idea of what it meant. She rose and went with one of the maids to the cow-stable to milk the two cows they kept on the home-pasture, then helped in scouring the milk-pails; but still the word "artist" haunted her, and would let her have no peace. She must find out what an artist meant. Suppose she asked Thor Henjumhei? No, that would never do; he might suspect more than she wished to betray. But the old pastor, — he was the very man; learned was he, so he would be likely to know, and a better man to come to in trouble there never was. It never had happened before that Ragnhild had forgot her work or left it half done; but this morning it

did happen. Ingeborg opened her eyes wide, when she saw her spring out of the gate with her Sunday skirt and bodice on, and lightly dance down the hillside towards the river. "Well, well," muttered she, glancing at the half-scoured milk pails on the hearth-stone, "if that were what I had taught *my* daughter! But when one stone loosens and rolls, then the whole heap will be sure to follow. Alas!" added she, with a sigh, "I am afraid that child will do me but little honor."

It was a clear, sunnysummer morning. In the pastor's study windows and doors were thrown wide open, and the sunshine glinted through the blooming apple-trees in the orchard into the little room, where the the worthy clergyman sat at his desk poring over some documents connected with the poor fund or some other equally distracting matter. Again and again he allowed his pipe to go out, turned the papers over and over, and scratched his head in a kind of comic despair whenever a new difficulty presented itself.

A slight knock at the door called the pastor's attention from his papers; he glanced up, and saw a fair young maiden standing in the hall waiting to be admitted. He rubbed his glasses, put them on his nose, and looked at her.

"Ah, Ragnhild Rimul!" cried he, agreeably surprised. "Come in, my child. You are very welcome. You do not at all disturb me; you need have no fear of that. Come in. How is your good mother?"

Ragnhild in the meantime, after having made a deep courtesy to the pastor, had found a chair at the door, where she sat down, modestly looking on the floor without saying a word.

"And your good mother is well, my child?" repeated the old man. Ragnhild stammered something to the effect that her good mother, when she saw her last, was enjoying her usual good health. The pastor expressed his gratification at so desirable a state of affairs, and hoped that the daughter also was enjoying the same blessing. Now, here was a chance for introducing her ques-

tion, but Ragnhild felt so bashful and embarrassed that she could do nothing but twirl and twist the corners of her apron, and hardly knew herself what she wanted to say. Indeed, she had talked frankly with the kind old man so many a time before, and had never felt the least hesitation. She had always had the most unbounded reverence for him, and had been used to think that, next to God, there was none who knew more than he. To-day was the first time she had anything she wished to hide from him; and it was this which made her heart sink, as her eyes met his. In this minute she had a vague sensation that he already must have discovered her secret, and she was ashamed of herself for ever having wished to keep it from him. He saw her embarrassment, and tried to come to her assistance; but she heard nothing of what he said. Then he also was silent, and although she still sat gazing on the floor, she could feel his eyes fixed steadily on her. She must speak. And she summoned all her courage, gave her apron a desperate twist, and, in a voice half choked by the tears, suddenly broke out:

"Would n't father please tell me what it means to be an artist?"

And with a powerful effort, she swallowed her tears and tried to look unconcerned.

"What it means to be an artist?" said the pastor, with ill concealed astonishment. "My dear child, what have you got to do with artists?"

"Well, I just wished to know," answered she boldly, but pressed her hands against the chair, and set her teeth firmly the moment she had spoken; for, in spite of the warmth, they seemed alarmingly disposed to clatter.

"An artist? Well, to be an artist is to be engaged in the study of Art, whether it be Architecture or Music or But perhaps you will have some difficulty in understanding —"

Ragnhild certainly had difficulty in understanding, which he, in fact, did not wonder at. And mistrusting his

own information on the subject, he arose, pulled a large volume of his Encyclopedia out from the book-case, and without further introduction began to read. But one regiment of big words marched up, followed by another of still more promising dimensions, until at last even the pastor despaired, and shut the book in disgust. Having put it back in its place, he went up to Ragnhild, stopped in front of her, and looked at her in wonder.

"My dearest child," said he tenderly, "if you are in trouble or distress, be assured that I shall be glad to do anything in my power to help you. You know you can trust me, child, do you not?"

That was too much for a poor overburdened heart. "Father," cried she, "I am so unhappy," and a shower of tears nearly choked the confession, "I love Gunnar so much. I always did love him. But mother does n't like him, and she calls him a beggar and a vagabond, and that hurts me so much. For you know he is no vagabond, father, and not a beggar either."

"Yes, dearest child, I know. A nobler and worthier youth our parish never bore."

"That was what the paper said too," sobbed she, — "and then it cannot be any sin to love him, can it, father?"

The pastor made no answer. She stayed her weeping, and lifted her tear-filled eyes on him imploringly. It was not in his power to resist.

"No, child," said he warmly, "it is no sin to love. And," added he, after a moment's pause, "if ever a youth was worthy of a maiden's love, he is."

"O, thank you, father!" cried she, "for that was the truest word —"

Your mouth ever uttered, was what she was about to say, but suddenly remembering that that would not be a proper thing to say to her pastor, she restrained her joy, and after some hesitation continued: "I was so afraid that I might be wrong! but now, when I know that you also think what my love for him had early taught me to think, I shall never more be in doubt.

.... And if you would please tell my mother so, she would also learn to think differently, for she would believe you, father, although she would no one else."

The pastor folded his hands on his back under his dressing-gown, and began walking briskly up and down on the floor. There was no denying that his sympathy for the poor girl was strong and heartfelt; and he now suddenly discovered that he had allowed his warm heart to run away with his judgment. Of course, he was not ignorant of the Henjum and Rimul marriage scheme, and even if he had been, it would be unpardonable in him as a minister to encourage a daughter to rebel against her mother's wish. "Alas!" sighed he, "I always find myself running into this kind of scrapes. How often shall I suffer, before I learn? And what is now to be done?" A thought struck him. Ragnhild was well versed in her catechism; he could refer to no higher authority. So he stopped again before her, "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother," said he, slowly and solemnly, "that it may go well with thee, and thou shalt long live in the land."

This done, he again resumed his walk, and having found a new argument, again stopped.

"He that honoreth not father and mother —"

His eye met a sweet, puzzled look in her innocent face, and he had not the heart to go on. Then a faint smile flitted over her features, for her quick eye had already told her where his sympathies were in spite of the stern words of the law. It is, indeed, inconceivable where she found the courage to say what she did say, and she often thought so herself afterwards, but as the answer came to her, she had already uttered it before she had time for a second thought.

"Thou shalt obey God," faltered she, "rather than men." It struck him singularly to have the ignorant peasant girl meet him so promptly on his own ground. It was now his turn to look

puzzled. He dropped down in an easy-chair at the desk, laid his hand on his forehead, and sat long as if in deep thought. Ragnhild, fearing her presence might be unwelcome to him, arose and walked towards the door.

"I hope you will excuse me if I have disturbed you, father," said she; "farewell."

"Stay, child, stay," demanded he, without changing his attitude. And she remained standing at the door, looking at him, and wondering what he could be thinking. And the silence lasted a long while, until at length she feared he had forgotten her altogether. She took a few steps toward the writing-desk, made a deep courtesy, and said:

"Father, I think my mother will miss me, if I stay longer."

Then he arose, grasped the hand she reached him, and with warmth and earnestness said:

"Ragnhild, if you have failed to get the help and the advice you might

justly expect from me, as your pastor, you will not think that it has been from any unwillingness on my part, or from indifference to your welfare. Perhaps it rather was because I felt too much for you both. But the matter you have mentioned to me to-day is one in which no human helper will avail you. Therefore pray to God, that He will help you, and act then in accordance with what your own conscience tells you to be His will, and you will never go astray. And now, child, may God bless you. Farewell!"

Ragnhild would have thanked the old man if she had been able. As it was, she could only falter a faint farewell, and hurry out into the clear, sun-teeming morning. He went to the window, lit his pipe for the twentieth time, and saw her skipping down the road past the little white church, until the forest and the distance hid her from his sight.

"Ah, yes, yes," murmured he, "it is the old, old story."

H. H. Boyesen.

THE HOME-LIFE OF SALMON PORTLAND CHASE.

THE complications of our political system often rob our greatest men of the privilege the poorest of their constituents enjoys, — a permanent abiding-place. The caprice with which a public favorite is sent first to Washington, and then, perhaps, remanded to his State capital, and then despatched to a foreign post of duty, makes it sometimes impossible that he can call any one spot his home. Under this disadvantage Mr. Chase labored, as one of so varied a public career must have done. When just about of age, he chose Cincinnati as a home and a starting-place. The recollections of his life there, when a boy, are known to have decided him in this choice; but it was a preference the wisdom of which he never afterwards

doubted. Indeed, he often said in his later days, that, were he a young man, with his "life to live over again," — that was his invariable way of putting it, — he would go still farther West. At Cincinnati he lived through the first struggles of a poor, young lawyer's life, which was marked with peculiar embarrassments and vicissitudes, — the exciting slavery controversies and the fights for liberty in the courts, in which he bore himself so well. In 1849 his election as United States Senator broke in upon a life which had now become busy and prosperous, and placed him in an arena no longer bounded by the lines of his own State. In 1855 there was still another transfer, when Ohio demanded his services in the governor's chair; and it is still the pride of

Ohioans, that Governor Chase was the first to take up his official residence at Columbus, and by this, as well as other means, to make his office something more than that of "a big Justice of the Peace." But this residence was of short duration. Being elected Senator a second time in 1860, he took his seat in the following year, and, after serving two days, became Secretary of the Treasury. From this time until the close of his life, Washington must be considered as his home. There was a lapse of only a few months during which he was not officially a resident there; so that for the twelve years that passed between the opening of the conflict he did so much to bring to its successful issue, and his death, he was a resident of the capital. He still, however, retained his citizenship in the State of his adoption, and up to the last few years went home to vote, — a duty he urged upon others by speech and letter as well as by example.

During the latter years of his life, but before his paralytic attack, a yearning came over him, as it comes to so many lovers of Nature, to renew his old acquaintanceship with her in some retreat guarded from the busy sights and sounds of a city. The spot selected for his country home was necessarily near enough to town to permit daily and convenient attendance at Court, and yet was distant enough to withdraw him from bustle, and retired enough to shelter him from intrusion. It was no inconsiderable domain either; its fifty-five acres came to be dubbed familiarly "the duchy." It lies about two miles from the city, directly north of the Capitol, and has long been known as a tract which it was proposed to turn into a summer residence for the President, at least one resolution to this effect having been introduced into the Senate before the war, with the design, it is said, of placing the new Executive mansion where the house of the Chief Justice stood. This house, though built many years before, could hardly have been fashioned more to his tastes. Its dimensions were so gener-

ous that its building is said to have been interrupted for a time by lack of money, the father of the future owner admitting that he had "agreed to pay for a house, but not," said he, "for a capitol." It is a plain, massive, three-story brick house, with nothing of modern architectural frippery about it; a house of ample halls, broad staircases, lofty ceilings, elaborate and old-fashioned mouldings, and walls that might stand for centuries. But its site is its chief beauty. It rises boldly from the brow of a hill, which slopes rapidly down in front and on both sides. On either hand, the ground descends to rise again in hills, over which the Chief Justice spent many an hour in leisurely walks. In front, it falls abruptly down and rolls away towards the Potomac, between two gentle ranges of hills; this defile, widening as it advances, opens full upon the city, with its houses glistening clean and white in the sun, while the Capitol, in simple majesty, is the vanishing point of the picture. It is a most beautiful view and, unromantic as it is, has all the moods wilder scenes are so rich in. No vicissitude of storm or cloud can rob it of its beauty. In the mist and haze of morning, the bright, full glow of noon, the thickening gloom of dusk, it still held its charm; and, in all its phases, the Capitol, in which so much of the life-work of the veteran statesman had been done, was the centre around which the landscape seemed to group itself. In this beautiful spot he lived happily, free from care, though not from labor. He set himself, with all the eagerness of a convert, to learn the ways of farmer-life, watching with an enthusiast's care the advance of his fruits and crops, walking daily over his little territory to inspect its condition, and often pushing into the woods and out on the hills beyond. It was a simple and unostentatious life, with nothing to mar its quietude.

Mr. Chase's private life few men came to know; comparatively few were allowed to enter it. It was quiet, and its seeming uneventfulness was due as

much to the severe simplicity of his tastes as to the limited size of his home circle. But no one whose privilege it was to penetrate it could fail to observe at work the secret processes which made his life so fruitful in results. Mr. Chase's abilities, without what a few knew to be his systematic habits, would have made him successful; his methods, without his abilities, would have gained him distinction, if it be true that genius is mostly hard work; but his abilities, aided by his habits, made it impossible that he should fail. He gained his official stations — certainly the last two and greatest — simply by force of what seemed to be his inherent powers, for he knew little of the ways of politicians, and was incapable of the arts of chicane; but it would be robbing such a life of half its virtue for example and encouragement, should we overlook the well-planned and well-accomplished labor which characterized it from beginning to close. First among his methods, he himself placed punctuality and system. He was as true to engagements as he was to his promise in everything, and showed the same alacrity in keeping an appointment with some one who was dependent upon him as with one of high social dignity. It was his pride to be at his post at the hour of duty, whatever it might be. He was never late on the Supreme Court bench until one morning last winter, when his watch was the real offender. And in this, as in everything else, while he demanded nothing from others he would not do himself, he exacted a rigid fulfilment of duty. He had no charity for late-rising, tardiness, or shiftlessness. He was always a strict economist of time, and fixed, with a rule that knew little variation, the periods at which his day should begin and end. In his work, system was a necessity. His habit of preserving and arranging papers, acquired no doubt in public life, he continued and expanded in private matters as well. He seldom destroyed anything, whether letter, pamphlet, book, or circular. This methodical habit has made his collection of political papers

one of great value. It is a storehouse of much of the vast uncollated and undigested history of the times in which he lived. Pamphlets, reports, speeches, newspaper cuttings, miscellaneous collections of all kinds indicate his provident turn of mind. His diaries he kept with great minuteness and care, and continued them even when it had become a labor to hold his pen. They cover the whole period of his active life, and, though there are sometimes short gaps in them, they form, in connection with his other papers, a circumstantial personal history, which is equalled by that of few men in our annals. Locked in these treasure-houses is much of the secret and momentous history of war times, which may some day make or mar the fame of many a man, living and dead. One of his wise habits, exhibiting his characteristic caution, was that of requiring every proposition of any kind that was submitted to him to be made in writing. A proposal in relation to his farm; the dimensions of anything and everything; the smallest account, — must be carefully stated on paper. This was invariable with him. Good as his memory was, he never relied upon it when he could do otherwise, and would even require his secretary to take short-hand notes of a neighbor's conversation, to retain his information upon farming topics. Among the manifestations of his careful and philosophical study of politics are old quartos in his library, in which are recorded votes and majorities in the different States, an instance of the compilation of year-books, long before such things were the product of every metropolitan press. Of course, in the crush of public business, he used other hands than his own in his necessary work, but he wrote himself with great rapidity and ease, though with a corresponding loss in legibility. His writing, when in health, was a peculiarly elastic, delicate, and almost fanciful hand; after his paralytic attack, when for a length of time his pen was a burden, his hand was shorn of its curves, and became

plain and heavy, though still elegant. At this period it was very condensed and minute, and occupied little more space than printed letters. His desk always exhibited characteristic order. He had no toleration for looseness or shiftlessness in such matters, and was a very martinet over his writing materials. Everything was to be in its proper place, and everything had its proper place assigned it. These things are only worthy of mention as indications of the character of the man. The order of his desk was but a type of the order he enforced on larger fields.

To his system and promptness, he added the great quality of perseverance. He was an unflagging worker, though often desultory. Although he sometimes forsook one line of labor for another, and then perhaps abandoned that for a third, he invariably returned to the first, and completed, either immediately or after an interval, anything he had set himself to do. He had the power of continued, persistent, and unremitting labor, which superficial and untrained workers could not follow. When in the Treasury, midnight and early morning often found him at his desk; and with all the weight of the hazardous and critical transactions of those times bearing upon him, he could still work when secretaries and clerks broke down. It has often been asserted, and with a great show of truth, that the strain of body and brain to which he was here subjected, and which he was too conscientious not to meet, first impaired the strength which gave way in 1870, never to be fully restored. But on the other hand, there are those who believe that the sudden dismantling of power and privilege which followed his retirement, and the cessation of the engrossing, exciting work of the war, first set in motion the great reaction. There can be no doubt that the assassination of Mr. Lincoln had a marked influence upon him. Those who carried the news to him evidently lacked words to describe the horror which they saw come over him. He was in

bed, reading, as he generally did, his prayer-book by the light of a little candle; and upon the mind sinking into quiet after the labors of the day, and filled with thoughts of devotion, came the news with a rude and terrible shock.

At the period of his accession to the bench, as at every other, fidelity was his characteristic. He was thorough in all things, and demanded thoroughness from others. And to the inflexibility with which he maintained this high standard must be ascribed the final cause which broke down his great physique. At the time of his appointment as Chief Justice he had grown somewhat unused to legal methods, and deemed intense application to his books necessary for the renovation of his knowledge. Twelve hours a day are said to have been devoted to reading, and the only exercise of the day was an early walk around Judiciary Square. After some years a slight decrease in flesh was noticeable, and the decline in his health which set in terminated in the attack of paralysis. On his return to the bench, it was soon seen that his old conscientiousness had not deserted him. He assigned to himself a full share of the cases before the Court, and listened to no remonstrances as to the quantity of work he was undertaking. It was, perhaps, the unwillingness of a once vigorous worker to acknowledge himself unequal to his accustomed tasks, but it also resulted from his strict impartiality. Still, the statement so frequently made since his death — that for some years he had found it necessary to abstain altogether from continued mental labor — is absurdly untrue. The old power was gone, but there still remained sufficient to have equipped a number of younger men. The fidelity which placed him again on the bench kept him there through labors of which there is very little general comprehension. A seat on the Supreme Court bench involves no easy life. Sitting daily from eleven to three, hearing the dryest and most abstruse legal argu-

ments; meeting on Saturdays in "conference" for the same number of hours, and going through the discussion of cases argued during the week, the ballot upon them, and the assignment to some judge of the preparation of the opinion; the reading and acceptance or rejection of opinions already prepared; crowding into the intervals of time that remain during the week the research and writing which the preparation of these elaborate opinions involves; and the absorbing and imperative social observances which no man of high official position can hope to shirk,—this means unremitting occupation that taxes the energy and ingenuity of the strongest men.

It is one of the least pleasant thoughts connected with the close of Mr. Chase's life that it should have been sometimes clouded by malice or thoughtlessness. There sometimes came to him through stray newspaper paragraphs, or chance gossip, some evidence of the caprice of that cheap republican gratitude which endures only so long as the public's faithful servant is of use, and which, when there is a falter in the hand that was once so strong and ready, demands his dismissal. But it is to the credit of the American heart that most of us remembered the services of Salmon P. Chase, and that, as a people, we dwelt on the memory of this arduous and unselfish life while, perhaps, here was a newspaper gossiping about the "succession," or a lawyer grumbling because a case was delayed. These things, when they pierced the barriers solicitous relatives and friends raised around him, could be seen to affect him deeply, though he never confessed it. But he bore no malice for them. It was with no bitterness, then, but with a shrewd and kindly smile, that he sometimes said, when his health was inquired about,—*"I'm not very well, but I'm a great deal better than some people wish I was."*

He seemed to gain in physical strength as time passed, but during the last few days that he sat in Court a

sudden weakness surprised him. His walk was not so firm; his breath hardly lasted the ascent of Capitol Hill, which his feet had trodden for a quarter of a century. His voice was weaker; his manners, always considerate, but sometimes abrupt through nervousness or illness, became gentler and kinder every day. His very silence was benignant. On the last day the Court was in session, he relinquished his place to his venerable friend and associate, Judge Clifford, and remained seated at his side, for the first and last time in his life, resting his head all day upon his hand. What thoughts oppressed him, or what shadow of the disaster so fast approaching drew its pall over his spirit, no man may know. In a little more than a week from that day his body lay in that very chamber robed in a more awful dignity than it had ever worn in life.

As the smallest details in the histories of great men are of value, a few words about the daily routine of Mr. Chase's life may not be uninteresting. He was always an early riser, and he took a short walk or spent a few minutes over his books before breakfast. The morning prayers he read with solemnity, first gathering about him all the inmates of his house, down to the humblest domestic. From the breakfast-table he went, when Secretary, directly to the Treasury; when Chief Justice there still remained an hour or more before it was necessary to leave for the Court. This was spent in his library in the preparations of his opinions, in writing or dictating letters, in interviews with friends, or leisurely perusal of the morning paper. He invariably walked to the Capitol when the weather permitted. The stretch from Edgewood to the Capitol was one that would have discouraged many a younger and more vigorous man; it was over two miles of rough road, exposed in winter to the full sweep of cutting winds; but the coldest morning, blowing fiercely at that, never dismayed him. Leaving the bench at three, he generally returned in his

modest one-horse carriage. The evening was passed in study, reading, conversation with friends; in the season, he could hardly escape a party or a reception. His amusements were few and simple. At one time, chess occupied a portion of almost every evening. Croquet he was very fond of, and played with the same zest when his hand had lost much of its strength and precision. The sight of cards was intolerable to him; he would not suffer their presence in his house. Backgammon was one of his favorites, and he would often join in some children's game with as much delight as the children themselves.

His will was his great power. This faculty in him, probably more than any other, contributed to his success. It was dominating and indomitable; it yielded to no man and to no force; its persistency was measured only by the length of the task to be accomplished, and its firmness increased with the weight of interests that depended upon it, and while it no doubt shortened his life, it again prolonged it. The tension of the war was wonderfully sustained, the strong will ruled triumphant over the strong body; but it was a strain which could not last forever. Then followed the intense application to books and work which succeeded his accession to the bench, and the combined weight soon began to tell. All through these exciting and arduous periods he held himself firmly to his post. Then came the great shock that prostrated him, and first set the term beyond which he could hardly endure. At this, the will turned to repair its own ravages.

All its old force was now bent in the opposite direction of recovering his health. His food, his hours of rising, exercise, retiring, his continuance at work were regulated with precision and the rules inflexibly kept. By this careful ministering, he slowly brought himself up to comparative strength, and finally fairly lifted himself upon the bench. It is a question whether his wisest course would not have been to

pass the rest of his days in quiet; and there can be little doubt, from a number of his expressions, that, had Congress passed a law permitting the retirement of Judges at sixty-five upon their salaries, he would have seriously considered the wisdom of such a step. He certainly at one time felt an interest in legislation looking to that end. But while he was on the active roll, he was too proud to seem neglectful of his work, and too conscientious to receive even the disgraceful stipend the Republic doles out to her servants, without rendering what equivalent he could. That was rendered scrupulously to the very last; and, considering the faithful industry of his whole career and the height and nobility of that memorable life and figure, there was, after all, something fitting in the sudden crash with which he went down.

He was intellectually strong rather than quick. The characteristics of his mind were all practical rather than showy, and there was so little of display and so much of caution in its action that it sometimes seemed a little slow; but its decision seldom needed to be reversed. His memory was always good, and in early life seems to have been remarkably retentive. His imagination, whether he repressed, or because he hid its workings, seldom discovered itself. Its graces seemed almost out of place amid such massive machinery. His reasoning powers were great by nature and education. They were bold and creative. His mind knew no grooves.

Few who ever saw Mr. Chase would need to be reminded of his personal dignity. It was the natural expression of a man who was conscious of his great abilities and who unconsciously thus shadowed them forth. Its naturalness was evinced by its continuousness. Mr. Chase at home in his library was very little different from the Chief Justice on the bench, save that he had parted with his gown. He could not have left his dignity behind him with that solitary symbol of

his office if he had wished; it was as natural to him as its reverse was sometimes to others. This presence, which was inseparable from him or any conception of him, seems to have surrounded him from the first. His very schoolmates felt it, and his associates on the bench were not free from its influence. It was a badge of superiority that all men seemed to acknowledge. His appearance fell with a hush on crowds. Such an order-compelling faculty made him a superb presiding officer. His masterly conduct of the Impeachment Trial is too much of a household story to need description; its impartiality, kindness, firmness, and dignity can be seen even through the dense medium of the verbatim reports. In the slightest parliamentary details he required those who did not feel the solemnity of the proceeding in which they were engaged, to appreciate it. Neither in public nor at home did he permit any neglect of the observances due himself, and he resented any such negligence with spirit. An incident illustrating this occurred also during the trial. One of the most prominent of the managers put a question of considerable length to the Senate, which the Chief Justice requested that "the Honorable Manager put in writing." But the latter took no notice of the request. The Chief Justice quietly repeated it: "It will be necessary to reduce the question to writing, in order that it may be submitted to the Senate." The pertinacious talker still went on, and then came the burst he might have expected: "Does the Honorable Manager *refuse* to put his question in writing?" It was an emphasis to which no italics could do justice. General Butler sat down as if he expected never to get up again.

Whatever may have been the degree of decorum preserved in the courtroom before Mr. Chase's accession to the bench, it certainly suffered no diminution after that time. The relations that exist between the court and the bar are of the most cordial and respectful character, and render possible

the dignity and good will that distinguish them both. No better indication of this can be found than the impressive opening of the session each day, in which the solemn procession of robed judges, greeted with respectful silence by the bar and spectators standing, marks the place as one of the last refuges of judicial dignity. There was something grand in the inspiration that seemed to seize the Chief Justice as he led in this distinguished little band. His form was braced with a sudden energy, his eye grew brighter. As he stepped upon the dais, weak as he sometimes was, he towered proudly above those on either side. A glance to the right, then to the left, both Court and lawyers bow, and the monotonous tones of the crier announce that the Court is open. But to this uneventful life there were sometimes diversities. And while the bar was treated with the utmost consideration, on the other hand no laxity of demeanor was permitted. It is related, though I do not know with what accuracy, that the Chief Justice once rebuked a lawyer openly for a certain gaudiness of attire, and requested him, when again appearing, to present himself in more sober garments.

Mr. Chase's physical proportions, aided by his natural presence, made him a man to be revered and feared, and men almost invariably did fear him. Only those who knew him well could throw off the feeling of constraint which his mere presence seemed to put upon them. Not that he was ever guilty of assumption; he was as little conscious of exerting such an influence as they were able to resist it. Men who had held positions of trust under him for years in the Treasury never rid themselves of this feeling. Neither in private nor in public life was he ever called by any name other than his own, if we may except that of "Old Greenbacks," which was current for a time; and even this expresses in a rough way something of the popular reverence for him. But this was an exception; there was something too statuesque in his proportions to admit of

such familiarity. In private life, his dignity was tempered with affection, but was never absent. In public life, the enthusiasm that heaps endearing diminutives on its favorite, and insists perhaps on the privilege of contracting his first name, turned none of its boisterous regard upon him. He was popular indeed; the beaming faces of Ohioans when they met "Governor Chase," and the applause that burst from the galleries of Tammany Hall when that historic half-vote was cast, were sufficient proof of his abundant popularity; but he was a political leader and never a party protégé. His natural reserve gave him with some the reputation of being a very cold and unsympathetic man. There could not have been a greater mistake; but whatever his feelings were, he often hid them and wrapped the cloak of his reserve about him.

The dramatic surprises of our politics are many, and Mr. Chase's first election to the Senate was one of them. It lifted him from a comparatively modest position into the broad light of national prominence; but after that time his advance was a steady progress, and reached its culmination at its close. He was a veteran in work and experience when some who afterwards gained greater honors were obscure and untried. He was famous and trusted when all of our later Presidents were unknown and unhonored. From his first appearance in politics, he touched elbow to elbow with the first men of his time, and it is in this eventful series of companionships that the greatest public loss will be felt. There have been few lives so woven into the web of our later history, — few that so stretch through, color, and strengthen every part. Yet, notwithstanding this power of stamping his name indelibly on the hearts and minds of the men of his day, he was himself not a man who made friends, in the ordinary meaning of that expression. The very qualities which made him popular with the people were perhaps those which in private

life would not draw men to him. His dignity gained him the favor of the masses, while the reserve which accompanied it did not always attract confidence, and his presence often overbore less confident men. Such intimate friends as Mr. Chase made were lasting and faithful, but their number was comparatively small; the rest of his acquaintances really knew little of his private life and character. The ordinary intercourse of official duty did not give them an insight into his inner nature, the secrets of which were reserved for a chosen few, who found in him a genial heart and ready hand.

The judicial habit of his mind was marked, though he sometimes seemed to think differently. He said more than once in a half-joking, half-serious way, "When I get on my thinking-cap and go to work at these cases, I try to be judicial, and think I am; but I don't feel much like a judge at other times." Whether this was a playful self-depreciation or not, it was unjust. He was always impartial. The equipoise he manifested in public matters was not assumed for public view. In the smallest personal concern, he was just as anxious to do exactly what was right and best as in the decision of a great question; if he went wrong, it was an error of the judgment and not of the heart. And this was remarkably displayed in his judgment of men and of their frailties. The broad range of his comprehension took in every connected circumstance. His charity was boundless; and while there was never anything like cynicism in his nature, age had mellowed and not hardened his heart. He was as impartial in judging men who had injured him as men whom he had never known. If he had done any man injustice, he was always ready to acknowledge it; and a similar advance from one by whom he had been wronged never met with a repulse. Sometimes, in the whirl and perplexity of public business, he would address some one with less than necessary consideration; many such he pursued with notes of apology, for he

was always the first to discover that he had been hasty. These were trivial injuries, but they were almost the only ones he was ever obliged to redress; for he was so even and so considerate that it may be boldly denied that he ever intentionally did any man a wrong in his life. An invisible robe of justice always encircled him. He was without bitterness, and those who built schemes upon his resentments often found themselves without a standing-place. But he was by no means callous; his exquisitely sensitive spirit felt every attack, however slight. The deeper the wound, the greater, therefore, the magnanimity which forgot it.

Those who believe that the greatest men are the most sensible of their own defects will be glad to think that Mr. Chase's modesty was one of the signs of his greatness. There was no subject about which he talked less than himself; he rarely or never referred to himself or his history in any way. There have been few men, with so much to remember, so little given to reminiscence. Not only would he seldom volunteer recollections, but it required the greatest skill even to draw them from him. His modesty as to the accuracy of his judgment led him always to speak carefully, and with provisos, where men of a tenth of his intellectual weight were dogmatic. It showed itself as much in his frankness in confessing lack of knowledge of various subjects as in anything. He had none of that pretentiousness which claims all knowledge as its own. Even when questioned on subjects with which he might be expected to be familiar, his plain answer was, again and again, "I don't know."

In conversation he was both impressive and fascinating, both accurate and brilliant. He was never what is known as a conversationalist; never talked for effect, never strained the capacity of his auditors. And while his talk was often on that safe middle ground which requires neither sparkle nor erudition, it was always bright and picturesque, overflowing with illustra-

tions drawn from books and from observation. His conversations had no mannerisms, for it was never his wish to divert thought from the subject to himself.

His learning was derived almost entirely from books, for he cannot be said to have been a student of the external world, and seemed little versed in the lore of human nature. He often said that, when a boy living in the country, his whole mind was drawn by his hunger for books to study, and that he cared little for the beauties of nature, though in later life he was an enthusiastic lover of them. His ignorance of men—for such it seemed to be—was most strange. It is the deliberate estimate of some of those who knew him best, and an opinion expressed to him during his lifetime, that he knew little "of human nature," as the phrase goes. Men's motives seemed hidden from him; an appearance of goodness would seem to him to be genuine, while to most others it was but a thin disguise. He had the habit of belief in men, in their sincerity, their purity of purpose, and, a hero himself, could indulge in hero-worship. His faith in men to whom it had once been pinned, sometimes remained unshaken long after disclosures and disgrace had befallen them. This charity, conspicuous in some cases, was no doubt often due to his knowledge of the cruel uncertainty of a good name in politics. Though his record is purity itself, he had been often and bitterly assailed, and knew on what slight foundations accusations often rest, and how less stalwart men might fail in the brave and unqualified proof of innocence. And yet this trustfulness often had something pathetic in it; it was almost childlike in its innocence. An amusing circumstance in connection with this was a correspondence that took place a number of years ago between Mr. Chase and a friend, now a leading journalist. This friend had prepared a biographical sketch of Mr. Chase, in which this very opinion, or one very much like it, was stated at length, and before its publication it in some way

reached his eyes. To this point he took exception, and wrote his friend a long letter, as the friend afterwards said, "to prove that he knew something about human nature." It is an evidence of the sincerity of that conviction, that even Mr. Chase's protestations did not shake it in the least. And yet it is almost enough to disprove this theory, to consider his appointments in his various positions. The men whom he chose almost invariably did their work well. He seemed to possess the sagacity that fits men to their places. His hand seemed to know the instrument it needed and how to use it. But, of course, its touch could not always be true. Some of his Treasury appointments turned out ill as many appointments of other secretaries did; but which man would stand, and which man would fall in those troubled times, it was beyond human foresight to know. Those of whom you had expected most would squander in an hour the accumulated reputation of a lifetime.

To say that Mr. Chase was morally courageous would be a mere truism. When he thought he had discovered the path of duty, he followed it to the end, caring not whither it led him or what dangers beset it on either side. A young lawyer declaring himself against slavery in the midst of a society drawing its life from slavery; a man accepting office at the hands of his opponents in the hope of bringing them to his views; a Senator resisting almost alone the cohorts of slavery at the national capital; a Secretary upholding our arms with unflinching and splendid faith in their final success; a Chief Justice sitting unmoved amidst the fiercest storm of political passion our history has known, and, later, passing official disapproval upon his former acts,—these are a few of the hasty glimpses one catches of him. This moral courage was always with him. There was nothing like social cowardice about him. He would never distort an opinion or swerve a hair's-breadth from the truth, for fear of consequences. The peaceful pursuits of a civil life did not

render necessary any great display of personal courage; but it is at the same time interesting to note how much of a bent his mind had towards military affairs. With the aid of General McDowell, who had been one of his bitterest enemies and came out of the ordeal of 1861 perhaps his warmest admirer, he framed Orders No. 15 and 16, which were promulgated in May, 1861, the one regulating the enlistment of volunteers, and the other, of regular regiments. His counsel was constantly sought in such matters by the President and Secretary of War; and it is stated that the interests of the three great border States, Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee, were placed for a time under his control. During his term as Secretary, his first after-breakfast duty was the careful study and comparison of his atlases and the papers; and he is said to have been as well acquainted with the positions of the troops in the field as any member of the government. It is a matter of which it is not yet time to speak definitely, but history will show, unless I am greatly mistaken, that at least one important capture of the war, the renown of which has been added to another name, was effected under Mr. Chase's orders, written either in his own hand or in that of a clerk at his dictation. During the dark days of the conflict his composure steadied hundreds who were around him. On the day of the first battle of Bull Run, a noted English correspondent spoke of him in substance as the only member of the government who preserved his balance; during the second battle of Bull Run his courage was still more remarkable. There was a veritable panic in Washington; but through all the confusion, the Secretary transacted business quietly and systematically, his coolness unimpaired by the consternation of those around him. Some one asked him, "Mr. Chase, what do you think will come of it?" His reply was, "I trust in God's providence." And during the Impeachment Trial, when he was the object of bitter and unsparing

denunciation from all sections of the country, he was as composed in mind as if presiding over the most monotonous term of the Supreme Court. Every day the newspapers thundered at him; old friends denounced him in speech and in conversation; and almost every day his mail brought him letters threatening his life. These were read, and after being laughed over quietly consigned to his waste-basket. Being a civilian, he was perhaps without that acute sense of his danger that impelled a certain prominent actor in that trial to throw himself upon the public for protection, and read his one threatening letter to his immense audience.

Humor seemed to be a little developed characteristic with him. The marvellous ramifications of the modern joke afforded him but little amusement; it was never an easy matter to make him laugh, but at the same time his enjoyment of broad humor was often hearty and genuine. And yet he seldom told a story without spoiling it. An instance of this he once related himself in rehearsing old scenes with a friend who had been his ally in many a political campaign. In making a stumping-tour together, they had used a peculiarly apt and good story in common, and, to divide it fairly, told it on alternate days. He added, with a grim smile, "B—— always made the people laugh, but I never could." Although extremely sensitive to ridicule, such as newspapers might sometimes attempt, he now and then would tell a good story against himself; and one of the most amusing of these was an incident of his administration as governor of Ohio. During his first term, a man of weak mind had killed a neighbor, and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, but, on the urgent representations of many citizens, was pardoned by Governor Chase. Soon after, the hot contest for and against his re-election began; and on election-day, while the vote was being closely watched by excited partisans, the pardoned man presented himself at the polls with a Payne ticket in his hand.

"What!" exclaimed some one in astonishment, "are you going to vote against the man who pardoned you?" "O, Chase has pardoned too many scoundrels!" was his ready reply. Mr. Chase had no very great fondness for comic literature, and still less when it was discussed or read at what he considered inappropriate times. Probably no more prominent instance of this could be given than the first Cabinet meeting at which he was present after the Emancipation Proclamation had been drafted. He came expecting to aid in the transaction of important business, and saw Mr. Lincoln take from his desk a copy of Artemus Ward, and heard him gravely read, as if by way of whimsical contrast to the vital business awaiting discussion, a chapter for the benefit of his assembled counsellors. Mr. Chase, in relating the incident, said in a quiet way that he lost patience at it, and probably his disapproval was not unexpressed.

His style in writing was concise and chaste. He wrote carefully, plainly, and accurately. In his official documents it would be hard to find an unnecessary or meaningless word. He was the most remorseless editor of his productions, and would erase line after line and page after page; his legal opinions, models of clear, good English, would sometimes be rewritten, by his own or another's hand, four or five times before they attained the degree of brevity and clearness requisite to secure his approval. A manuscript opinion which he had just corrected often looked more like a music-score than a legal document. So far did he carry this pruning process that some of his opinions, as they stand in the later volumes of Wallace, seem almost bald and insignificant; the brief statement of facts with which they were generally prefaced being separated, leaves the opinion proper of very modest length. But the verbosity of judges and lawyers was something he lamented and strove to correct. And to this feeling is due not only the brevity and terseness of these opinions, but

another striking peculiarity, — the almost entire absence of law terms. The opinions are for the most part as intelligible to those who are ignorant of the law as to those who are versed in it. This simplicity was not only in accordance with his straightforward style, but was the result of constant care and watchfulness. Not only were Latin terms banished so far as possible, but he abjured even the comparatively unoffending and popular particle, “said.” His own will is the last and most convincing instance of this habit. It makes a number of bequests, and covers something more than a page of letter-paper, written in a liberal hand.

Of strictly literary productions, he cannot be said to have left any of an enduring nature. He wrote verses, both in early and later life, translations of Martial, verses upon a friend's name, odes and sonnets, but they are to be regarded simply as recreations. There were also articles which he contributed to the Western magazines and to the North American Review; and there still remain among his papers manuscripts of brief historical studies and translations from French financial works. Perhaps the latest of his writings, which is interesting on that account, was the introduction to the new edition of Edward Livingston's works, written but a little more than a year ago at the request of Mrs. Livingston Barton, whose death so soon followed that of Mr. Chase. His political writings were many and varied, and marked by brevity, clearness, and force. The address of the antislavery convention at Columbus, Ohio, in December, 1841, which Vice-President Wilson says gave “cohesion and impulse to the new organization”; the call for a Free Territory State Convention at the same city seven years later; the platform of the Buffalo Convention of the same year; the letter to the Hon. B. F. Butler of New York, proposing the formation of an independent Democratic party; the platform of the Pittsburg Convention called in pursuance of that idea; the appeal to the

people in 1854 against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; the letter of May, 1868, to the chairman of the National Democratic Committee, — are the most prominent of this remarkable series of political papers. Their influence on the history of the country can hardly be overestimated. Among the brief passages from his pen, destined to immortality, is the noble closing sentence of the Emancipation Proclamation, — a sentence without which it would have lacked the dignity of a righteous deed done by a religious people. Mr. Chase had a peculiar facility in compressing into a few words a popular principle or sentiment, and despatching it on its errand as a watch-word. Perhaps the most famous of these was the phrase, “Inauguration first, adjustment afterwards,” which, during the critical days between Lincoln's election and inauguration, stood at the head of loyal newspaper columns and expressed the sentiment of the undivided North. Most of his private letters exhibited so much of his habitual condensation that they were often comparatively uninteresting, and he certainly seemed to be wanting in the knack of details that make up the charm of letter-writing. Yet he often wrote beautifully. A friend who had lost an only son would receive a letter he would cherish to his dying day; to a worthy cause in need of encouragement and impetus, he would send ringing words of cheer. He could “cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones.”

He was all his life an omnivorous reader. It was in his desultory reading as a boy that he found the pleasure in the company of a law-book which finally decided him in the choice of his profession. He never seemed to have read in pursuance of any plan, except perhaps on some few particular subjects, but to have followed his inclination. A comprehensive knowledge of the world's history acquired in early life served him mainly to the end, for he found little time to make additions to it, except through the medium of

newspapers and transient publications; and in this way he maintained an accurate knowledge of European politics. In biography, Boswell was his only favorite; though, among contemporaneous works, Lamon's *Life of Lincoln* he esteemed as a faithful attempt at the portraiture of its subject. Essays and writings of the terse, epigrammatic kind seemed to please him; but fiction did not satisfy his appetite, and he had comparatively little acquaintance with it. Among the English poets, Milton was his favorite, and was often quoted; among the Latin, Horace stood first, Virgil next. The former of the Latin poets he read constantly during the later years of his life, keeping it generally by his bed and reading it often far into the night. I would not feel justified in repeating an apt quotation he made from one of the *Satires* in reference to what is known as the "back-pay" enactment of the last Congress, had he not been so unreserved in expressions of his opinion to members of that Congress, and had not his views found their way into the public prints. It was during an afternoon walk, while discussing what seemed to him the indifference of the supporters of that measure to public opinion, that he recalled the lines,

"*Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi simul ac nummos contempletur in arca.*"

It is an instance of the readiness with which his mind could turn from one subject to another and his unflagging industry, that he found time, in all the wearing and multitudinous duties of the Treasury, to revive his study of French, and spend a portion of every day in reading in that tongue.

A peculiarity derived both from the strength of his religious convictions and his innate refinement was his abhorrence of profane swearing and profane swearers. He must be a bold man who would swear twice in his presence; the rebuke of his angry eye would shame the coolest or most flippant man into silence. Once, while Secretary, a visitor of great political influence used some profane expression in

conversation with him. He turned on him. "Mr. —," said he, "you may swear in the presence of other men, if you choose, but you sha'n't swear in mine." On another occasion a man of still higher political position, but coarse manners, opened the conversation with a string of profanity. Mr. Chase said nothing; but the contempt and indignation exhibited in his manner soon froze the tongue of the rough Westerner; and, hardened swearer as he was, he stopped short in his confusion, and left the room without another word.

In religious matters, Mr. Chase's reserve closed his lips,—a silence which was seldom broken. A strict observer all his life of all religious requirements, he never made dogmas or rites the subject of discussion. Occasionally, with some intimate friend, he would speak reverently and cautiously "of things invisible to mortal sight"; but such confidence was very rare. He had a firm and abiding faith in the great fundamental truths of the Christian religion; and, bearing his belief in his breast, proclaimed it only in the rectitude of his walk in life. He had little thought for denominational lines, and was entirely without sectarianism; in this sphere of opinion, as in every other, he was distinguished by the broadest catholicism.

While nothing that I might say could add to his renown, I can at least bear testimony to the spotlessness of his life. The breezes that rustle around his tomb these sweet autumn days are not more pure than the air in which he lived. Into that calm and healthful atmosphere came no rude or tainted breath. In hours of the greatest freedom, I never saw anything, or heard anything, or heard of anything that was not in accordance with the strictest rules of morality and courtesy. To those that knew him, such a disclaimer may seem not only unnecessary but out of place; but to those who did not, such an example is too rare and fragrant to lose. Great as were his achievements, his home was the greatest of them.

Demarest Lloyd.

THE SONG-SPARROW.

IN this sweet, tranquil afternoon of Spring,
While the low sun declines in the clear west,
I sit and hear the blithe song-sparrow sing
His strain of rapture not to be suppressed:
Pondering life's problem strange, while death draws near,—
I listen to his dauntless song of cheer.

His shadow flits across the quiet stone:
Like that brief transit is my space of days;
For, like a flower's faint perfume, youth is flown
Already, and there rests on all life's ways
A dimness; closer my beloved I clasp,
For all dear things seem slipping from my grasp.

Death touches all; the light of loving eyes
Goes out in darkness, comfort is withdrawn;
Lonely, and lonelier still the pathway lies,
Going toward the fading sunset from the dawn:
Yet hark! while those fine notes the silence break
As if all trouble were some grave mistake!

Thou little bird, how canst thou thus rejoice,
As if the world had known nor sin nor curse?
God never meant to mock us with that voice!
That is the key-note of the universe,
That song of perfect trust, of perfect cheer,
Courageous, constant, free of doubt or fear.

My little helper, ah, my comrade sweet,
My old companion in that far off time
When on life's threshold childhood's winged feet
Danced in the sunrise! Joy was at its prime
When all my heart responded to thy song,
Unconscious of earth's discords harsh and strong.

Now, grown aweary, sad with change and loss,
With the enigma of myself dismayed;
Poor, save in deep desire to bear the cross
God's hand on his defenceless creatures laid,
With patience,—here I sit this eve of spring,
And listen with bowed head, while thou dost sing.

And slowly all my soul with comfort fills,
And the old hope revives and courage grows;
Up the deserted shore a fresh tide thrills,
And like a dream the dark mood melts and goes,
And with thy joy again will I rejoice:
God never meant to mock us with that voice!

Celia Thaxter.

LITTLE FOUNTAIN OF SAKANOSHITA.

"THE honorable gentleman is fond of beautiful scenery."

"Very fond of such scenery as this."

"Ah! He will find it much better as we go forward."

"Indeed!"

"Truly, among the mountains it is surprising. May I ask where the gentleman will stop to-night?"

"It does not matter; anywhere in this neighborhood."

"Has he (*dana san*) heard of Sakanoshita?"

"Never."

"Clearly not. Nobody — no foreigner — has ever visited it. At least none has ever stopped there."

"Is it remarkable?"

"Noblest sir, it is wonderful. Not because I live there; no, in truth. It is the universal report. Everybody will say the same of Sakanoshita."

"Then how far are we now from it?"

"One ri and eighteen cho."

"That is, about an hour and a half in time. Very well, we will stay there, I suppose."

"Thanks; really many thanks. It will not be possible to regret it. There is nothing like Sakanoshita."

This conversation took place at three o'clock in the afternoon — a brilliant August afternoon — in a pretty village on the road from Kuwana, the north-western port of the Bay of Isse, to Oötsu, at the southwestern extremity of Lake Biwa; which ancient thoroughfare anybody may easily find upon a good-sized map of Japan. My informant and adviser was one of the lads who drew my *jin-riki-sha* (man-power-carriage), — a species of vehicle which, first seen in Yedo in the fall of 1870, had, in less than two years, come into universal use in every part of the country where the roads were sufficiently level to render it practicable. It is little better than a cushioned

chair upon a pair of wheels; but, compared with the old-fashioned *kago* which it has displaced, is a triumph of luxury and convenience. By its aid the discomforts of travelling in the interior, except among the mountainous regions, have been almost entirely banished.

My leading "power-man" had for some time been attracted by the attention I had given to the growing beauties of the landscape, and had from time to time offered such passing information as it was in his power to bestow, with the simple freedom which among the humbler Japanese is never aggressive, and almost always welcome. On the other hand, his cheery humor, and the slight outward superiority to the average of his fellows which he exhibited had recommended him to my notice at moments when I was not engaged in contemplating nature on a larger scale. He was an excellent specimen of his class, stalwart, alert, and full of a natural, easy grace. Many a Japanese workingman is a very fair Apollo between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, and after that he becomes a respectable Hercules. If European and American painters and sculptors want masculine models which they will not need to idealize, they may import them in abundance from this country, and from nowhere else, in these days, that I am aware of. This runner of mine was, apparently, a little over twenty, and, besides possessing all the good points of an antique statue, with vitality thrown in, had certain distinguishing marks, not likely to escape observation. His costume was primitive enough, but his waist-cloth, instead of being plain, as is generally the case, was of fanciful red and blue stuff; and, which was very unusual, he wore cloth *tabi*, — half shoes, half socks, — and not the customary rough straw sandals. From these trifling indications,

I gathered that he had a soul above the sordid considerations of his craft; and as I observed that he was occasionally addressed by his comrades, half satirically yet not with evil humor, as *date-sha*, or dandy, it was clear that, in spite of the limited capabilities of costume which he enjoyed, he had won a certain social fame in his humble sphere. And I afterward discovered that, among the simple mountaineers of Isse, he was quite as clearly the glass of fashion as he was indisputably the mould of form.

Before we started forward from the wayside cottage, I questioned him further:—

"Is there a good inn at Sakanoshita?"

"Many, sir, many. It was once a famous resting-place. In the old days it was almost always filled with noble lords. Yes, there are many inns, but there is one more excellent than all the others."

His listening fellows chuckled, upon which he grew extremely red, but with confusion rather than with anger.

"And which is that?" I asked.

"The Fuku-ya," he answered, glowing from his waistband to the extremest point of his shaven crown,—the most comprehensive and unbroken blush that I ever had the opportunity of beholding.

The others laughed aloud, and he himself broke into a smile.

"Why do they laugh?"

As he gave no immediate answer, his partner for the day came forward and explained: "*Dana San*, he says 'the Fuku-ya,' because it is there that Koizumi dwells."

"Indeed! then who is Koizumi?"

"Koizumi is the daughter of the house."

"She is a friend of mine," added my pleasant colloquist, who had recovered his equanimity with characteristic rapidity.

"A very pretty girl, no doubt."

"*Sayo de gozarimasu!*" assented the entire body of jin-riki-sha men in emphatic unison.

"Come, this is really interesting," said I; "we will certainly pass the night at Sakanoshita, and we will assuredly establish ourselves at the Fuku-ya; and if we are fortunate, we will make the acquaintance of Koizumi. That is settled. Forward—*Hayau!*"

We soon reached the edge of the mountains, and commenced an upward course which threatened to calm the impetuosity of some of our draft-men. But my young adviser seemed insensible to fatigue, and his spirits rose with the physical ascent. No amount of hard labor can ever conquer the good-humor of a Japanese workman, and as we drew near our destination the entire party burst out into loud cries, and increased their pace until they had whirled us almost headlong to the gates of a stately but somewhat time-worn *Yado-ya*,* at the entrance of which, summoned doubtless by the approaching tumult, stood the landlady and her household, smiling and bowing as if our arrival had been the one ardently hoped-for event of their existence.

A few minutes later we were lying on the soft mats of the best apartment—the daimio's room, we were explicitly informed—that the inn afforded, and gazing with genuine delight upon one of the loveliest scenes that this land of beauty contains. But it was still early in the day; and as the journey had been less exhausting than usual, an exposition of activity fastened itself upon me. I announced a determination first to investigate the culinary resources of the establishment, and next to explore the village. I do not now pretend to deny what I did not then affirm, that a willingness to get a glimpse of the vaunted daughter of the house had some share in urging me forth. As I passed slowly through the kitchen, scrutinizing its appointments with, I flatter myself, well-affected earnestness, I observed a rosy-cheeked young girl, engaged in rapid discourse with my favorite runner. Well, she was certainly pretty enough; there was no danger of disappointment in

* Inn: literally, shelter-inclosure.

that direction. My presence was at first unnoticed, and I was greatly entertained to hear the manner in which I was heralded by the enthusiastic and imaginative youth. "A very noble gentleman," he declared; "a gentleman of the highest possible foreign rank; a great lord; a celebrated officer of the government; a mountain of dignity and a river of affluence; one thousand riyos a month, no less, I know it and have seen it, have seen it with these eyes"; and an infinite deal more to the same fanciful effect. He was enjoying his brilliant fictions to such an extent that I had not the heart to interrupt him, and passed out by a side passage, leaving him to the benefit of the impression he was endeavoring to produce by wildly exaggerating the importance of one of the guests he had introduced to the house.

A short ramble, a wholesome plunge into a mountain stream, and supper from imported tins, wound up the chapter of that day. Then, early bed, and sound repose, in spite of casual and not wholly inanimate interruptions. Dreams soothed to gentle images by the music of a hundred brooks and myriads of chirping *seni*, whose voices are heard only in the forests of Japan.

Such a breezy, hearty, radiant next morning. A morning suited to the place. The very day, of all summer days, for a tramp over and about the valley. The young jin-riki-sha man should be our guide. Let him appear. What ho — and so forth!

We had not risen, but thus early was the plan of the day determined upon. Again we shouted, but no familiar voice was heard in response. Presently, however, a sliding door was pushed aside, and a pair of bright eyes — the eyes of Koizumi — looked in upon us.

"By Jove!" exclaimed my traveling companion, whom I have discourteously omitted to mention until this moment, "what a nice girl!"

"Hum; tolerably," I answered, with crafty dissimulation; but the cold cor-

roboration was not received with composure.

"Why, she is a little beauty!" said my friend, with unnecessary emphasis.

"Yes, I suppose so," I remarked, continuing to dissemble, like the deep conspirator of a melodrama; "where is my charioteer?" I added, addressing the new-comer, who still stood at the half-open door.

"Ah, Yamadori," she replied; "does the gentleman want him?"

"So, Yamadori is his name. I say, Jaudon, did you ever hear anything like it? My jin-riki-sha fellow calls himself 'Mountain Bird,' and his sweetheart, here, is 'Little Fountain.'"

"Very appropriate."

"Well, Little Fountain, we do want Yamadori, we want him instantly."

"Extremely sorry, gentlemen, but he has gone back to Kamayama."

"What, gone back? Why, I must have him. Who is to take us on? Besides, he has n't been paid."

"O, he spoke about the payment, and said if the *dana* would give it to me to keep for him it would be all the same. And, any way, Yamadori could not go on with you. He takes travellers only from Sakanoshita to Kameyama and back."

"What nonsense! As to the payment, it is a trick, and he does not believe it will be the same. He thinks your smiling face will get him a double fare. Well, truly, I will not pay at all. I will pay nothing. I will even go and complain to the Nanoshi" (village magistrate).

The girl laughed merrily. "Nanoshi knows what Yamadori is obliged to do." Then she grew preternaturally grave. "But, with regard to the trick, we are incapable of it."

"Of course, of course, Little Fountain; I am joking, but at the same time I am very angry. I like Yamadori, though I did not know his name; and I wanted him to show me everything about this valley to-day. 'T is a pity he did not speak to me about going."

"'T is a pity the gentleman did not

speak to him about staying. A traveller wished to start this morning at sunrise. Not a wealthy traveller and high officer like you, but nevertheless— And I am glad you like Yamadori. Everybody likes him.”

“Except Little Fountain,” I suggested.

“Except me, certainly. But he will be back to-night.”

“O, will he? I say, Jaudon, do you hear that? He will be back to-night.”

“And we shall be in Kioto, I hope,” replied my ambitious friend.

How long and how earnestly I labored to dissuade him from pursuing the journey with such violent haste, I need not here recount. He did not mind a day, he declared, provided it was to be devoted to a purpose; but there was a proposition to surrender twenty-four valuable hours to utter idleness, with the prospect of an equal delay to follow. It would not do; his mind was made up. For my own part, I was as fully resolved to linger. In the first place, I had been scorched so long on the Tokaido that I wanted a day or two of shady rest. In the next, I wanted to see more of this charming valley, which was unquestionably the most beautiful spot I had encountered, even in Japan. In the third, I wanted to confer upon a particular subject with Yamadori; I have always had a passion for picking up good-looking servants in various parts of the land, and I meditated luring this brisk mountaineer to my distant home in Yedo. Lastly, there was that about Koizumi which promised innocent entertainment, as well as opportunity for acquiring facility in the dialect of the old provinces, which I suddenly discovered was essential to the complete enjoyment of a visit to the ancient capital of the realm.

So we parted cordially, I promising to push on to Kioto within three days,—a promise which, as I had no purpose of keeping it when I made it, there could be no possible wrong in breaking. At nine o'clock I was left alone, so far as the society of my own countrymen

was concerned, in the heart of Japan. And alone I remained, I may as well here give notice, for seventeen consecutive days.

As the morning advanced I took measures to establish confidential relations with the members of the family, with the view of making myself as familiar as might be with the surroundings. From the beginning Koizumi was of infinite service to me. She was solicitous for my comfort, and expressed concern lest I should be disturbed by fleas. I admitted that their presence had already become more than a matter of suspicion on my part, whereupon, in a burst of candor, she declared her satisfaction that I had not questioned her on that point the evening before; “because, of course, I should have had to say there were no such things connected with our house.” When pressed to disclose why the necessity for deception had existed then, and disappeared to-day, she said it was evident that I had determined to remain awhile, so it was useless to disguise the truth any longer. But I was not to suppose that they were very prevalent, or that carelessness was the cause of their coming; they would begin to thrive when houses grew old and chambers went long unoccupied. “And we have very few visitors now,” she added, with a sigh. In fact, I very soon learned that no stranger had stopped more than a single night, either at this house or any in the hamlet, for many months past.

While I was gathering in all this and other information, I was carefully recording in my mind the various details of the little maid's personal appearance, and greatly regretting that I had no mastery of the pencil, to fix the recollection more worthily and surely. There was no exaggeration in my friend's eulogiums. She was a little beauty; though why he said “little,” and why I echo him, I am not altogether sure. Little for a Japanese, she probably was not. I should say her height was about five feet. In fact, not to deceive anybody, I happen to

know that it was exactly five feet, and that is considerably above the feminine average in the East. But we six-footed foreigners get easily in the way of applying diminutives to the gentle daughters of this land, and I have not yet heard that they are offended at it. Koizumi was five feet tall, with a lithe and slender figure, and, being a working-girl, although the "daughter of the house," had a freedom and a grace of movement which the "quality" do not always possess, chiefly, I think, because of their wrapping themselves so tightly all the while in their close-clinging robes. Naturally, there are no figures more perfect than those of the Japanese young women. The children, up to the age of fourteen, or as long as they have the free use of their limbs, are models of symmetry. About that time they begin to fasten long garments about their hips, the effect of which is to impede their gait, and give them an awkward shamble. In course of time it does worse, and interrupts the development of their legs and thighs. Among the laboring class, an additional misshapening is accomplished by the practice of carrying burdens, from an early age, upon the back, for the support of which broad straps are passed over the shoulders and crossed in front, pressing directly upon the breasts. When a Japanese girl reaches the age of sixteen without having undergone either of these processes of deformity, she is a wonder to the eye and remains so until twenty-five, or possibly a little later. Then she ceases to charm, for a certain period, in any way excepting by her manner, and that is generally preserved to the last. But as she grows old she has a chance of becoming quite delightful again. There is nothing nicer than a dignified and white-haired old Japanese lady. She is always happy, for she is always much respected and cherished by her youngers, and at a certain age the natural high-breeding of the race appears in her to attain its crystallization. Whatever her station in life, she is almost always sure to suggest an idea of ancient nobility, and to be sur-

rounded by the atmosphere of an Oriental Faubourg St. Germain.

My heroine's middle position in life at once relieving her from heavy drudgery and emancipating her from the perpetual constraint of fashionable dress, was thus favorable to her aspect, viewing her from our settled stand-point. I have no doubt that if her own secret convictions could have been detected they would have been found unflattering, at least to the extent of believing that her freedom from the pinched and contracted gait of the majority of her countrywomen was a disadvantage, and not a charm. Of course we are all aware that no similar caprices of taste ever reveal themselves in the Western world. Koizumi's private griefs, however, if she had any on the subject, did not concern me. Her possible fancies could be overlooked, so long as she herself remained so agreeable a fact. As to her countenance, it was of the best Japanese type, — that type which defies ethnologists and outfaces the Mongolian theory with noiseless but convincing argument. Her complexion, though dark, was luminously clear; eyes round and flashing in animation, drooping and "long-drawn out" in quietude; firm but sweet-tempered mouth, with teeth within, the thought of whose chance future blackening made one thrill with horror; nose not too severe in regularity, and somewhat resolute chin; dimples *ad libitum*, by way of relief to any passing shade of sternness; face of exact oval shape, set off by piquant little ears, the lobes of which did not detach themselves, as those of our race generally do, from the cheek; the whole, of course surmounted by a combination of the capillary fantasies of her nation, and presenting altogether such a picture as I hope, to put it with extreme mildness and moderation, I may live to see again.

Having extracted in a short time a large amount of local information from my quick-tongued little hostess, — she was as voluble as she was vivacious in all other respects, — I sauntered abroad

to make practical use of it. But in this I was not altogether successful. The villagers overflowed with politeness, but were too much occupied with their usual avocations to go far out of their way to serve me. The children made the conventional pretence of timidity, and perhaps really felt it in this case, the sight of a foreigner being a remarkable, and to some of them an unprecedented experience. So I presently found my way back to the Fukuya, where I set about inquiring, with some impatience, when my Mountain Bird would return to his roost. Koizumi and her mother were very sorry, but he was not expected before the evening. As I showed signs of increasing dissatisfaction, I was requested to explain the particular duty I wished him to perform, as it might lie within their resources to supply a substitute. When I explained that what I needed was a guide to all the notable places of the neighborhood, the household brightened visibly, and Koizumi *mère* hastened to assure me that although there really were no notable places about Sakanoshita, yet the whole locality was as familiar to all of them as to Master Yamadori. Singly or collectively they were at my disposal. Stay, she would go herself.

"But, *Obasan* (aunt),” I interfered, “with your age and domestic responsibilities, I could n’t think of putting you to such inconvenience. Possibly some one of the young people, now —”

“To be sure; there are Takewo and Amegawa, and then here is my daughter; but she is a child and might be troublesome.”

On reflection, I concluded that the child would not be troublesome, — not oppressively troublesome, — and after a brief delay for *hiru-gohan* (the noon-meal), we started forth, Koizumi enraptured at the prospect of exhibiting the beauties of her home, and I at once contented and expectant.

Undoubtedly she was a better pioneer than the Bird would have been; not only more agreeable, but practically better suited to my purpose. She was

an enthusiast, full of sympathy, and, although she had always been a home-keeping maid, had anything but homely wits. Suzuka Yama was the name of the mountain in the lap of which Sakanoshita * nestled, and before nightfall we knew most of its open roads, and a few of its more secluded pathways. When Yamadori came in with high-pressure speed and spirits, a little after sunset, he heard with intense satisfaction of the temporary engagement into which his sweetheart had entered, and, without being consulted, approved its indefinite extension. He entered voluntarily into a commercial statement of the case. If he remained at home to pilot me about the country, he could expect no better reward than that which he might otherwise gain in his normal pursuit; whereas the assumption of the charge by Koizumi would prove an additional source of revenue, quite unlooked for, and tending to expedite connubial projects, the fulfilment of which was still undefined in the obscurity of the future. But at this development of thrift the matron became grave, and said that the honorable guest was entitled, by every tradition of hospitality, to the free command of all that she or hers could offer; and Koizumi looked a little ashamed, and threw a reproachful glance at her swain, who, seeing that his speculative boldness had betrayed him into an indiscretion, went away and hid himself for upwards of an hour.

It was, however, subsequently settled that the young man should continue to exercise his calling, and that Little Fountain should complete the work she had commenced, of instructing me in the geography of her district. Three days were sufficient to enable me to proceed on my explorations alone, with no danger of getting lost, and after that time I gave myself up to unrestrained mountain and forest revelry. It is a melancholy thing that words, at least such words as I can invoke, are so incompetent to reproduce

* Saka-no-shita, — “Under the Hillside,” or “Beneath the Slope.”

the living beauty of this radiant Japanese scenery. There is nothing like it. I see no opportunity of even a suggestion by comparison. One charm is its endless and often abrupt variety. Another is its vivid and comprehensive clearness, due to the marvellous purity of the atmosphere. But what I find most winning of all is its quality of familiarity. No matter how infinite its wonders and glories, you may feel yourself on friendly terms with it from the first moment, and are never afterward repelled or dismayed by any sense of rigorous austerity. There is none of the cold severity which at times chills the generous influences of Switzerland. The gloom of bleak or barren grandeur is very rare, for the ruggedness of the mountain-tops is softened by verdure rising almost to the summits, — the desolation line being higher than in Europe or America. The character of the landscapes seems to be like that of the inhabitants. The valleys are always smiling to receive you, and the bamboo-crested hills are always nodding a welcome. I do not think it would be possible, for any length of time, to maintain perfectly easy relations with the Alps. Who would venture to take a liberty with Mont Blanc? But there is not a peak in all Japan with which you might not, at sight, exchange a good-natured jest; excepting, perhaps, Fuziyama, which, with all its feminine gentleness of demeanor, has a reputation for solemn majesty and lordly supremacy to sustain, and frowns upon frivolity or license.

Sakanoshita represents all that is most bewitching in Japanese life. It has no startling accessories, like the torrents at Nikwō, — one of which plunges from a lofty lake over a precipice one seventh of a mile in height, — and is guarded by no Vulcan's giants like those which hover about Hakone; but it is crowded with natural fascinations which, if not altogether so stately, are far more captivating. The people are Utopian: simple, affectionate, spirited, and ignorant, rather than inno-

cent, of crime.* It was a pleasant fiction with them to pretend that the presence of a stranger added a new interest and vitality to existence in the valley; and it was a pleasant fact with me to take it all for granted. Day after day passed along, the calmness of life diversified only by an occasional impatient note from my friend in advance, who, with every artifice of persuasion endeavored to drag me forward. But I was too thoroughly at my ease to stir. Perfect contentment, for one unbroken week, was the prevailing sentiment of the little circle in which I moved, — I lazily, the Obasan maternally, Yamadori gallantly, and Koizumi coquettishly contented. Not a ripple on the surface of our satisfaction with ourselves and one another.

At the end of that period, I fancied that I detected slight indications of change. Nothing ominous, certainly not menacing, but still noteworthy to an observer of the fluctuations of rustic temper. They first exhibited themselves in a reluctance, on the jin-rikisha runner's part, to undertake long journeys from home, unexpected returns, at hours antedating those announced and agreed upon, a tendency to superfluous personal finery, wholly at variance with the economic principles of the head of the hostelry, and a fictitious exuberance of manner which contrasted disadvantageously with the previous accustomed spontaneity. Koizumi's attention being called, one day, to these trifling phenomena, she assumed a droll expression and withdrew to a corner conference with a

* The chief magistrate was always eager to make me acquainted with the details of his office. I asked, one day, to see the district jail. "We have no jail," he said, dejectedly, and seemed quite downcast at the absence of an institution which might have afforded me a moment's interest. "But what do you do with the people who misbehave, who steal, for example?" I asked. "Nobody ever steals," he replied, with a longer face than before, as if it had occurred to him for the first time that the existence of theft was an indispensable element in a finished state of society. What he said was perfectly true, and, to this day, it is true, throughout the interior of Japan. In the open ports, where foreign customs are gradually making their way, this accessory of Western progress is, to some extent, understood.

cousin of her own sex and age, in which interchange of soul giggling predominated. It did not appear to concern me at all, nor should I have attached any significance to Master Yamadori's wavering moods, but for a circumstance that brought them directly under my attention. Near the Yado-ya was a fine little river in which I was accustomed to amuse myself every afternoon, stray villagers sometimes looking on, with no particular purpose, from a bridge above. On one occasion Koizumi was among the spectators, and in the evening she greatly terrified me by proposing that I should teach her to swim.

I assured her that it would be altogether too difficult; that, in fact, it was impossible.

She could not understand that at all. "You can swim better than anybody," she was pleased to say.

"Undoubtedly," I answered; "but it is one thing to know how to swim, and another to know how to teach others to swim."

Koizumi accused me of sophistry.

"And moreover," I urged, "I do not speak Japanese well enough, as you ought to be aware."

Koizumi politely intimated that that was absurd, and added that it was immaterial to her whether she acquired the art of natation upon the Japanese or English system. She had no anti-foreign prejudices. There were no edicts against adopting Western science to that extent, at least, and mere bathing was not necessarily baptism.

"Here is Yamadori," said I; "he will teach you by and by, after you are married."

She tossed her pretty head. "When I want anything, I want it immediately."

"Well, he will teach you any time you like, then, I suppose."

"Yes, certainly," assented Yamadori, with eagerness; "I will teach you immediately."

"That is nonsense, Yamadori; you do not know how to swim yourself."

"Koizumi, it does not matter," he

retorted; "I will learn to-morrow, or the next time I go to Kuwana. I will go on purpose."

But destiny decreed that the young enthusiast should not see Kuwana on the following day, or for many days to come. He started at an early hour, with a "fare" for Kameyama, promising to return at three o'clock, by which I understood him to mean, from recent experience, a little after noon. On this occasion, however, he was better, or worse, than his word. I had been wandering in the afternoon with my pleasant companion, carefully avoiding all streams of suggestive magnitude, and came out, toward sundown, upon the main road, where, to the amazement of both of us, Yamadori presently appeared with a most dejected visage, entirely alone, dragging no wagon behind him.

"Why, my lad, what is the matter?"

"Where is the *kuruma* (vehicle)?" said Koizumi, who, though on affection bent, had yet a frugal mind.

Yamadori sat down in the middle of the Tokaido, resting his weight upon his heels, which is the common attitude of Japanese repose, and began to cry.

"Come," said I, "this will not do. Koizumi, tell him to get up and speak."

She responded by sitting down, likewise, in the middle of the Tokaido, upon her heels, and crying in obliquo.

"Well," said I, much bewildered, "if there were only one of you going crazy, I might be successful in consoling. Under the circumstances I shall leave you to console each other."

This was because I felt convinced that something really serious must have happened, according to their measurement of seriousness, and that I should be doing them the best favor by ostensibly making light of the mysterious catastrophe, and giving them an opportunity for comforting communion. At the same time it made me very uneasy to see my favorites

overcome by such an unusual excess of emotion. Except through the imagination, a Japanese is not easily moved to a display of grief. He will mourn over the sorrows of a hero of romance and utterly dissolve before theatrical representations of human woe ; but in the affairs of his own life he is apt to be a stoic.

I went back to the inn alone, and sat in the gateway, waiting for the return of the young couple. It was not long before they reappeared, but they did not immediately enter the house. After a little low conversation outside, Koizumi turned and came in-doors alone, while Yamadori moved on toward the upper end of the village.

"Well, my child," said I, as she passed me, "if you can tell me what the matter is, pray do. Tell me whenever you like."

She looked anxiously at me, paused a moment, then shook her head, and went in, out of sight.

Presently she reappeared, and knelt down very submissively, — which, I should say, is a form of courtesy, and not of humiliation, — and said she hoped I would excuse her if she had been rude, but her heart was very heavy.

"Poor Little Fountain!" said I; "but if you do not tell me what it is, how can I help you?"

"So I would willingly, and I wish to," she replied, "but Yamadori says I must not."

Of course, the instant I heard this, I became abnormally eager to know, and determined to use every effort to that end; so I hinted with sarcastic bitterness that, oh! if she thought I was not her friend, and if Yamadori was disposed to forestall his matrimonial authority to the extent of shutting her out from the sympathy of the world, and she was content to suffer such tyranny, there was nothing more to say, and I would go and pack my port-manteau at once, — which was about as cruel a thing as I ever did in my life, and for which I was punished, as soon as I saw the piteous expression of her

face, by a conviction of meanness that made me long to inflict upon myself the Japanese penalty to which Yamadori had been driven on the second night of my sojourn, and withdraw to inaccessible solitudes.

She looked at me intently for an instant and then, with a sigh, said that I misunderstood her, and also misunderstood him. But she could tell me a part of the misfortune; in fact, all about that. There was only a small something connected with it which she was forbidden to divulge. And then the worst of it came out. In hurrying to get back to Sakanoshita before his time, Yamadori had run too rapidly around a dangerous corner, had upset his jin-riki-sha over a rocky ledge, and broken it to irremediable smash.

"Is that all?" I asked, composedly.

"All!" she cried, and her eyes actually opened to that extent that they became oval in the wrong direction, that is perpendicularly, — "all! Is it not enough?"

"But he was not hurt."

"Hurt, no; he is not the man to cry because he is hurt. But the jin-riki-sha."

"Ah, there was a passenger."

"I do not know. I believe so. I forget."

"And was he hurt?"

"How should I know? It is the jin-riki-sha that we are thinking of. Almost new; it cost fifteen riyos at the beginning of the fifth month."

"I see," said I, endeavoring to enter into her view of the subject, "and he cannot buy another."

"Buy another! *Oya, oya!* How could he ever buy one? Did you think it was his? O, no, sir, Yamadori is very poor. He has never had fifteen riyos in his life, not all at once. All the jin-riki-shas in Sakanoshita belong to the merchant Sakurai, the wealthiest man of our town, the Nanoshi; Yamadori has gone now to tell him. What shall we do?"

Gradually it dawned upon me that in a sequestered little community like

this, where trade had hardly ever been known, where husbandmen wrung their subsistence from the soil with ceaseless labor, and where industry was of necessity so slightly rewarded that the daily wages of the most assiduous toiler could not exceed half a bu, or about twelve cents, an accident like this which had befallen the lad might be nothing less than a calamity. As I was turning this new phase of the business in my mind, and trying to fix upon some appropriate observation, I remarked, casually and indifferently, and with no definite purpose of any kind, "What on earth made him run so fast?"

"Ah," said Koizumi, shrinking back, "that is what I am not to tell you."

It is extraordinary how a habit of despotism will grow upon us. I had been exercising unlimited sway over this establishment for several days to my own complete satisfaction, and apparently to that of the inmates. Having been monarch of all I surveyed, I resented the idea that there should be any my right to dispute. So, although it is not exactly pleasant to confess it, I drew into my shell again. I made no further allusion to portmanteaus, not having the pluck to risk a second reproachful gaze from these great sorrowful eyes. But I said, with considerable asperity of tone, "Why, Koizumi, will you not tell me?"

"I cannot. He would be angry."

"Who, Master Yamadori? I should like to see him angry with me!"

"No, no; not with you, but with me. He would only be ashamed with you."

"Why should he be ashamed, then?"

"But that is what I must not say."

"Listen to me, Koizumi. I really want to know."

"Truly, I cannot."

"Listen to me, I say —"

"I will ask him, and if he permits me —"

"If you will not listen to me, there is an end to everything. Never mind

about asking him. Tell me all about it before he returns, because I want to think of some plan by which you shall be able to make it all right for him without any delay."

"It is very kind, and I thank you; but I cannot."

"As you please," said I, in dudgeon, and walked out of the gate and began to climb the hill. I suppose I was firmly convinced at the time that my urgency was solely in my little friend's interest, and that I alone was aggrieved by her dauntlessness, while she suffered nothing from my persistence.

The Nanoshi lived at the upper end of the village, and, as I drew near his house, Yamadori issued forth, still in deep discomfiture. He looked shyly at me, and seemed disposed to avoid my side of the road. Being still huffily inclined, I made no effort to check his homeward progress. Influenced by a new idea, however, I walked straight to the Nanoshi's door, and, summoning a servant, sent in a message requesting an interview. In an instant the worthy elder was on the threshold, profusely hospitable and polite, and proposing tea and biscuit with an eagerness that would not be denied. This exactly suited my sudden purpose; a moment later I was seated in the midst of his abundant family, exchanging broadsides of compliment with the entire group.

After this inevitable prelude, I proceeded to the object of my call. The Nanoshi was good enough to give me the freest information concerning the matter in hand. The jin-riki-sha business was not without its hazards, as Yamadori's mishap had proved. An operator, even upon so humble a scale as his own, ran serious risks. By careful management he had accumulated four of these costly vehicles, during the past six months, and now one of them, the most recent of the lot, had been sacrificed. Of course it was not the boy's fault; he knew that, and was not disposed to be hard upon him, but what could he do? One fourth of

his wheeled capital destroyed by carelessness ; at least he supposed it must be carelessness, for he could not get any satisfactory explanation of the cause of Yamadori's excessive haste. Yes, he had kagos, a dozen of them ; but kagos were only used now for crossing the mountain toward Lake Biwa. Nobody would think of using them on level ground in this age of progress. It would cost him two months' profits to get another kuruma, for people were mistaken in supposing him to be a man of superfluous means ; he was only prosperous according to a village standard, and even when he should get one, could he venture to confide it to a young man who had that day shown himself unworthy of so grave a responsibility ?

I asked if Yamadori had ever before been found wanting.

"That he has not," interposed a brisk young lady of twenty, who sat in a corner ; "he is the best boy in the province."

"My daughter is forward," said the Nanoshi, "but, making certain allowances, she is just. Yamadori has hitherto been above reproach."

"And he is very popular and swift," added the young girl, "and brings in as much money as any two of the others."

"I was about to say so," remarked her father, "in language not less convincing though possibly less violent."

"I should think, then, Master Nanoshi, that you might venture to stand by him again."

"Since the gentleman is good enough to be interested in him, I would willingly do so ; but I cannot afford to purchase another jin-riki-sha within less than two months, and certainly I cannot dismiss one of my men who has done no wrong, to accommodate another who at least has been awkward and unskilful."

"Meanwhile, he may starve," said the impetuous advocate in the corner.

"Nobody starves in Sakanoshita," said the Nanoshi, severely ; "such a thing would be a sorrow to the peo-

ple ; it has never been heard of and never will be."

I began to fear that the energetic young lady would injure my cause, but felt grateful nevertheless for her support. "Can nothing be done ?" I asked, after a minute's pause.

"I might put him upon a kago," said the old man, reflectively.

"A kago ! and give him a hump," exclaimed the daughter.

"A hump on the shoulder is better than emptiness in the belly," said the worthy magistrate ; "I can do no better. I wish I could, for I like the lad, as everybody does."

"I am obliged to you, Master Nanoshi, and especially obliged to your amiable daughter. Yamadori will be pleased to learn that he has had so charming and effective an advocate."

The young lady came forward to the light and revealed a countenance the gratification in which was unmistakable. I was pleased at having produced an agreeable effect, and determined to improve it. "And Koizumi, too, will be very thankful," I added. But this, alas ! was a failure, an unquestionable anti-climax. The young lady's face grew as long as one of her own sleeves, and her brow as dark as the obscurity from which she had emerged. "I suppose the kagos are too good for him, after all," she remarked, and turned away pettishly. In taking the last extra step I had clearly put my foot in it. Nothing, however, could be gained by prolonging the conversation, and observing that I was glad to have the Nanoshi's promise, I formally withdrew, wondering a little, but not much, at the daughter's variable temper.

They keep early hours in Sakanoshita. I saw nobody but a servant when I returned to the Fuku-ya, and heard nothing of the absorbing topic until next morning, when, as I was dressing, Yamadori presented himself, and begged to know if I could listen to him for a few minutes. I told him I should be very glad, and he came in, but was even more embarrassed than

he had previously appeared. After several false starts he began, with many halts and hitches, to say that Koizumi had told him I wished to know the reason of his ruinous haste the day before, and that, though suffering from profound mortification, he was prepared to inform me. I instantly became unreasonable and autocratic again. "I do not wish to hear it," said I, "except from Koizumi herself; she offended me by refusing to tell me yesterday, and I cannot suffer any such evasion as this." To my surprise, the lad seemed much relieved, and went hastily away to report my determination.

I did not see the little delinquent, as I chose to stigmatize her, for an hour or more. At last she came, looking prettily penitent, and declared herself ready to submit to my commands in all things. Whereupon, like most despots under similar circumstances, I became extremely gracious, called for tea and jelly, and invited her to be as confidential as she pleased.

"Now that Yamadori has consented," she began, "I am ready enough. But it is a very little thing. He would much rather have me tell than be obliged to do it himself. You may laugh at him, but I hope you will not be angry."

"Very good, Koizumi; for your sake I will not be angry."

"And, after all, I am the one that is really to blame."

"As to that, Koizumi, we shall see."

"The truth is —" Giggle.

"Well?"

"He was hurrying home —" Many giggles.

"Go on."

"Because he was afraid you would be teaching me to swim." Countless giggles.

"Bless us!"

"Yes; and what is more, he is —"

"What?"

"Jealous, and has been for several days."

"Koizumi, this is very dreadful."

"Is it, indeed? I know little about

such things. But I hope you are not angry."

"No, Koizumi, I am not. That is, not exactly angry. Certainly not with you, nor yet with Yamadori. But — on the whole, you are a good and faithful little girl. I have a great regard for you. Your obedience to your betrothed is extremely praiseworthy. I should have liked it just as well if you had not told me at all."

"But, dear sir, you insisted."

"So I did. And what is to be done now, I wonder?"

"Well, there is something else to be said, and this is indeed difficult. The other was nothing, it was only Yamadori's fancy; but now, truly, I am almost in despair."

"Koizumi," said I, "it does not appear that the result of my endeavors to force you to betray confidence has been eminently happy; if your betrothed has again forbidden you —"

"Yes, he has forbidden me."

"Then say no more; I excuse you."

"He has forbidden me, but that is nothing."

"You amaze me. How can it be nothing to-day, when yesterday it was everything?"

"Gentle sir, it is wholly a different matter. To begin with, a great deal of time has passed since yesterday. Next, Yamadori then forbade me on his own account; he thought you would never forgive him; whereas now he forbids me on my own account, because it is entirely my own affair. Finally, if I can get courage to speak at all, I do not propose to trouble myself about Yamadori's permission."

The rural simplicity of Sakanoshita maidenhood was evidently getting beyond my sphere of comprehension. I prudently said nothing.

"You know, sir," said Koizumi, — and there could be no doubt about the sincerity of her anxiety this time, — "that the Nanoshi is very rich. I must tell you, also, that he has an itching palm.* He is doubtless irritated

* Lest any should suspect me of embellishing the vernacular, let me observe that "an itching palm"

at the loss of his property, and Yamadori is sure to be dismissed from his employment. But the Nanoshi has a great respect for treasure and station. Now I have had a thought, that if a noble officer in the service of the government, and one of such wealth that figures cannot measure it, would consent to intercede for him, the stern magistrate and merchant would be merciful. O dear sir, pray do this for poor Yamadori, and forgive the presumption of the rude girl who trembles while she asks it."

"Little Fountain," said I, "you are a good girl. I said so before, and I see no reason to alter my judgment. But I understand that rank and riches are needed to exercise the influence you speak of. Now, the truth is, that I have neither."

"O sir, Yamadori told me —"

"That I had one thousand riyos a month. I know he did, but it is not true. He is a fine romancer. Here, I will show you my passport; you shall know all about it." *

"It is not necessary, since you tell me so. But what does it matter? Yamadori has told everybody the same, and the whole village thinks it is true."

It appeared, then, that I was not to attribute my influence with the Nanoshi wholly to my power of personal persuasion. Perhaps it was all the better; any way I could offer some reparation for my bad treatment of the young girl, if that were really all she wanted of me.

"And this is all, Koizumi, that you have to ask?"

"That is all; I am only afraid it is too much."

is a common Japanese figure of speech; not the only one, by scores, that is identical with familiar idioms of Western tongues.

* For what earthly purpose they do it I cannot say, but in granting travelling passports to an employee, the officers of the government insist upon introducing all possible particulars of his private life, — his age, birthplace, occupation, and even the exact amount of his salary. Yamadori had heard this sum named at some of the stations where my permit had been examined, and, for reasons before mentioned, had magnified it out of all reason.

"You are quite sure there is nothing else you wish me to do?"

"Why, what else can there be?" she asked, with genuine perplexity.

"What else, to be sure?" said I, dismissing my suspicions. "Very good, my dear, you may set your mind at rest."

"You will do it?"

"I have done it. I saw the Nanoshi last night."

The grateful little thing tried to laugh, and not to cry, and failed in both efforts. "O Yamadori!" she screamed, "come here and thank the gentleman, for I have no words to do it."

Yamadori was not far distant, not beyond her call. He came slowly and sheepishly, and, in consequence of an hysterical incoherence into which his sweetheart immediately fell, remained insensible for a while to the brightened prospect of his situation. When at last it broke upon him he was much moved, but only said, "I am sure that the gentleman would not have done this for me if he had not forgiven me for my folly."

"And me for mine," said Koizumi.

As it was distinctly obvious that the girl had done nothing but exactly what was best all through, this seemed an illogical proposition. But she was determined to be pardoned jointly with her swain, and laid so much stress upon it that there was no escape, and I was compelled to pronounce a solemn absolution, in the approved style of the ancient and honorable English comedies.

For the remainder of the morning I abandoned myself to revery. A few additional words had shown me that Yamadori was ready enough to accept the inferior occupation of kago bearer, though Koizumi, like the magistrate's daughter, was troubled about his shoulders, and promised to make him a nice, soft pad. I began to ask myself the question why, although I was not a high officer with one thousand monthly riyos, I could not go out of my way to practically smooth the difficult course of this village love. I certainly felt deeply

interested in the young people. But if that circumstance were to stand as sufficient justification, there would be nothing to hinder me from going about and proffering material assistance to thirty-two millions of people, that being the aggregate population of Japan, according to the last government census. It is rather a perilous precedent to give way to one's impulses of profusion in this country, the temptations are so frequent and powerful. For nearly two hours I reflected, and then announced a journey. Two of the Nanoshi's ablest jin-riki-sha men should that afternoon convey me to Kameyama, fifteen miles distant, where I could pass the night, and return the next day, at my convenience.

This was sufficient to constitute an event in our circle, and you may be sure that I threw as much mystery about it as I could, expressly to heighten expectation. I admitted that I had a project, and an important one, but declared that nobody should know what it was, or whom it concerned, until my own time of disclosure. Yamadori regretted that he should not have the privilege of assisting in drawing me, and Koizumi begged me not to remain too long away, lest the Nanoshi should extricate himself from the spell of my influence and retract his promises. I played Alexander, affected to nod, and intimated that as I had taken the affairs of the universe under my control, no person need concern himself as to the results. That night I slept at Kameyama.

The next morning, having paid my runners, and notified them that they need not wait to take me back, I visited the quarter of the carpenters and wagon manufacturers. This town is not without a reputation for the neat and substantial vehicles it produces, and after a little search I found a capital double jin-riki-sha, — firm, compact, not too heavy, and refulgent with red lacquer. Half an hour of tolerably tough bargaining put it in my possession at a reasonable sum. Long before noon I was on my way to the mountains again,

this time propelled by strangers. Our arrival in front of the Fuku-ya created a sensation. Yamadori was up on the hill, at the kago depot, but he soon came running down to learn the cause of my strange action in sending home the other kuruma without an occupant.

"We were afraid you meant to remain away a long time," said Little Fountain.

"Some of us thought you were dissatisfied with the way in which the jin-riki-sha was managed," said Yamadori.

"The jin-riki-sha was well enough pulled, although your hand was wanting, my lad; but the weather was warm and uncomfortable, and I fancied a larger one to come home in. So you see —"

"Truly, that is a majestic piece of work," he replied, inspecting the new vehicle with the appreciative eye of a connoisseur.

"Do you like it?" said I.

He examined it closely before answering. "I have conceived a better one," he finally remarked, "but I never saw one so good. Perhaps there are none finer in Tokio?" he added inquiringly.

"I am glad you like it," said I, "for it is yours, Yamadori." And I precipitately retired from mortal view, in imitation of a certain effect I had often admired in melodramas.

For several minutes I was allowed to be alone. Then the daughter of the house peeped into my room and regarded me silently with an expression that confused me not a little.

"Come," I exclaimed, "say something, you stupid girl."

"I understand well that the gentleman does not wish to hear too many thanks," she answered, "and I could not talk about anything else. Koizumi's heart is very full."

"Nonsense, you silly child! — and all about a two-wheeled cart. What does your sweetheart say?"

"O, Yamadori, he is crazy with delight and fear."

"Why with fear?"

"He thinks that the Nanoshi may

make a claim on the kuruma or its earnings, in return for that which he lost."

"I do not think that will be possible, unless it was in his agreement that he should make good all accidental losses. But it can be easily arranged. I can give the new jin-riki-sha to you, my dear, and you, I suppose, will not refuse to lend it to him, if he behaves himself."

So that little business was comfortably settled, the Nanoshi, moreover, declaring that nothing would be further from his designs than to interfere harshly with the young man's unexpected prosperity; only, as he had shown himself generously disposed, when his good-will had seemed important, he thought that Yamadori ought to take a new proposal from him into favorable consideration, and this was nothing more nor less than that, instead of attempting an injudicious rivalry in so small a field, they should unite their capital and form a kuruma partnership, Yamadori's acquisition, together with his strength and agility, to entitle him to two fifths of the profits of the business, and he to pay three fifths of the cost of the next jin-riki-sha purchased on joint account. I thought so too, and said to Koizumi that I imagined her view of the old gentleman's character had been hasty, and that if his palm itched at all it was to perform deeds of benevolence and nothing more. But she did not take very kindly to the alliance, though she would not oppose it. As to Yamadori, he thought it was the most superb opening that could be dreamed of. The affair I considered was virtually accomplished, and, precisely as it had been a week before, beatitude seemed to reign universal and supreme.

We know what often happens to the best laid schemes of all animals, low and high. In less than forty-eight hours, portentous signs began to manifest themselves, this time from a novel quarter, which presently assumed a highly ominous form. It was no other than Koizumi, who now departed from

the even current of her usual placidity. She ceased to smile, was petulant without apparent cause, and once or twice was bitter in repartee. In consequence of which it became proper for me to interfere again.

"Koizumi, come hither; you are in new trouble."

"I?—not at all. I care nothing, however much he may misbehave."

"So, Yamadori is in mischief once more. Tell me, is he jealous still?"

"Sir, he was never jealous. It was a deception. How could he be jealous when he has cared nothing for me all the while?"

It was more and more evident that I must have a finger in the pie. "I am determined that you children shall not make yourselves miserable," I declared; "let me know at once what has happened."

"In this case, sir," she said, sitting down beside me, "there is no remedy. Yamadori has deserted me."

"Deserted you? Impossible. He was here this morning."

"O, he continues to come, but he has deserted me, all the same! We have quarrelled desperately."

"It must be a capital sight to see you try to quarrel, Koizumi."

"I can do it if I wish. I have called him such names,—but nothing like what he deserves. If you would only teach me how to talk to him in English."

"To swear at him, I suppose you mean."

"To swear at him, yes."*

"Koizumi, I will undertake that task if it is really necessary. Now, explain everything."

Gradually I made myself master of the facts. They did not look well for Yamadori. He had shown himself fickle. Either his heart was not constant, or the new jin-riki-sha had got into his head. I found that the Nanoshi's daughter, who had interested

* It is impossible to be profane in Japanese. The language contains nothing in the way of violence. The strongest terms of oburgation are "fool" and "beast," and they are very rarely heard, — except from the lips of foreigners.

herself so warmly in his behalf, had for a long time been suspected of a hidden partiality for him, which it would have been hopeless to openly display; but that since the young man had suddenly become a capitalist, she had felt free to hang out signals that could not be mistaken by the slowest of perceptions. The father had not shown himself averse, and Yamadori was rapidly giving way to the flattering influence. My little girl was quite convinced that her lover was as good as lost.

"This is incredible," said I, "it is monstrous. I have seen her. She is not nearly so pretty as you, and I am sure she cannot be so accomplished."

"It may be so, sir; but I think that you foreigners place more value upon good looks than we do. Nobody ever said much about mine before you came here; and accomplishments go for little when they are not joined to wealth."

"But you, Koizumi, should be a person of distinction. You are the daughter of the first yado-ya in Sakanoshita, and you will one day be the mistress of it. That is a position. Why, the Nanoshi's house is not half so large as yours."

"That is nothing now. I have heard that when the great daimios used to pass through, in former years, we were well to do; I can just remember those days. We had twenty servants then. It is very different now, as any one may see."

"He is blind, he is an idiot."

"No; he is not an idiot, but he is *date-sha*, and his vanity is the strongest part of him. He cannot resist the temptation to make himself the first man of the village."

"I will speak to him, directly."

"That would never do. I am very fond of him, but I could not be happy if he were forced to return to me against his will. No, sir, you are very kind, and I am wretched, but you must not try to help me in this."

"What is to be done, then?"

"I will think about it all the after-

noon; I will go to Inari-sama,* and perhaps something will come to me."

Koizumi's complaint was easily verified, and that without any direct questioning. Strolling forth, I found the inconstant at the jin-riki-sha house, inspecting the stock, oiling, polishing, and repairing here and there, and chatting at intervals with his aged partner's daughter, who was continually "happening in" from the dwelling-house, on the most transparently fictitious errands. The minx had actually the effrontery to thank me for my present to Yamadori, who heard her without being abashed in the smallest degree; at which, fearing to derange Koizumi's plans—if she should form any—by a premature explosion, I walked away in silent indignation.

Returning to the inn, I found the maiden I had left forlorn in the hands of the barber, who was erecting a marvellous structure upon her head. She had a *samisen* on her knee and was practising jubilant melodies. Here was a new surprise. Had the wind changed again?

"I have an idea," whispered Koizumi, getting up and following me. "Inari-sama has inspired me. I hope it will do, and I am sure it will, if you will help me."

"I will do anything you like."

"Mountains of thanks. Yamadori will be here this evening as usual, or if he is not I shall send for him. I shall have many things to say to him, most of which will not be true, but that makes little difference."

"The end justifies the means," said I.

"I don't understand that," said Koizumi, "but I shall tell a great many fibs, all of which came to me this afternoon at the temple. What I wish to ask is, that you will not contradict anything I may say."

"Very good; I will contradict nothing."

"And you will support me if necessary?"

* Inari-sama is the fox deity, whose temples are in high esteem among young lovers.

"Ah, that is serious; and I am in the dark."

"O, there shall be no harm! Inari-sama is responsible." And she laughed merrily, as if confident, in anticipation, of success.

"I suppose I must trust Inari-sama, for the sake of his disciple," said I.

"My mother approves, and will also assist me."

"Good; you make me very curious."

"By and by, sir, you shall see and hear everything. To tell you now would spoil all."

At seven o'clock in the evening I was requested to visit that part of the house in which the head of the family resided, where I found a considerable gathering of neighbors, seated in a hollow square, with little boxes of refreshments before them. They bent forward to salute me as I entered, and then silently resumed their tea and pipes. This was obviously a ceremonial reunion of some significance. For a moment I thought that a reconciliation had taken place, and that I had been summoned to assist at the nuptial party. But the fact that Yamadori was not present invalidated this conjecture. Inasmuch as I knew nothing, and yet was expected, according to Koizumi, to appear to know everything, I maintained a discreet silence. An elderly lady volunteered a recitative, and a younger one vouchsafed a dance, at the end of which the truant stalked in, not a little overcome by the unaccustomed brilliancy of the scene. He understood it more readily than I.

"Why, this is a farewell," he said, "who is going away?" And, answering himself, "It must be the noble gentleman. Truly, this is a sorrow to Sakanoshita."

Koizumi, who was tightening the strings of a *samisen* as he entered, here interrupted him with a merry song, then popular all over Japan, the refrain of which was "Jin-riki-sha abunai" ('ware jin-riki-sha), in the selection of which I detected mischief. Having finished, she turned to Yamadori, and said in her most musical tones,

"Yes, we are going, and within two days. We are very glad you have come."

"We?! Domo, domo! May I ask who are 'we'?"

"The *dana-san* and myself," said Koizumi, gayly and unblushingly.

Yamadori let fall an exclamation of astonishment in ten syllables, while I rose to remonstrate; but a quick glance from the principal actress in the comedy reminded me that I had pledged myself to acquiescence in all that she might aver. Certainly I had not bargained for this sort of thing, but I was bound not to hazard the success of my heroine's plot, whatever it might be, to say nothing of the personal interest I felt in its development.

"The gentleman has decided to increase the number of his servants at Tokio, which his magnificent income of one thousand riyos a month enables him to do without limit. He is so good as to say that nobody else in the empire can put on buttons or repair his wardrobe as well as I can. Therefore, we proceed at once to Kioto, stopping one day at Lake Biwa in order that he may teach me to swim."

"Is this really true?" faltered Yamadori.

"*Sayo de gozarimasu*," corroborated the assemblage.

"And is your mother going with you?"

"Foolish boy. Who would take care of the Yado-ya? Besides which, she has no desire to travel, and is too old to learn to swim. Sit down, Yamadori."

He collapsed in a daze, looked stupidly around, and sighed heavily.

"You ought to be very glad," said an old gossip; "it will be a great relief to you."

Yamadori looked fiercely at her, said nothing, but swallowed cups of hot tea with rapidity.

"And now, Yamadori," continued the young girl, with such singular sweetness that I made sure a *coup de grâce* was coming, "we shall be sorry to incommode you, but I shall naturally

require my jin-riki-sha. If you will bring it to-morrow, I shall be obliged."

"Your jin-riki-sha?"

"Yes, the new one."

Yamadori started to his feet. "Why, it is mine!" he exclaimed; "I am going to add it to the Nanoshi's lot, and we are to do business together."

"O no, my friend!" said Koizumi, in softer and more melodious accents than I had ever heard from her lips, "it is mine, and was given to me. I only promised to lend it to you, when I found it convenient. My generous benefactor and master remembers."

"To be sure I remember," said I, glad to be able to support her truthfully in one statement.

Yamadori stood motionless and very pale for a moment. "I have been a brute," at last he murmured: "now I am properly rewarded." And he turned away trembling, and departed without saying good night.

Then came Koizumi's hardest trial. She was obliged to remain hours later, and keep up the semblance of festivity, for the numerous guests had no conception of the unreality of the scene in which they were taking part. She had confided in nobody but her mother.

After it was all over she came, wearily and timidly, and asked if I thought it would succeed.

"If it does not, young woman," said I, "you have put me into a pretty position. You may well say that you got the idea from Inari. You are a fox yourself."

"Of course, sir, I have taken a great liberty, but truly, I was desperate; I am so fond of him. I was convinced you would not consent if I told you my plan beforehand, and so —"

"You played Inari with me."

"Forgive me."

"O, I don't care, if it does not fail!"

"It will not fail; it has succeeded already."

"How can you know that?"

"Inari tells me so."

"It did not take long, the following

morning, for us to arrange the closing act of the drama. Yamadori came about ten o'clock, and deposited the vehicle which had been his delusion and destruction before the gate. His expression was not one of penitence; he seemed to have fallen beyond that, into complete hopelessness. But it was not my cue to relieve him too suddenly.

"Your jin-riki-sha is here, Koizumi," he said; "you will find it no worse than when I took it. I should have brought it earlier, but I had to look at the springs, and oil the wheels, and put on a new nut at this side."

"That is very thoughtful of you," said I.

He saluted me gravely, but made me no answer.

"I hear you are going to-morrow," he resumed, turning to Koizumi.

"I believe so," she answered; "the *kami-san* (lady of the house) will be happy to see you whenever you choose to come, but I suppose you will amuse yourself best with your friends at the Nanoshi's."

"I do not think the Nanoshi would receive me now; and if he would, I should not go there. Nobody in Sakanoshita will ever see me after you depart."

"What do you mean, Yamadori, and where will you go?"

"It does not matter, and I do not know; but I cannot stay in this place."

"Yamadori, I hope you do not think I have treated you ill."

"You, Koizumi! you have never shown me anything but kindness."

"Look here, my lad," I put in, "since you are going to quit this place, why not come along with us? or, if you wish, you can take any road you like best, and meet us at the Eastern Capital. My house is large enough and I am always getting new servants."

"I see that the gentleman is always getting new servants," said Yamadori, still overlooking me, and addressing Koizumi; "though, by the by, I told you a falsehood when I said his income was a thousand riyos. Never mind.

He is very good, but I cannot go with him to Tokio."

"Come, Yamadori," said I, relenting a little before the stipulated time, for, although he had undoubtedly behaved badly, he was suffering torments for it, and in his last new attitude he was manly and honorable, "I believe, after all, that you cannot bear to part from Koizumi. Perhaps she is willing enough not to part from you; but when you began it, which you certainly did, she was perfectly free to look out for herself. Now you seem to take it greatly to heart; if she is willing to have compassion on you, I will not be hard. She may stay if she chooses, and our contract shall be void. But I make two conditions. You must marry her immediately, and the jin-riki-sha and any other things I may give her must be hers forever. I leave you to decide the matter between you." And then I hurried away, knowing well that it was already decided in both their minds before I had finished speaking.

That night there was another feast at the Fuku-ya, — a genuine wedding jubilee. Almost all Sakanoshita was there, even the Nanoshi. His eldest daughter was prevented from attending by a trifling indisposition. In the midst of the proceedings Koizumi made opportunity for a few words with me.

"I do not know when I shall venture to tell him the truth," said she, "probably never. But I do think that after it is all over I may safely say that the kuruma shall be his."

"You are a foolish little girl," said I, "but you shall do as you please."

It was time for me to close my holidays among the mountains. The long vacation was nearly over, and I had yet the old metropolis to see. Two days later I started westward. Koizumi gave me a little wallet, which she had worked with her own hands, and which I use to this day. She regretted that her poverty prevented her from offering a worthier gift, but she could not have thought of anything prettier or more serviceable. Yamadori bestowed upon me one of the ingenious paper lanterns of that district, which can be folded and carried in the pocket. He testified his devotion in two other ways. First, on the back of the jin-riki-sha he painted my monogram in brilliant colors, copied from an envelop which Koizumi picked out of a packet for him, and, alluding to it as my "crest" (mon), vowed that it should always shine there in remembrance of me. Next, although wholly unused to the work, he insisted on bearing one end of the pole of the kago in which I was carried toward Oötsu.

I promised that I would certainly return to Sakanoshita during the next semiannual recess, and I meant to do so when I said it. But something else turned up, as it always happens, and I suppose it is a question if I ever see the place or them again. Once in a great while I receive little scraps of letters from them. They say that they are happy and do not forget me."

E. H. House.

THE GOD OF PEARL.

SEEKING, they found beneath the rippling blue
Of a great Eastern Lake, a rough, harsh shell,
Whose pearl-lined doors, unfolded, gave to view
Great Buddha's image, carved and fashioned well
Of radiant pearl. The priests of Buddha tell
That "God who fills all nature, this can do."

How came it there? You unbelievers smile,
Whose Buddhas other guise and semblance take.
Yes, it is true, it came through priestly guile;
They, in their generation wise, did make
The heavenly virtues of the shell to wake,
Their God to glorify and man beguile.

Through what fierce pangs, or by what secret throe,
The shell's strange owner could such wonders do,
They did not know, nor can I, wiser, show
What spirit stirred, what stream of life ran through
The creature's veins, as, day by slow day, grew
The white pearl mist o'er the lead god, aglow

With soul of flame and fire and leaping blue.
The means were false, but clearly the thing said,
That "God is everywhere" is always true.
Yet, as the pearl still holds a lovelier red
In some new-glancing light to flash, instead
Another meaning in my fancy grew.

For once, I counted it an alien thing,
Into my life thrust by some hard, blind fate,
This new, deep sorrow, loss, and suffering,
Which limits all my powers, and seems too great
For that life's compass to embrace; yet, "Wait!"
The legend said, and this new light did bring.

If, through my suffering, God's image grow
To beauty in my heart, I can be still
Content that none my secret task should know,
Content that all should reach my meaning ill;
Or day and night its single purpose fill,
And life be dimmed that the new glory glow.

I may not know when sorrow's crown is won,
Nor say, "Behold, my slow-wrought gem is bright."
Some other — Death, perhaps — holds to the sun
The darting splendors of its fire-thrilled white.
For, you remember, that to give it light
The shell was broken. — Well, the work was done.

Ellen Frances Taney.

INTERESTING PEOPLE WHOM I MET IN LONDON.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THERE have been, in all ages, men destined to be celebrated who have been called upon to bear up, for long years, — fortunate when it was not for life, — under professional contempt and popular ridicule. Among the number are Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. Half a century ago phrenology, claiming to be a science, was refused admission as such into accredited scientific circles.

I have had occasion elsewhere to express the opinion that the growth of a new-born hypothesis resembles that of a human being. During its infancy its suggestions carry small weight. It is listened to with a slight smile, and set aside with little ceremony. Throughout its years of nonage it may be said to have no rights of property, no privilege of appropriation. Proofs in its favor may present themselves from time to time, but they are not deemed entitled to a judgment by the common rules of evidence. They are listened to as fresh and amusing, but they have no legal virtue; they obtain no official record; they are not placed to the credit of the minor. An infant hypothesis is held to be outside the limits of human justice.

Thus, as late as the year 1827, had phrenology been treated. But its very novelty had an attraction for me; and when, in the autumn of that year, I met Dr. Spurzheim at the house of Mr. Martineau (father of Harriet), I listened to him with eager attention, and expressed to him in strong terms, ere we parted, the deep interest I had felt in his conversation. He smiled, and cordially invited me to visit him in his studio. When I called he gave up to me an entire forenoon, and seemed to take good-natured pleasure in showing his collection of casts and skulls, and in explaining the first principles of his

system. His candor, modesty, and simple methods of illustration impressed me at once in his favor. How devoid of pretension, how free from all dogmatic assertion, was the Master, compared to some of his half-fledged disciples whom I have since met!

He brought me the cast of a head, having taken the precaution to cover up the features with a cloth, and asked me what character I should assign to the original. I answered readily that I should suppose him to be a wise and intelligent man. Then, with similar precaution, he produced another bust which, at a glance, I pronounced to be that of an idiot.

"You are right in both cases," he said. "You see, then, that, without any previous research, you instinctively detect the extremes. I pretend to nothing more, after years of careful study and the examination and comparison of many thousand skulls, than to be able to detect, in detail, some of the minuter indications of human character."

But, though his mode and manner won me; though I perceived also that he was anything but a man of one idea; though I knew it was admitted, on all hands, not only that he was an excellent anatomist and physiologist, but that his analysis of the mind — the division of its powers and attributes into the various propensities, sentiments, perceptive and reasoning faculties — evinced a careful study of mental philosophy; yet in that first interview I was able to assent only to a few general deductions: as that the frontal organs correspond to the intellectual powers; the sincipital, to the moral sentiments; the basilar, to the lower propensities. I could follow him when he went on to affirm that when the mass of brain contained in the basilar

and occipital regions is less than that contained in the frontal and sincipital, the man, as a general rule, is superior to the average of his fellows; though it is to be conceded that too great a disparity indicates a lack of animal energy,—often a serious deficiency. Nor did I dissent from his opinion, that, take the average heads of mankind, savage and civilized, in our day, the basilar and occipital masses of brain exceed the frontal and sincipital: a fact, it seemed to me, to which my good father was not wont to give sufficient heed.

The theory of craniology, however, in its details, struck me, on this first presentation, as vague and fanciful; and when Dr. Spurzheim, as I took leave of him, said that if I would call on him again he would give me a chart of my head, I resolved, in partial satisfaction of my doubts, to try an experiment; and since one purpose of an autobiography is to furnish to its readers materials for a thorough acquaintance with the autobiographer, I shall here chronicle the result of that experiment, at expense, it may be, of incurring the charge of egotism.

There was at that time in London a Mr. De Ville, a lecturer on phrenology, a man of limited literary and scientific knowledge as compared to Spurzheim, but an industrious and critical observer, who had made the best collection of casts and skulls in England, larger even than that of Dr. Spurzheim himself. To him I went; and finding that he furnished to visitors, for a moderate compensation, a written statement of their cranial developments, I asked for mine. As soon as I received it, I went straight to Dr. Spurzheim to pay him my second visit; obtained the promised chart from him also, without showing him De Ville's, and brought both home to compare them. They coincided much more nearly than I had imagined they would.

The degrees of comparison indicated were five: 1. Predominant; 2. Large; 3. Rather large; 4. Full; 5. Small. I have before me Spurzheim's estima-

tion, with De Ville's added in parentheses whenever there was a variation of opinion, which I here copy:—

1. ORGANS PREDOMINANT.

Benevolence.
Conscientiousness.
Adhesiveness.
Causality.
Comparison. (D. V., 2.)
Firmness. (D. V., 2.)
Love of offspring. (D. V., 2.)
Love of approbation. (D. V., 2.)
Locality. (D. V., 2.)
Eventuality. (D. V., 4.)

2. ORGANS LARGE.

Ideality. (D. V., 1.)
Constructiveness. (D. V., 1.)
Individuality. (D. V., 1.)
Form. (D. V., 1.)
Destructiveness. (D. V., 3.)
Amativeness.
Self-esteem.
Language.
Size.
Imitation. (D. V., 3.)

3. ORGANS FULL.

Acquisitiveness.
Melody.
Secretiveness. (D. V., 5.)

4. ORGANS MODERATE.

Caution.
Hope. (D. V., 2.)
Veneration. (D. V., 2.)
Calculation. (D. V., 3.)
Combativeness. (D. V., 3.)
Time. (D. V., 3.)

5. ORGANS SMALL.

Inhabitiveness.
Marvellousness.
Color.
Wit. (D. V., 4.)

Thus, with a range of five figures indicating size of organs, it will be observed—

That thirteen out of the thirty organs examined correspond to a single figure.

That thirteen more differ a single figure only.

Therefore that there are four organs only, out of thirty, as to which the variation is more than one degree out of five, while only one of these differs more than two figures.

Four organs were set down by both examiners as dominant; namely, Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Adhesiveness, Causality.

Five were set down as very large by Spurzheim, but as large only by De Ville; namely, Firmness, Love of Offspring, Love of Approbation, Comparison, Locality.

Three were set down as very large by De Ville, but as large only by Spurzheim; namely, Ideality, Constructiveness, and Individuality.

At home, before visiting De Ville, I had questioned my conscience and set down, as honestly and accurately as I was able, my own estimate. It corresponded, in a general way, to the above, except that I had not felt justified in naming more than one organ (Adhesiveness) as predominant, and had rated the others which were esteemed predominant by Spurzheim and De Ville as large only.

I incline to the opinion that Spurzheim was right in giving me somewhat more Firmness and Comparison, and somewhat less Ideality and Constructiveness than De Ville; and that, on the other hand, De Ville was right in giving me somewhat more Hope, Veneration, and Form (especially Hope), and somewhat less Imitation and Locality, than Spurzheim. As to Eventuality (the only organ in which there was a variation of three figures), I think the truth lies between the two.

The substantial accordance between these two charts of character gave me somewhat increased confidence in the phrenological mapping of the skull. The fact that the character thus ascribed to me was a good one may very likely have tended to influence my judgment in the same direction. The readers of this Autobiography, if I live to complete it, will have the means of judging, to a certain extent, how far the two best phrenologists then in

England succeeded, or failed, in deciding correctly in my case.

I am afraid that if the above should fall into the hands of some good people with conservative tendencies, who know me by report only, it will weaken their faith in Spurzheim and De Ville's sagacity as phrenologists. I speak of those who may have thought of Robert Dale Owen as a visionary dreamer, led away by fancy into the region of the marvellous, there to become an advocate of the wild belief that occasional intervention from another world in this is not a superstitious delusion, but a grand reality. To such persons the assertion in which both these observers unite — namely, that Causality, or the reasoning power, is a predominating faculty in my brain, while Marvellousness is one of its smallest organs — will appear incredible.

When I come to relate, as I propose to do, the origin and progress of my connection, many years later in life, with the Spiritual movement, there will be means of judging whether my opinion touching intercommunion between two phases of human existence is based on logical premises, or is due to a love of the marvellous, outrunning practical experience and sound discretion.

Here I am reminded that, some thirty years before I myself held this opinion, I came in contact with a noted person who suffered severely, a few years after I saw him, for entertaining somewhat similar views. I am not sure whether it was during the visit to London of which I am now writing or during a previous visit in 1823, that I accompanied my father to hear a remarkable sermon from a very remarkable man.

Few of the present generation think of the Rev. Edward Irving except perhaps as a superstitious enthusiast; yet, with all his eccentricities, he was a man eminently worth knowing and listening to. Educated to the Scottish Church, his powers as a public teacher, brilliant at once and logical, were first discovered by Dr. Chalmers, whose assistant he was for three years. With-

in a few months after he was called to the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, London, he became the most popular preacher of his day. Tickets of admission, by which alone outsiders could have a chance to hear him, were eagerly sought after; and the two which admitted my father and myself were obtained as a special favor. The highest nobility, the most eminent men of science, literary and fashionable celebrities, famous beauties, judges, distinguished barristers, noted members of Parliament, all pressed in crowds to his weekly services. We found every street that led to his church literally encumbered with stylish equipages; and though we had gone early, it was with great exertions that we penetrated the excited throng, barely in time to get seats.

But we were rewarded. The personal appearance of the speaker at once arrested my attention. Over six feet high, limbs and body finely proportioned, the ample forehead surmounted by a mass of jet-black hair, parted in the centre and dropping in curls on his shoulders; the features regular and expressive, especially the piercing dark eyes (their effect somewhat marred, however, by a squint); a stately bearing, and a majestic style of eloquence, such as might befit an apostle, conscious of a mission from on high; gestures sometimes, indeed, *outré*, even fantastic, yet often startlingly emphatic,* — everything about him was strange, strong, telling. The man himself and his wierd aspect at first engrossed one's thoughts; yet when he fairly warmed to his subject, and the stirring tones of a voice at once persuasive and commanding gradually asserted their magnetic power, one forgot the speaker and all his peculiarities, listening, not to the words,

* The story ran that, ere he left Edinburgh, he was wont to rise in the night, pluck the blanket from his bed, cast it around his person after the fashion of a Spanish mantle, and study gestures and declamation by the hour before a large mirror. Who knows what ambitious visions of future distinction may then have been passing through the young Scotchman's mind?

but to the thoughts, fiery and earnest, — thoughts, one instinctively felt, that had their origin down in the depths of conscientious conviction.

Wedlock was the theme; and it was treated by comparing with the true marriage of soul and spirit the fashionable espousals, based on mercenary motive and worldly calculation.

First he portrayed, in terms which lost none of their force by quaint old turns of expression, the self-forgetting devotion of two faithful hearts. "They see through a sweet glamour," he said, "yet what they see is more real than all other sublunary things. How fair and pleasant are they to each other, yea, altogether lovely! All that is blithe and beautiful upon earth is the interpreter of their love. The voice of birds echoes it. The flowers, fresh with heaven's dew, are its expounders. 'I am my beloved's' (the virgin saith), 'and my beloved is mine.' Her desire is unto him by day and night; in dream her soul waketh to his image. He counts his life as nothing for her sake: the world of happiness is where she is; he has none other. Everything about her has an unutterable charm. Her eyes are dove's eyes and they overcome him; her breath is like the zephyr that has swept the spices of Araby. Yet there is between them a mutual enchantment far deeper, more holy, than any idolatry of person. When they stand up at God's altar, invoking on their young affection ecclesiastical blessing, the inner cry is, 'O thou whom my soul loveth!' It is a mating of the spiritual and the eternal. The Church but records vows long since plighted in the heart of hearts; and there is a transcript of the record in Heaven's chancery. God looks down, well pleased; for his children have fulfilled his law."

Much more in the same strain he said, and then he paused. I awoke from the spell which his words had cast over me, to a consciousness of the breathless silence that had settled down on that vast, dense audience. Every eye was strained on the speak-

er, and for the moment I realized, what I had heard said, that Irving's face, in some of his moods of benignant majesty, recalled certain ideals of Christ, as rendered by the old masters. But the moment after the likeness had vanished. The benignity was gone, replaced by a glance of scorn and reprobation. When he first resumed, his tones were passionless and stern, kindling, however, as he went on : —

"Sometimes God has to look down on feelings and doings far other than these. I see two men, hard-eyed, parchment-faced, seated over a table, in a large, dingy office, amid dusty tomes and time-stained documents. They are doctors of the law. I hear them debating of moneys, stocks, securities, estates in tail, messuages, settlements. Each is driving a hard bargain with the other. They dispute, they wrangle, they recriminate. Of a surety their clients must be adversaries, disposed to sue each other at the law and take coat and cloak and whatever else they can clutch. Nay, I am deceived ! They seem to be gambling agents, adventuring heavy stakes ; for I hear the advocate of one party casting birth and station into the scale as weighty considerations ; while the counsel for the other offsets these with cash in bank and great expectations contingent on a life that has already stretched out to threescore years and ten.

"What is it all about ? Ah ! it is a terrible desecration of sacred things. It is a laying of sacreligious hands on that which is holy as the ark of the covenant, even upon human love, — love, brighter than hope, greater than faith ; love that is more precious than rubies, fairer, in its purity, than the rose of Sharon or the lily of the valley. Two immortal souls are waiting, ere they decide the greatest of all life-questions, the issue of that miserable squabble over earthly hoards. If the hagglers who represent them can only agree, two young hearts may be allowed to set about trying whether they can manage to take a fancy for

each other ; or whether, dispensing with fancy as a vain thing, they will suffer to be uttered the solemn declaration that God himself has joined them together until death. Have they forgotten that He hears and sees them ?

"Let rank and fashion take thought, ere it is too late ! Is not the heart of every creature God has made a little temple dedicate to him, consecrate to his worship ? But what shall be done unto those who profane the dwelling of the Most High, — money-changers in the Holy of Holies ? When God's Son walked the earth, what was the fate of such, at his hands ? They were cast out, — *cast out !* Christ drove forth, as malefactors, those who bought and sold in the Temple, saying : 'It is written, My house shall be made the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'"

Some of the words, as they linger in my memory, I have given ; but the voice, the gesture, the ardent, fearless bearing, as of one having authority, cannot be transferred to paper. I heard, through the death-like stillness with which the closing denunciation was received, the rustle of rich silks, as if their owners stirred uneasily on their seats.

Irving's hold on the public mind was afterwards lost almost as suddenly as it had been won. Certain remarkable phenomena, purporting to be words spoken under supernatural influence, sometimes in English, sometimes in forms of language unknown, appeared in his congregation, were accepted as real and reported by Irving himself to Fraser's Magazine. They were, doubtless, similar in character to what are now termed spiritual manifestations.

Thereupon this once celebrated preacher not only forfeited his popularity, but was deposed, on a charge of heresy, by the Presbytery of Annan, his native place. Yet so sound a thinker as Baden Powell expresses, in his paper among the Oxford Essays, his conviction that the phenomena in

question, though not miraculous, were genuine.*

I met, in London, several members of a very remarkable family, possessing, I think, more practical ability, administrative and deliberative, than I have ever since found united in any one household; a family deserving well of their country, and every member of which has since made his mark, in one department or other; the Hills, formerly of Hazelwood, Birmingham.

At that time Rowland Hill, afterwards to become one of the benefactors of his race, had removed from Birmingham and was engaged, with one or two of his brothers, in an educational enterprise at Bruce Castle, a handsome country-seat six miles from London, with extensive pleasure-grounds. There I visited them, and found some seventy students. The institution was admirably conducted, as indeed everything was which they undertook; and I remember wishing that more of England's aristocratic mansions might be similarly transformed. A few days afterwards I met the barrister of the family (Matthew) at the Strand Club, a debating society to which he belonged; and listened to an admirable and thoroughly practical speech by him in favor of "The Co-operative System of Political Economy," that being the subject of the evening's debate. No allusion was made to my father, nor to any of his peculiar opinions on theology or ethics; and, young as I was, I saw how wisely Mr. Hill managed his case; refraining from mixing up a great industrial question with any extraneous matter; thus evading prejudices and evoking a decision on the simple issue he presented.

It was ten years later that Rowland Hill brought before the public that

scheme of cheap postage with which his name is indissolubly connected, and for his services in connection with which he was created a knight, — a distinction often bestowed for trivial merit, or no merit at all, but never more worthily conferred than on him: a paltry reward it was for eminent desert.

Some great inventions have two aspects; they speedily influence moral and social, as well as physical advancement: others, for the time, affect only the material progress of the world. Of this latter class was Arkwright's (spoken of in a former paper), which revolutionized the mode of producing all the textile fabrics in the world. Of the former class is the steam-engine. While it drives the vast cotton-mill, or drains the deep mine, it is a physical agent only; but as locomotive on the railway track, it becomes a civilizing agency of wonderful power, bringing human hearts and minds nearer to each other. So of Morse's invention, which tends to knit and unite the social fabric. Steam and the electric wires probably saved to us our Pacific possessions as an integral part of the Union, at a time when there was serious risk of disruption, not between North and South only, but between East and distant West.

But, aside from local effects, the influence of rapid intercommunication is ever wholesome and beneficent. It has been said, and I incline to believe, that, in the next world, our wishes will correspond to locomotion; we shall be where we desire to be. While the earth-clog of the body clings to us, it must always be an element of isolation, but an element that weighs upon us less and less, as the ages pass. In modes of transit we have outgone the race-horse at his utmost speed; we may be approaching the fleetness of the carrier-pigeon. In the transmission of thought, bird and racer are already left behind at illimitable distance.

Similar in character was the reform brought about by the clear brain and untiring persistence of Rowland Hill.

* "The matter," he says, "was closely scrutinized and inquired into *at the time*, and unprejudiced and even sceptical persons were fully convinced that *certain extraordinary manifestations did occur*." (Italics in original.) He thinks "they were, in some way, to be ascribed to natural causes as yet, perhaps, little understood." — *Recent Inquiries in Theology*, p. 122.

Whether, when I met him at Bruce Castle, he had conceived the idea of postal reform, I cannot say; so far as I remember, he did not broach it to me; but I know he communicated the details of his plan to Robert Owen, before the public had an inkling of it, and that my father gave him, not only encouragement in words, but essential aid.

It created an entire revolution in the English post-office system, relieving letter-writers, on the average, from more than nine tenths of the cost of correspondence. Its success was marvellous, far exceeding the sanguine expectations of its author; and that success was even greater in its social than in its economical aspect. Sir Rowland told me, I think in 1860, that the number of letters then yearly posted in the twelve miles square which then constituted the London postal district, and addressed to persons living within that district, was equal to the entire number of letters that had been posted and delivered annually, only twenty years earlier, throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. The practical result, in a social aspect, was that friends and acquaintances had been induced to converse by letter at least ten times as often as before.

One can say of Hill's postal system — what cannot be said of a hundred other advances — that it resulted in even greater benefit to the poor than to the rich. A shilling, formerly the common postage for a single letter, was the sacrifice of nearly a day's wages for a common laborer; but Hill enabled him to send twelve letters for the same amount. And in this case the gain was secured without any attendant injury or risk. Railroads and telegraphs fall into the hands of gigantic corporations, with much power, indeed, for good, but with possibilities for grave evil, both financial and political. Then, too, a factory system, which brings hundreds of young children together, in one vast, overheated building, offers us, it is true, cottons and woollens at a low rate; but, in the Old World especially, holds childhood's health and well-

being at rate as cheap. The children, in many manufacturing districts, like the young nomadic swarms in the courts and alleys of our great cities, have no child's life; neither fresh air, nor bright sun, nor joyous game, nor any of the gay fancies or exuberant spirits or vaguely blissful life-dreams that haunt happy youngsters who can roam field or forest at free will. I remember well how my father mourned the change which, after forty years' absence, he found in his native place, Newtown. It lived in his recollection humble and homely in its ways, but cheerful and care-free also. No factory bell calling little children from their beds at daybreak; village ways and village freedom. In those days they had taken all things easily. Saturday was, by common usage, a holiday, when half the population, young and old, had been wont to gather on the public green, to watch the good old game of fives (now crowded out by more ambitious novelties), played against the high and wide blank wall of some public building hard by. But with the lapse of years there had come a shadow over the place. He found it a busy, bustling, manufacturing town, producing beautifully figured Welsh flannels; but no holidays, no village games, no childhood life of glee; wealthier, no doubt, by statistical returns; for census-takers do not register content, nor freedom, nor rural mirth.

Goldsmith's lines have a wider range of truth in England to-day than when he wrote them: —

"Those homely joys that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
scene, —
Lived in each look, and brightened all the
green, —
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more."

Thus, if Rowland Hill's postal reform has done less extended good throughout the world than the agencies of steam and electricity, it has, at least, been good unmixed with evil; no drawback of overgrown wealth or power, often abused; no oppression of chil-

dren; no gain for the rich at expense of the poor: and all that goes for much in a world where evil hangs on the skirts of good, and where we have ever to ask ourselves, each time that the tree of knowledge, shaken, drops its fruit, whether mankind, for the time being, have been the gainers or the losers thereby.

I made the acquaintance, during this visit to London, of one of those celebrities, appearing from time to time, who are a riddle even to their best friends, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, author of the *Improvisatrice*, the *Troubadour*, and many minor pieces which appeared occasionally (under the signature L. E. L.) in the (London) *Literary Gazette*, then edited by Jerdan. Her poetry was usually characterized by deep feeling, sad and romantic; and it had won her for the time a brilliant reputation, albeit it has scarcely outlasted the age in which she wrote. She and Thomas Moore were, in my early youth, my favorite poets; and I had read, I think, almost every line she ever published. Great was my amazement when I met the writer! Pretty, careless, it seemed, lively, with just a touch of flippancy in her manner, she took pains to disclaim all tender or profound emotion; speaking jestingly of everything that savored of enthusiasm, and declaring that whatever of sentimental appeared in her poetry was but a dressed-up copy of what others had felt and expressed, and had never actually come from her own heart. The real things, she was wont to say, were good dinners, nice suppers, handsome apartments in busy London (far preferable to the dull country!), an equipage, and all the appointments of distinguished society. I was reminded of her many years after, by a stylish young lady to whom I was introduced one evening during supper, at the La Pierre House in Philadelphia (famed for its larder), who said little until she had tasted a smoking dish which the waiter had just set before her; but then she thawed out, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Well, this world

is worth living in after all, as long as such tenderloin steak as this is to be had in it."

But though Miss Landon thus sought to make herself out a mere worldly character, I do not think that she really was so. She remained to the last the cherished favorite of a circle of warm and devoted friends; but selfishness does not win and retain for itself the love and devotion of those who see it and feel it for years in daily life. She gave me the impression of a dejected woman, whose heart had been wronged, and who thought to face it out, by deriding the dreams she had failed to realize. I do not believe that she was devoid of the devoted affection she had so often and so charmingly portrayed. As Maria Edgeworth has somewhere said, genuine feeling is seldom successfully counterfeited; the tone of simulated emotion is pitched either too high or too low, as deaf persons bawl or speak in a whisper.

I think Miss Landon's mocking spirit it was the result of some bitter, unacknowledged disappointment in early life. Here and there, in her writings, the same spirit crops out, as in some lines the concluding stanzas of which, as I remember them, read:—

"The neck of the peacock,
The iris's dyes,
The light in the opal,
The April day skies,—
Would they be lovely,
As all of them are,
But for the chance
And the change that are there?

"Breathe no vow to me,
I will give none of mine;
Love should light in an instant,
As quickly decline.
His blushes, his sighs,
Are bewildering things;
Then away with his fetters,
And give me his wings!

Miss Landon was but twenty-five when I met her. Her after story was a sad one. At the age of thirty-six she married a Mr. Maclean, who had been appointed governor of a British settlement on the coast of Africa. Bulwer (not then Lord Lytton) gave her away. At the wedding breakfast a

large number of literary celebrities were present, and more than one of these took occasion to express, in flattering terms, their high appreciation of the amiable and talented lady from whom they were now, alas ! about to part, perhaps for long years. In reply the bridegroom rose and, in the coolest tone, said "he hoped Mrs. Maclean would deserve these encomiums." Years afterwards, Bulwer, relating the circumstances to an intimate friend,* added : "Imagine what a shock it must have been to us ! The poor bride turned pale as a sheet ; and not a guest at the table but deplored her fate."

It is inconceivable how any man, with the slightest pretension, one need not say to conjugal affection, but to the common amenities of social life, could have uttered the coarse, unfeeling words. When one reads that, after the lapse of a single year, the wife died at Cape Coast Castle and was buried on a rude African shore, one need not credit a vague rumor which had a certain currency at the time, that she hastened her escape from a wedded lot too hard to bear. Grief, isolation, and an unhealthy climate, acting on a frail body and a sensitive nature, sufficiently account for premature death.

A shudder went through the literary circles of London when her fate was announced, — a shudder, and probably a sigh of relief and an application (one word changed) of a well-known line,

"After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well !"

I spent some very pleasant weeks in London, making the acquaintance of George Combe, whose work on the Constitution of Man had recently been published, and with whom I remember I had a long argument on what I deemed his unqualified optimism, as there set forth. I should agree with him now better than I did then. I had previously made the acquaintance of his elder brother, Abram, a man not

inferior in talent to the rest of that remarkable family, and whose early death was a loss to the world. Pickersgill, the artist, then at the height of his reputation, I met several times ; and his daughters, at that time from fifteen to twenty years of age and equally intelligent and amiable, interested me exceedingly. Pickersgill expressed to me his intention to paint a full-length portrait of my father ; but this intention was never, I believe, carried out. James Mill, the political economist, I saw once or twice ; he seemed to me equally cold and logical. I regretted much not to be able further to cultivate the acquaintance of these and of many others whose names have escaped me.

Despite their shortcomings, I like the English. Theirs is not the highest character, but it has noble elements, — energy, earnestness, hardihood, directness, great power intellectual and practical.

It is not the highest. It falls sadly short of Christ's standard, as set forth, in a moment of inspiration, by converted Paul. We cannot say of the typical Englishman, that he suffereth long and is kind ; that he vaunteth not himself, is not puffed up, seeketh not his own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; nor yet that he beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Like us, their legitimate descendants, the English exhibit a self-sufficiency somewhat of the Pharisaical stamp, which thanks God that it is not as other men, or even as these French, Spaniards, Italians. They overlook the fact that less sturdy races have their compensating qualities, and that they themselves would have been vastly improved if a portion of the geniality and light-heartedness of the Southern temperament had fallen to their lot. As it is, they are estimable rather than amiable, and their perceptions of justice are quicker than their emotions of mercy.

Yet, withal, there is a ring in the

* From whom I had this anecdote.

metal of the English character, like that in some verses of Charles Kingsley, — verses which indicate one of the influences that may have tended to make the writer's countrymen the *plucky* race they are : —

" Let the luscious south-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard English men.

Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come! and strong within us
Stir the Viking's blood,
Bracing bone and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!"

There is a bluff good-humor about them, too; and even an English mob, if the Viking blood be not too savagely stirred, has a rude sense of fair play. It is to be admitted, also, that though the aristocratic classes, with traditional haughtiness, deem the world and its chief seats their own by divine right, — or, as a witty Frenchman* has phrased it, because they had taken the trouble of being born, — yet a certain nobility of character often shines through the exclusive cloud. The *noblesse oblige* — elsewhere too often a dead letter — shows as a reality among the better portion of them. George III. introduced General Arnold to Lord Balcarras. "What, Sir, the traitor Arnold?" exclaimed the indignant noble, turning away and rejecting, even at the bidding of royalty, the fellowship of dishonor.

The English have not the dash, the *élan*, of the French. They do not rush impetuously to reform, as did the French revolutionists of 1789. But when they do make a step in advance, they have the solid habit of *belaying*, as sailors say, — of holding on to all they have got. They would have made

* "Noblesse, fortune, un rang, des places: tout cela rend si fier! Qu'avez vous fait pour tant de biens? Vous vous êtes donné la peine de naître, et rien de plus." — BEAUMARCHAIS, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, Acte V., Scène 3.

more rapid progress in practical reforms than they have but for their stiff persistence, especially as regards the training of the influential classes, in the old ruts. It is Dugald Stewart, I think, who says (I quote from memory): "The learned foundations of Europe are not without their use to the historian of the human mind. Immovably moored to the same station by the strength of their cables and the weight of their anchors, they serve to indicate the velocity with which the rest of the world is borne past them."

Oxford and Cambridge turn out thorough classical scholars, excellent mathematicians; yet that goes but a little way toward qualifying a man for public service, legislative or executive. Still, for all, we would ourselves be obliged, perhaps, to go back a generation or two to find, save in exceptional cases, statesmen to match the best among England's leaders, in sound judgment, breadth of view, and yet more in probity above suspicion. The well-known pamphlet put forth by Alexander Hamilton, in which that statesman frankly confesses a grave transgression, to rebut the false imputation of dishonest meanness in his public capacity, has its bright as well as its dark side. Without extenuating his fault, we may admire his high sense of pecuniary integrity, — a sense that is lacking — alas! in how many — among our politicians of the present day.

In alluding to the English universities, I am reminded of a story that was related to me in London, at the time of which I am writing, by a gentleman who assured me that the incident happened, substantially as I give it, a few years before. I hope it may amuse some of my readers as much as it did me.

A TALE OF ENGLISH MAIL-COACH DAYS.

AN English gentleman of true John Bull proportions — weighing some eighteen or twenty stone — had occasion to

travel in summer by stage-coach from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside ; and our hero engaged two places (as, in consideration of his size, he usually did) for himself. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, reached the stage before he did, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round, good-tempered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door ; and, peering into the vehicle and observing the local arrangements, its owner said, with a smile, "You see I am of a pretty comfortable size, gentlemen ; so I have taken two seats. It will greatly oblige me if one of you will kindly move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a pert young law-student, "possession is nine tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are, one on each side. We engaged one each, came first, entered regularly into possession, and our titles to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not dispute your titles," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"O, hang politeness !" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother ; it's ungraceful as well as uncomfortable ; and, besides, one has no chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman, arrange your concerns as you please ; I stick to my corner." And he leaned back, yawned, and settled himself with hopeless composure in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by this unmannerly obstinacy. He turned to a smart-looking youth with a simper on his face, — a clerical student who had hitherto sat in a rev-

ery, possibly thinking over his chances of a rich benefice in the future. "Will you accommodate me ?" he asked ; "this is the last stage that starts for London to-day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with mock gravity ; "some speculation with filthy lucre for its object. Good father, at your age your thoughts should turn heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to earth." And his companions roared with laughter at the "d—d clever joke."

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek ; but he mastered the feeling in a moment, and said, with much composure, to the fourth, "Are you also determined that I shall lose my place ; or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat ?"

"Ay, do, Tom," said his lordship to the person addressed ; "he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do !" replied the student of medicine. "In a dissecting-room, he'd make an excellent subject ; but in a coach, and this warm weather, too ! Old gentleman, if you'll put yourself under my care, I'll engage in the course of six weeks, by a judicious course of depletives, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But, really, to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to all the rules of hygiene, and a practice to which I have a professional objection."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time the patience of coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Harkee, gemmen," said he, "settle the business as you like ; but it wants just three quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first stroke of the University clock my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer for the king, God bless him. 'T would be as

much as my place is worth." And with that he mounted his box, took up the reins, bid the hostler shut the door, and sat with upraised whip, listening for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfry the horses, as if they recognized the signal, shot off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's dilemma afforded a politic theme for merriment during the whole stage.

Meanwhile the subject of their mirth hired a postchaise, followed and overtook them at the second change of horses, where the passengers got out ten minutes for lunch. As the postchaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney-sweeps passed with their bags and brooms and their well-known cry.

"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman, "what say you to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shades of the sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride, my boys, in the stage-coach?"

"Ees, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to trust the evidence of his ears.

"Well, then, hostler, open the stage-door. In with you! And, d'ye hear? be sure to take the two middle seats; so, one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded, and coachee's voice was heard: "Only one minute and a half more, gen'lemen; come on!"

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the coach. The young lord was the first to put his foot on the steps. "Why, how now, coachee? What confounded joke is this! Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Sit still, my lads; you're entitled to your places. My lord, the two middle seats, through your action and that of your young friends, are mine; they were regularly taken and duly paid for. I choose that two *protégés* of mine shall occupy them. An English stage-coach

is free to every one who behaves quietly, and I am answerable for their good conduct; so mind you behave, boys! Your lordship has a horror of a middle seat; pray take the corner one."

"Overreached us, by Jove!" said the law student. "We give up the cause, and cry you mercy, Mr. Bull."

"Blythe is my name."

"We cry quits, worthy Mr. Blythe."

"You forget that possession is nine tenths of the law, my good sir, and that the title of these lads to their seats is indisputable. I have installed them as my *locum tenentes*, if that be good law Latin. It would be highly unjust to dislodge the poor youths, and I cannot permit it. You have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the clerical student.

"You are surely not afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides, we ought not to suffer our thoughts to dwell on petty earthly concerns, but to turn them heavenward."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than to sit by these dirty devils," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; and you will not be compelled to violate a single hygienic rule. The corner you selected is vacant. Pray get in."

At these words, coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen, you have lost me a minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without ye, if so be ye don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door he found it impossible to control his features. "I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal!" said the disciple of Æsculapius, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My beautiful drab surtout!" exclaimed the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

The noise of the carriage-wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of their lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated and dismissed with a gratuity; the seats shaken and brushed; the worthy sons of the university made up, among themselves, the expenses of the postchaise; the young doctor violated, for once, the rules of hygiene, by taking a middle seat; and all journeyed on together, without further quarrel or grumbling, except from coachee, who declared that "to be kept over time a minute and a quarter at one stage and only three seconds less than three minutes at the next was enough to try the patience of a saint; that it was!"

I left England in November, 1827, to take up my permanent residence in the United States, accompanying my father, who sailed for New Orleans. Ascending the Mississippi, I spent several weeks at Nashoba; satisfied myself that Frances Wright's experiment there was a pecuniary failure; received a letter from my father, urging me to come to his aid in settling matters at New Harmony; obeyed the summons, and succeeded in enabling him to get rid of certain swindlers to whom he had given unmerited confidence; spent the summer of 1828 chiefly in editing the New Harmony Gazette, and toward the close of that year engaged in an enterprise which many may deem Quixotic, — reasonably enough too, perhaps.

In those days I had not before my eyes the fear of that French poet who, looking to comfort and an easy life, and thinking these to be best assured by letting other people alone, declared,

"Que c'est une folie à nulle autre seconde
De vouloir se mêler de corriger le monde."

I saw what seemed to me grievous errors and abuses, and must needs intermeddle, hoping to set things right. Up to what point I succeeded, and how far, for lack of experience, I failed, or fell short of my views, some of those who have followed me thus far may wish to know.

But here ends the first portion of my life, during which my home was in the Old World and in my native land. These were the tentative years, the years throughout which I was proving all things and seeking for that which is good. Up to that time I seem to myself to have been but threading my way; and I thought I had found it. I had energy, moral courage, eagerness to render service in the cause of truth, and a most overweening opinion of the good which I imagined that I could do, in the way of enlightening my fellow-creatures. It needed quarter of a century more to teach me how much that intimately regards man's welfare and advancement, moral and spiritual, had till then been to me a sealed book; to bring home the conviction that I stood but on the very threshold of the most important knowledge that underlies the civilization of our race.

Dating from the period which this Autobiography has reached, guided by such experience as I then had, my life was to be in the main a public one, active and stirring. Hereafter I may be able, life and health permitting, to relate the more interesting of its varied experiences; the scene being chiefly in our own country, but sometimes on the continent of Europe.

If these shall be received with the same kindness with which I gratefully acknowledge that the press — and let me hope the readers of this magazine — have accepted the preceding chapters, I shall not regret having undertaken what is a somewhat perilous task, — the writing of a book chiefly filled with talk about one's self.

Robert Dale Owen.

THE RETURNER.

O EARTH, earth, earth, upon thy breast,
Thy tender breast, I lay my head,
Here, where the leaves of gold and red,
All summer ripening in the sun,
Their day accomplished, one by one,
With but the tremor of a sigh
Unclasp their hands to flutter down,
Upon thy faithful heart to die ;
'Mid trailing vines and grasses brown,
O earth, dear mother of us all,
Here, where the noiseless shadows fall,
Grant thou the weary wanderer rest.

The quails' far piping, loud and clear,
The blue jays' wrangle in their tree,
The cricket chorus, thin and high,
The soft, warm wind's low lullaby,
Shall mix and murmur in my ear ;
The winged blossom of the air
In crooked flight shall waver near ;
The timid rabbit, stealing by,
With wide wild eyes will look at me ;
The mantis clasp his hands in prayer.

Thus let me lie, while o'er me go
The eastering shadows wheeling slow ;
The moon up-climbing still and white,
Her dreamy spell will o'er me throw,
And in the awful depths, a star
Will gaze upon me from afar.
Thus, musing on the wistful skies,
That brood above me tenderly,
O sleep, O sleep, seal up my eyes,
O deeper stillness, steal from me
My pulses, softly as you may ;
As through shut lids the yellow light
Grows gray and dim, so let the fires
Burn low and low and die away,
Till watching, one should scarcely say
When the last flickering tongue expires,
And sleep has yielded room to thee.

Thus, thus, O mother of us all,
From whom we are, in whom we cease,
Receive again the life you gave,
And here, where braided shadows fall,
Let the Returner find a grave,
And in thy breast, eternal peace.

H. E. Warner.

HONEST JOHN VANE.

PART V.

X.

WHAT were the prospects of Weathercock John in the face of that terrible scrutiny of political character, a new election?

He had now served two years in the honorable Congress of the United States, after such a fashion that, could he have had his deserts, he would have served ten more in jail. But—as the mountain brigands of Greece and the municipal highwaymen of New York can both testify—it is not the custom of some communities to execute justice upon criminals, so long as injustice is procurable for love or money. Moreover, our ignominious member had thus far been able to keep that cardinal eleventh commandment, “Thou shalt not be found out.” He was still worshipped by the simple and lowly masses of his district as Honest John Vane; and, furthermore, he had store of that golden oil which is one of the best of all lubricators for the wheels of political fortune.

Thus, instead of going to the treadmill and becoming an object of reverential pity to sentimental philanthropists, he went into a canvass for re-election at the head of a faithful flock of baaing adherents, who did not see how he had led them through the brambles of needless taxation, and who were so bewitched with the instinct of following a bellwether that, had they discovered all of Vane’s ignorance and rascality, they would not have deserted him. Not that he bought the popular suffrage with money, or could do it. Thanks be to the remaining mercy of Heaven, few freemen as yet sell their votes in Slowburgh. Having no feculent system of special legislation to rot them with its drippings, they are for the most part of

sounder morals than the adventurers who contrive to represent them. But there were wirepullers to be conciliated, oratorical forums to be hired, posters and ballots to be printed, vote-distributors to be paid. Vane’s tithes from his relief and subsidy bills covered these expenses nicely, and to the entire satisfaction of an enlightened and moral constituency, fond of economy in national legislation, and boastful of the honesty which a republic is supposed to generate.

Of course he found the franking privilege as useful as if he had never denounced it. He was almost grateful in these campaigning days for the congressional insignificance which had disabled him from reforming that abuse. A so-called secretary, whom he had left in Washington with several thousand “franks,” sold one half of those autographs as his own perquisite, and deluged Vane’s field of labor with the other half. Every mechanic in Slowburgh got a report on agriculture, and every farmer got a report on manufactures. The speeches which the so-called secretary had written, and which our member had obtained leave to print in the Congressional Globe without preliminary delivery, fell in such abundant showers throughout the district that it was a wonder they had not been foretold in the almanac. The Washingtonian assistant, by the way, must have been a fellow of some ability; he managed this system of political irrigation not only with vigor, but with judgment. For example, among all the public documents with which he fructified Slowburgh, there was not a single copy of the Report on the Corruption of Members of Congress. It was judicious, certainly; for had we been brought to remember the infamy of Matteson, we might not have been so happy in voting for Vane.

There was, indeed, one ugly week, when it seemed as if the torches of our nocturnal processions burned blue, and we almost feared to look at our candidate lest we should see signs of unworthiness in his face. Certain lobbyists, who had not been able to get what they thought their allowance of eggs out of the Hen Persuader, set afloat vindictive stories to the effect that that wonderful financial machine was nothing but a contrivance to corrupt Congressmen into voting favors to the Great Subfluvial, and that its retaining fees had been pocketed by some of the most famous champions of our party, such as Christian, Greatheart, and Honest John Vane.

These charges were picked up and used for ammunition by a brazen opposition which was as deep in the mud as we were in the mire. Every shot spread consternation through our array. There was danger lest we should set up the Gaulish war-cry of *Nous sommes trahis*, and either flinch from the polls or vote a split ticket. Even the political priesthood of wirepullers, who stood about Vane as the Scotch Presbyterian elders encompassed Leslie, began to doubt whether it would not be well to make another nomination. But in the end this select and tried synagogue (of Satan?) decided to stick to their candidate and to patch up the rents in his ephod. They began by denying flatly that he owned any Hen Persuader stock, or any other property connected with the Great Subfluvial. Next they set a committee over him to prevent him from avowing such ownership. This committee guarded him all day and put him to bed at night; it went before him like a cloud and behind him like a darkness, keeping him constantly shrouded in non-committalism; it held interviewing reporters at a distance, or whispered evasive answers to their questions. Never was a Grand Lama or a Roi Fainéant more completely secluded. Only a deaf-mute, with all his fingers amputated, could be laid under such a conversational embargo.

This inspired discretion had its reward; various providences arrived to favor it. Good and true men perceived that the whole air was full of "campaign lies," and naturally inferred that this story about the Hen Persuader bribes was one of them. Moreover, it was soon "nailed to the counter" by positive and public letters of denial from Christian, Greatheart, and other implicated seraphim. Of course, such men would not prevaricate, we argued, and considered the charges entirely refuted. And now we justified Weathercock John; we imputed his silence to the conscious rectitude of a worthy soul; we said that he had done rightly in treating slander with unresponsive scorn. Thus reassured, we went in a solid phalanx to the polls, and triumphantly sent our special legislator back to Congress.

Nobody was better pleased with the victory than Darius Dorman. It was, by the way, somewhat of a satire upon our human joy that such a "burnt-eyed nigger" of the pit, such a mere field-hand in the earthly plantation of Lucifer, should have shared it. The moment he heard the result he looked up Vane and congratulated him in forms and liturgies of profanity not often heard above ground.

"It is a triumph of the good cause," he continued, with so sarcastic a grin that our heavy-witted member thought him either impertinent or crazy; "and, by the infernal hoofs and horns, the good cause needed it. If we had been beaten, the Great Subfluvial would have been smashed to make way for some other national enterprise. As it is, I think we can keep things white-washed, and perhaps head off an investigation altogether."

"An investigation!" exclaimed Vane, his genial smile falling agape with dismay. "Do you think there will be an investigation?"

"You may bet what soul you have on it," declared the lobbyist. "Just as sure as the party believes those charges to be false, it will demand an overhauling of them, of course, to confound the opposition."

Our Congressman saw the point, and seemed to feel it in his marrow. "If they look this thing up," he gasped, "what's to become of me?"

"I don't know and I don't care," responded Dorman, with a frank brutality which made Vane resolve not to quarrel with him; "what I want to know is, what's to become of me? Here I have all my results and my materials of labor in those two companies. If the Hen Persuader is called on to refund to the Subfluvial, or if the Subfluvial is foreclosed on by the government, I am a poor devil for certain. Well, we are in the same boat; we must pull together. If you won't expose my fashion of doing business, I won't expose your share in the profits of it."

Vane answered in his non-committal fashion; he said nothing, and he did not even look at his guide and ruler in sin; but he gently nodded his assent.

"I always meant to pay you for that stock," he continued, for he was very anxious now to make friends with this Mammon of unrighteousness. "I'll settle with you for it some day, Darius; I'm a little short now. This election, you know."

"O, yes, I know," Dorman grinned epileptically. "It has cost us both a good bit of money. Well, take your time about it; pay me when it comes handy. I can trust your honesty, John, under the circumstances."

The Congressman turned away, full of an inward wrath, but placid, meek, and sleek on the surface, for his talloxy nature did not come easily to an open boil. He was angry at the lobbyist for his sarcasm; he perfectly hated him for that avarice and hardness which would not give a receipt for payment on those shares, without the money; but he must not and would not quarrel with him, so brotherly is the communion of Satan!

For once Dorman was correct in a prophecy. The recollection of the "Great Subfluvial slanders" rankled in the soul of an honest and truth-loving nation. After the election had

been carried and the country duly saved from its quadrennial crisis, it seemed just and necessary to put calumny to open shame, and thus rob it of influence in the future. Virtuous constituencies and a press which at least spoke the words of virtue clamored for an investigation which should vindicate the innocence of Christian, Greatheart, and Company, and put their lying accusers in the pillory. "We want justice done you," cheerfully shouted a believing party to its demigods, streaming piteously with the rotten eggs of the Hen Persuader. It was in vain that these revered fetishes whispered to their confidants that justice was precisely what they were afraid of, and interceded with such divinities as they believed in to save them from their friends. In vain did a sadly wise Congress endeavor to amuse and pacify the country by throwing overboard that precious tub of abuses, the franking privilege. In vain did Weathercock John set his daily organ to celebrating and imputing to himself a reform which he had so long promised and which he now so unwillingly conceded. The popular whale took no notice of a plaything which at any other time might have diverted it for years, and continued to thrash the political ocean into foam with its rushings and plungings after investigations.

Amid this commotion John Vane rowed about in his cockle-shell of a character with all the agility that terror can give. He was so accustomed to value himself on being honest that the thought of being publicly condemned as dishonest was almost as dreadful to him as it would have been to an upright soul. So oppressive was his wretchedness that he craved not only help but also sympathy, that favorite consolation of the sorrowful feeble. He was in the spiritual state of certain weak-minded murderers, who cannot sleep of nights until they have told some friend the particulars of their crime. So entirely had the backbone been taken out of him that he could not hold himself erect in the pres-

ence of his wife, but wilted upon her slight shoulder for support. It was an abject confession of decrepitude; for he had learned to consider her as totally lacking in practical sense, and there were impatient moments when he thought of her as merely a lively dunce. But now he must have pity, though it came from a peacock.

"I'm afraid there's trouble brewing for us," he said, one evening, shaking that perplexed head of his which had been the admiration of his constituents, and which certainly looked large enough to hold all the problems of state.

"What's the matter now?" asked Olympia. She did not think of trouble to the nation, nor of trouble to her husband. The only idea which occurred to her was that perhaps there was a scarcity of money, and she might be called on to give up the honors of house-keeping and put on the disgusting humility of lodgings. It was also a little disagreeable to her, this way that John sometimes got into of coming to her with his grievances, and trying to ease his own mind by burdening hers. It was hardly more pleasant than having a dog make a bed for himself on the skirts of one's lilac silk. She possessed in large measure that unsympathy, alleged by some writers to amount to hostility, which certainly does exist to some extent between the sexes. Her world was very different from her husband's world, and she did not much care to have him take an interest in hers, nor did she want at all to worry about his. That the two spheres had any intimate connection she could rarely perceive, except the masculine one ceased to radiate gold upon the feminine one.

"Well, the matter is this stupid outcry for investigations," sighed John, loosening the cravat about his somewhat pulpy throat, as if fearful lest it should make a hangman's circle there.

"What investigations? Who is to be investigated?" demanded Olympia, who was as ignorant of the whole matter as if she were an inhabitant of

some celestial world where investigations were not needed, or of some infernal one where they were of no use.

"Well, it's a secret," the special legislator continued to drawl, talking about his misdeed unwillingly, but unable to stop talking about it. "However, I suppose it'll all be out before long. I thought I might as well prepare your mind for it," he concluded, feebly hoping that she would say something to prepare *his* mind.

"Well, *what* is it?" asked the wife, distinctly foreseeing trouble for herself, and becoming therefore deeply interested.

"O, I thought I told you," answered John, whose scared conscience had been babbling at such a rate that it seemed to him as if he had made audible confession of his whole iniquity. "Well, it's something about this Great Subfluvial Tunnel under the Mississippi, from the Lakes to New Orleans,—great national enterprise, you know. You see, it was a pretty heavy thing for Simon Sharp and the other boss stockholders to carry, and they had to get some additional assistance from Congress, and to do that they gave some of the members stock,—or rather sold it to them," he added, doubting whether he could trust even his wife with all the truth. "Well, some of the newspapers are charging that this is bribery and corruption, and are bawling for an investigation and making a row generally, as though it was anything new, by George!"

"Have *you* got any of the stock?" inquired Olympia. She saw that the subject was a sore one to her husband, but she was not much in the habit of sparing his feelings, and so was able to come promptly and squarely to the point.

"Not much," replied John, loosening his cravat once more. "Only a thousand."

"That is n't much," said the wife, rather scorning him for not having received more. "Why don't you sell it and get it off your hands?"

Vane made no answer. Of course,

selling the stock would not hide the fact that he had owned it, nor shield him from ugly questions as to how he came to be possessed of it. But it seemed useless to try to explain this to Olympia, women were so irretrievably dark-minded in business matters.

"Does it pay anything?" she asked, merely guessing from his silence that the property was profitable, and that therefore he did not wish to part with it.

"About fifteen hundred a year," confessed the husband, with a sheepish air; "or maybe two thousand."

"Two thousand!" exclaimed the modern Portia, who, as a legislator, was even more "self-taught" than her husband, and consequently more unscrupulous. "Why, you must n't think of selling it."

The statesman gazed at his privy counsellor in despair. She could not grasp the situation, and he might have known that she could not. To appeal to such a woman for advice and consolation in great trouble was much as if a drowning man should trust to a raft made of millinery.

"It's all very well to talk that way, as though it was as easy as A B C," he answered, quite out of patience with the straw which he had clutched at to so little purpose. "But supposing this costs me my seat? Supposing I get expelled for it? Then you'll understand, I reckon, that it's of some consequence, and not so very handy to manage."

Olympia perceived that dulness was imputed unto her, and she felt very angry at the injustice. She knew that she was not dull; nobody ever hinted such an idea but her husband; other men complimented her for her cleverness, her social powers, etc.

"Then what did you get yourself in such a scrape for?" she retorted sharply. "You need n't blame me for it; I did n't do it."

"Yes, you did," insisted John, and with much truth. "I got into this very scrape to raise money for your house-keeping and receptions and carriages and all those other confounded ruinous

things that you could have got along just as well without. And, by George, the whole fol-de-rol nonsense has got to stop!" he exclaimed, his long-continued excitement over the threatened investigation bursting up in an explosion of domestic wrath. "We don't keep house this session. And we don't stay here at the Arlington, neither. We go back to a boarding-house; and we go to parties afoot, too. The omnibus ain't running this session," he added, with a bitterly jocose allusion to "omnibus bills," and their profitable loads of special enactments. "Shoe-leather will have to do our travelling. It's all the turn-out that I can pay for."

Of course there was a scene. Of course Olympia did not surrender her woman's right to luxury without a tearful and little less than hysterical struggle. But John Vane, rendered pitiless by terror concerning his political future, was for once master over his own household. He made arrangements that very day for leaving his fine rooms in the Arlington and going into lodgings. At first sight, his economy seems unnecessarily hard, in view of the fact that he still had several thousand dollars left out of the illegal gleanings of the last session, and thus was a richer man than when he first came to Washington. But this money had gone into the purchase of a new patent in refrigerators, and he could not realize on it without sacrificing a very promising business chance. Moreover, he saw that in the present public excitement about "jobbing" legislation, he must forego its emoluments for a time, and thus diminish his income. Finally, it seemed to be absolutely necessary to put on the guise of poverty, if he cared to preserve his repute for honesty. All these things he explained to Olympia, in a discreetly vague way, remembering the while that she might be just goose enough to go and cackle it abroad, but anxious, nevertheless, to make her contented with him.

"You see, we *have* been going it rather strong on style," he added. "Ten thousand dollars a year is a

pretty tall figure for four persons, two of 'em children. I suppose we got into that way because other people set the example," he concluded, not wishing to be hard on his wife.

"If we could only have the rooms on the first floor, I could stand it—for a while," was the response of the insatiable Olympia, a pathetic tear fringing her long and really lovely eyelashes. "They are only fifteen dollars a month more, and then we would have a nice parlor, or at least a decent one."

"That means dinners, I s'pose," grinned Vane, testily. "Big dinners and little receptions."

"Do you want to shut me out of the world altogether?" was the desperate cry of this persecuted wife.

"Now look here; I *would* do it,—I would if I could," groaned the weak monster of a husband. "If I had a thousand dollars of capital loose, I'd spend it that way, or any way to please you."

"Why don't you borrow?" was the suggestion of a helpmeet whose ideas of a loan did not extend so far as the repayment. "I'm sure I have gentlemen friends who would be willing to lend you something."

Although she said "friends," she was thinking of Senator Ironman, and her husband easily divined it. Should he be angry at the suggestion and reject it with self-respectful scorn? Well, he was not so sensitive as he had been when he came to Washington; somehow or other he did not care so much about the look of things and the name of things; on the whole, he could not feel indignation, or at least none to speak of. Indeed, his disintegration of moral sentiments had gone farther than that stage of indifference which simply allows things to take their own course. After meditating for some time over his wife's advice to borrow of her friends, he decided to follow it.

"It would be better to let Ironman lend me the money than to run the chance of his lending it to her," he reasoned. "And then I can tell him that I am hard up, and give him a hint to

let other people know it. By George, it's a queer position for an old business man to be in," he added, with a mixture of chagrin and amusement; "I never thought once that I should come to want to be considered bankrupt."

XI.

WHEN the Honorable Mr. Vane was shown into Senator Ironman's library, his usually pink face wore that pallor which anxieties will bring, especially when they are accompanied by discontent with one's self.

The equally pink, though bony and narrow visage of the senator also lost some of its natural color as he advanced to welcome his visitor. It was, by Jove, very queer, he thought, that Vane should drop in at that time of day, just after a fellow's breakfast, as though he were an intimate friend. The two men, we must understand, were not fundamentally fond of each other, as is often the case with two men who admire the same lady.

"I don't altogether fancy Vane," the senator had confessed to his familiars. "Now Mrs. Vane is a magnificent creature, thoroughly well bred and well educated,—that is, enough so for society, you understand,—a whole-souled, splendid, dazzling woman, and —and as jolly as possible. She's a woman that shows well in a dance or anywhere. By Jove, she's a stunner, that woman is. I don't know another lady in Washington that could wear crimson roses in her hair without looking faded. She becomes a bouquet superbly, and, by Jove, I love to give them to her,—she shows one off so! But Vane is another sort of animal altogether. He is rather—rather—in fact, rather *dull*," judged the great man, hitting on the right word at last. "And just a little low, too," he added. "Don't always speak the best grammar. One of your heavy, self-taught men," he explained, forgetting that his own father had begun life as an hostler. "Low man on the whole; in some points *very* low—and *dull*."

So you perceive he did not admire his visitor, not as much as Slowburgh would have expected. But there were other causes for the Dundreary perplexity which now winked from his pale eyes and crisped his limited forehead. He had noted Vane's unusual ghastliness, and the circumstance alarmed him. What had the man got on his low and dull mind? Was he going to say anything disagreeable about the Ironman bouquets and carriage-drives and other marks of esteem accorded to Mrs. Vane? The senator was so eager and hurried in his expressions of amity and welcome that he fairly stuttered.

"Mr. Ironman, I just dropped in to talk about this Great Subfluvial row," commenced our member in a slightly paralytic voice, for he was at least as much agitated as his host.

"O, — O, indeed!" answered the relieved dignitary of the upper house. "Sit down, sit down," he went on, smiling as cheerily as if the subject were an entirely delightful one. "Had your breakfast? Just as lieve order you up something as not. Say a devilled kidney now. Well, take a glass of sauterne then, or a cigar," he urged, forgetting that John was a teetotaler and a non-smoker.

"I don't use either, thank you," said Vane, holding on to what habits of virtue he had left, though he wanted a glass of wine sadly. "Well, — about this affair, now: do you think there 'll be an investigation?"

"Yes, O yes; *such* a row about it, you know; can't help coming to one; bad for those fellows that are in it," prattled the senator, either forgetting that the bulk of his own fortune had come out of the lobby, or remembering with satisfaction that it had been harvested years ago.

"With closed doors, I s'pose," hoped Dishonest John.

"Don't know about that, by Jove!" and Ironman shook his statesmanlike head. "You see we don't *want* them open; but now and then we have to give in to the newspaper fellows;

there's *such* a row about it, you know! I'm afraid some fellows have got to go overboard," he added, much consoled by the thought that the fellows in question would be out of his way. "You see, when a man is found out, it's bad for him."

"Well," sighed Vane, after a long silence, "I may have to quit Washington, then."

The senator opened his eyes. So Honest John Vane was "in it," was he? It was curious, by Jove; and he wondered he had n't thought of it before, and then wondered how it was that all those honest fellows ended so badly. But these ideas were almost immediately chased out of the confined boundaries of his mind by the reflection that, if Vane left Washington, his wife would go too.

"By Jove, that's bad," he broke out. "By Jove, that won't do. We can't spare you and Mrs. Vane. My wife won't know what to do," he explained, "if she loses Mrs. Vane."

The heart of Mrs. Vane's husband grew a little lighter under these acknowledgments of her importance to the Ironmans.

"Look here! something might be done, you know," continued the senator, thinking harder than he had been accustomed to think since he left school. "I'll run around, myself, among the House fellows, by Jove! I'll ask 'em if something can't be done."

In another instant he had an inspiration. "Look here! Put you on the investigating committee! You need n't investigate your own case, you know. That's it; I'll try to get you put on the investigating committee. It'll help you with the people, — clear up your record; don't you see? And then, if the doors *can* be kept shut, why, you do that, you know. Just the very idea!" he concluded, quite happy over his unexpected attack of shrewdness.

"I'm *afraid*," confessed John Vane, still retaining a little grain of conscience, and rendered timorous by

it, "it's a *leetle* too bold for me, — with this stock on my hands."

"I don't see why that should hinder," stared the experienced senator. "Of course you bought the stock (it's the inside stock, is n't it?) without knowing that it was hitched on to the Great Subfluvial."

"But I have n't paid for it," sighed Vane. "That's the awkward part of the business. And that is partly what I dropped in to see you about," he concluded, his face turning crimson with shame.

"How much?" asked Ironman instantly. He understood that a loan was wanted, and he was willing to make a moderate one; in fact, glad to do it.

"A thousand par," explained our fallen great man.

"O, that's nothing!" laughed the millionaire, highly amused that Vane should have sold his honesty for so little. "Let me lend you enough to cover it. How much will you have? Say fifteen hundred, now. Here," he continued to laugh, as he went to his safe for the money to hide a bribe, "this trap is always open to a friend. I've had too many good dinners and pleasant evenings at your house not to call you by that name."

"I hope you'll call often," mumbled John Vane in a stifled voice, as he pocketed the greenbacks. "We shall always be delighted to see you."

He felt driven to utter these commonplaces, but he could not return thanks for the loan. He had a bitter feeling or suspicion that he was not under obligations to Ironman, and he was so far from being grateful to him that he positively hated him. It was a satisfaction to him, after he had got into the street, to look back at the house menacingly, and mutter, "You won't see your funds again in one while, old fellow, if you ever do."

This speech of his, by the way, is one of the circumstances of his life from which we can most accurately take his measure in regard to delicacy of feeling and sensitiveness to dishonor.

His next business was to hurry to Dorman's office, and announce that he had come to settle for "that stock."

"What's the damage?" he asked, not at all alluding to the damage which his soul had received.

"How much do you propose to pay?" replied the lobbyist, his smoky eyes giving forth sparks of commingled satire and greed.

"Why, par, of course," said John Vane, a little alarmed. "That's the figure we talked of when I took it."

Dorman skipped about the room and rubbed himself violently, much like a man who discovers that he has a hornet inside his clothes.

"It's been worth three hundred all the while," he exclaimed. "I could have sold it for three hundred the day you got it."

Now Vane could not pay three hundred, nor two hundred, without great inconvenience. Moreover, he was a bargainer born; a bargainer, too, by life-long habit, and valued himself on it. He was as proud of his instinctive, functional, and inevitable dexterity in a dicker as a crab is said to be of walking sideways. So, although he was afraid of Dorman, he resolved to show what he called the spirit of a man, and to resist this low attempt at extortion.

"Look here, Darius, that won't go down," he remonstrated. "The stock may have been worth three hundred once, but it ain't worth it now. People don't want it any more than they want shares in a broken bank with stockholders liable. I'll bet a cooky" (John Vane was not a sporting man, and did not mean to bet anything), — "I'll bet a cookey that you can't sell my share, nor anybody's share, for a hundred. But I'll give that for it, because I agreed to and like to stand by my word," he concluded nobly.

"O, very well, anything you like!" grumbled the corruptionist, who saw that he must relinquish his plan for getting back a part of the price which he had paid for a soul.

"And I want a receipt dated back to day of transfer," continued Vane.

"Of course you do," grinned Dorman. "You want it very much indeed. Well, if we give you one, what can you do for us?"

"O, well, I don't know," drawled John, who by this time had caught that easy jog-trot of manner which was his bargaining gait. "You'll need a good deal done for you before the thing is over," he added, picking up the morning Chronicle and pretending to read it. "If I was in the right place," he continued, after a little, "of course I could help you more or less." After a further perusal of the Chronicle, he resumed, "By the way, I met Ironman just now, and he gave me an idea which might work well for you, providing it would work at all."

"Nice fellow, Ironman," smirked Dorman. He guessed immediately that Vane had been drawing on the rich senator for money to pay for the stock; and he wanted to stop him from making use of that resource, for he wanted him poor and in his own power. "Eccentric person in some respects," he went on; "but genial, generous fellow."

Either because there was offence in these remarks, or because this black little creature's breath had some pungent quality, Vane suddenly turned away his head and had a slight spasm of coughing, like a man who has caught a whiff from a lucifer match.

"Yes," he assented presently, looking rather glum. "Well, what was I saying? O, I know (and by the way, this is between us), he suggested putting me on the committee of investigation!"

Dorman laughed so violently that Vane could not help joining him. The peachblow face of the Congressman turned crimson, and the sombre visage of the lobbyist turned almost black, so apoplectic was their merriment. There was also a sound of other hilarity, not so distinct and therefore all the more singular, about the office. There were faint but audible chuckles

in the walls, along the lofty ceiling, and under the floor.

"What is that?" asked Vane, looking about him with a merely earthly and rather stolid suspicion of eavesdroppers.

"O, nothing that need interrupt us!" smiled Dorman. "This used to be a dwelling-house, and had the name of being haunted. Curious noises about it, you observe; perhaps from subterranean passages to the devil knows where, perhaps nothing but echoes. Well, John, I like your plan. Here is your receipt for payment, dated back to day of transfer. Give me one thousand,—no interest from *you*. We are friends, John, forever," he concluded, with a peculiar accent on the last word.

"I hope so," answered Vane mechanically. "O, by the way, where is Sharp? I want to see him about this."

"Yes, you'd better see him," said Dorman, who was counting his bills, all miser again. "You'll find him at home."

Mr. Jabez Sharp, the member from the old Whetstone State, was, it must be understood, the real head of the Great Subfluvial corporation, and also of that interior manifestation of it which we have called the Hen Persuader. As Vane hurried toward this honorable's house, he met that eminent and venerated, but just now grievously slandered statesman, Mr. Greatheart. The two could not pass each other without a moment's discourse. By the way, there was a vast deal of mysterious, muttered conversation going on just now among Congressmen. They had a subject in common, a subject of terrifying interest to only too many of them, the subject of this approaching, unavoidable investigation. You could scarcely turn a corner without discovering a couple of broad-backed, thick-necked, and big-headed gentlemen leaning solemnly toward each other and engaged in such cautious, inaudible communion that it seemed as if they were speaking only through their staring eyes, or by means of some

twitching of their noses. The number of these duos, the noiseless gravity with which they were conducted, the usually swollen configuration of the performers in them, and the stupefied astonishment which was depicted in their faces, all reminded one of those numerous, solemn meetings of toads which may be seen after a shower.

Mr. Greatheart was not physically such a man as you might have expected from his heroic name. There was not a line about him, either in the way of muscle or expression, which could suggest descent from that stalwart knight who guided Christiana through the Dark Valley. He was short and squab in build, with a spacious, clean-shaved, shining face, huge red wattles of cheeks hanging down over his jaws, and a meek, non-combatant, semi-clerical mien. A bacchanalian cardinal, who should lately have turned Quaker, but lacked time to get the Burgundy out of his complexion, might wear a similar physiognomy. There was conscience in this visage, but there was also spiritual pride and animal propensity, and perhaps other evidences of a nature not yet made perfect. Good people who believed in him knew him as a man whose public career was famed for spotless, and whose private life had been smirched here and there by innuendo.

Just now the Honorable Greatheart was evidently in low spirits, not to say in a bewildering funk. Recalling our batrachian simile, we might describe him as a toad who looked as if he had eaten too many ants and got the dyspepsia. In real truth he was ready to call on mushrooms to hide him, and on molehills to cover him. His condition was a sorry one, much sorrier than John Vane's. He had pocketed Hen Persuader stock, and then had publicly and positively denied the fact, either to save his own reputation from the charge of bribery, or to lighten the party ship over the breakers of the election. Now there was to be an investigation, and the ownership of this malodorous property would be traced to him, and

he would be convicted of lying. Is it any wonder that under such circumstances a reputed saint should have somewhat the air of a reptile?

"Glad to see you, Vane," he murmured, shaking our member's hand fervently, for he was a cordial man when in adversity. "What do you judge to be the prospects about an investigation?"

"Sure to come on, I hear," answered John, who was much cheered by the results of his interviews with Ironman and Dorman, and remembered that he might yet sit in judgment on Greatheart.

"So I understand," sighed that stumbled worthy, his wattles drooping still lower and taking a yellowish tint. "Ah well! we may suffer severely for this error. I conceive now, Mr. Vane, that it was an error. Yes, it was a really terrible mistake," he went on conceding, for he was in that mood of confession which gripes unaccustomed misdoers under the threatenings of punishment. "A blunder is sometimes worse than a crime, — that is, worse in its consequences. And circumstances are such in Washington that the best-intentioned of us are occasionally beguiled into very sad blunders."

"In spite of everything that we can do," eagerly affirmed Vane, classing himself of course among the "best-intentioned."

"Very few men are really fit for Congress," pursued Mr. Greatheart, in a certain preaching tone which was natural to him, he having once been a clergyman. "I sometimes feel that I myself ought never to have come here. I had neither the pecuniary means nor the stoical character to grapple with the protean life of Washington. It is too full of exigencies and temptations for any human nature which is not quite extraordinary. The legislative system alone is enough to kill us. As long as these subsidy bills and relief bills are allowed, no man ought to run for Congress who is not a Cæsar or a Cato. A poor fellow *will* get into

debt, and then the lobby offers to help him out, and it is very hard to refuse. The whole arrangement is terribly severe on men of small means."

"Just so," feelingly assented Vane, who heard his own decline and fall narrated, and was moved to compassion by the tale. "It's too bad on us. Either the whole system of special legislation ought to be done away with, or else we ought to be allowed a regular percentage on the appropriations we vote, and the thing made business-like."

"That — that is a bold idea," smiled Greatheart, apparently not disapproving it. "Are you thinking of proposing it?"

"O, no!" exclaimed John, drawing back bodily in the earnestness of his negation. "I suppose it would cost a fellow his re-election."

"I suppose it would, unless he represented a very stanch district," said Greatheart. "I don't know but one man who would dare advocate such a plan. I think — if you have no objection — that I'll mention it to General Boum."

And so these two penitents, who were ready to resume thievery as soon as they could get free from their crosses, bade each other a sad good morning and parted.

Next John found Mr. Sharp, and was received by him with razor-strop smoothness, as that well-oiled gentleman received everybody who could vote on his schemes.

"Do take a seat, Mr. Vane, — take a seat without ceremony," he begged, meanwhile softly handling his visitor by the arms, much as though they were glass ones. "Let me offer you this easy-chair. You honor me by accepting it. I thank you kindly."

Vane had an instinctive desire to look at the sleeves of his overcoat. It always seemed to him, after Mr. Sharp had fingered him, as if he must be greasy.

"I am exceedingly glad to see you here," continued the Whetstone representative, gazing as genially as he could at our member through his cold,

vitreous eyes. "I had begun to fear that I was under such a cloud of misrepresentation and obloquy that my old friends would not come to call on me. This great enterprise, which I have had the honor to foster a little, according to my poor measure of financial ability, has been terribly abused and maligned. A national enterprise, too! a thing not only beneficial, but absolutely necessary to the country! The noblest scheme ever indorsed by the wisdom of Congress! What *do* people mean? What does the *press* mean? What is this investigation *for*? I am completely bewildered."

"It's giving the stock to Congressmen that has made the row," answered Vane, who judged that they might as well come to the point at once.

"O, *that* is it?" grinned Mr. Sharp, with an air of getting light in the midst of really discouraging darkness. "I am glad you have explained it to me. I should have expected it from a man of your clearness of vision. I thank you kindly. Well — as to that matter — why, that is simple. I put the stock where it would do the most good to a good thing."

"Just so," nodded Vane, meanwhile thinking what nonsense it was for Sharp to be talking gammon to *him*. "But you see — Well, never mind about that now; we may as well get to business. There is sure to be an investigation."

"Exactly," answered the Whetstone member, sloughing off his coating of "soft sawder," and coming out as hard and bright as a new silver dollar.

"And I have a smart chance of being put on the House committee," continued John.

Mr. Sharp opened the dark-lantern of his Puritanic visage, and let out a smile which contained all the guile of all the pedlars that ever sold wooden nutmegs.

"Mr. Vane," said he, "are your arrangements about that stock of yours completed to your entire satisfaction?"

"I have paid Dorman for it and got a receipt that will do me."

"Mr. Vane, do let me hand that money back," pursued Sharp, fumbling in his desk and producing a package of bills. "It was a trifling mark of private amity and sincere esteem. I never meant it should be paid for. Dorman is an able business man, but has n't an idea beyond trading. I insist, Mr. Vane, on your taking back your money."

"Well—from that point of view—since you will have it so," smiled Dishonest John, pocketing the bills.

"Want any more of the stock?" inquired Sharp, with a cunning twinkle in his half-shut eyes, as if he saw a way to recover his thousand dollars.

"No!" answered Vane, not less promptly and positively than if he had been offered a ladleful of pitch from the infernal caldron.

"My dear sir, we are at your service," bowed the financier. "Anything that we can do for you, call on us. Of course you will have all our influence towards putting you on that committee. *Must you go?* So obliged for this call! Let me open the door for you. Thank you kindly."

XII.

THANKS to the labors of solemn Mr. Sharp and of worldly Mr. Ironman, our member soon had a fair prospect of getting on the investigating committee, supposing always that there should be such a nuisance.

But the nearer he came to this post of responsibility and honor, the more it looked to him as though it might turn out a whipping-post, at which he would stand with exposed shoulders and bleeding cuticle. If he as a judge should be able to close the court-room doors, and keep out not only spectators but also the witnesses in the case, all might go famously well, at least from the Satanic point of view. But if, while pretending to examine into the little games of others, the same kind of cards should be found up his own sleeves, he would be ruined beyond hope of re-election. The sad state of a

boy whose pockets are full of fire-crackers in a state of crackling and scorching ignition would be but a feeble image of such a disaster. In these days he vacillated as rapidly and disagreeably as if he were astride some monstrous shuttlecock, or were being seesawed by all the giants of fairy-tale land. His pulpy pink face wore an air of abiding perplexity which rivalled that of his Dundrearyish friend Ironman. At times it seemed as if its large, watery features would decompose entirely with irresolution, and come to resemble an image of strawberry ice which has been exposed to too high a temperature.

Meantime the spectre of investigation advanced, and its pointing finger renewed his sense of guilt. The approach of punishment always enlightens a sinner marvellously as to the heinous nature of his sin. Even the Devil, when visited by the hand of sickness, perceived that he had led an evil life, and hungered to withdraw from a world of temptation and thirsted to take holy orders. Just so John Vane now discovered plainly once more that he had been pocketing bribes and swindling the public treasury, and that these were very wrong actions. If he had never truly had a conscience before, but had regulated his conduct by the consciences of others, he at last possessed one of his own. Indeed, it appeared to him a very large one because it was sore, precisely as a man's nose seems large to him, while yet tender from a fisticuff. From one point of view he was an honest John Vane than he had ever been, inasmuch as terror and remorse made him intelligently honest with himself.

Before he could decide to accept a position on the committee, he must be sure that Sharp & Co. would conceal his ownership of their stock, and he called on Dorman to obtain a positive promise to that effect. It is wonderful, by the way, how rogues in distress will trust each other's word, even when each knows by experience that the other is a confirmed liar.

"Look here, Darius, the more I stir

up this business, the worse it looks to me," he groaned from the summit of a state of mind which almost raised him to the moral altitude of a penitent thief.

Dorman responded by groaning over his end of the burden, which naturally seemed to him much heavier than Vane's; each of these invalids, like the majority of commonplace sick people, wanted to talk of his own malady and symptoms. Still, there was a sort of fellow-feeling between them, such as even small-pox patients have for each other. Dorman no longer purposed financial vengeance upon Vane for getting his stock at par and paying no commission. Nor was Vane sensibly embittered against Dorman, although the latter had made a large fortune out of the Subfluvial, while he himself had only pocketed a beggarly thousand or two.

"It's the cursed unfairness of the thing that yerks me," the lobbyist complained. "Now isn't it too bad that the public should want to haul our job over the hottest kind of coals, when ever so many other jobs just like it ain't spoken of?"

We must remark here, what the reader has doubtless already noticed, that there was something disappointing in this creature's conversation. While his person and demeanor reminded one of the supernatural castaways of the lake of fire, his discourse was insignificantly human and even smacked of a very low down sort of humanity.

"And here I am in it, for almost nothing," sighed Vane, returning instinctively to his own case. "What sort of a story are you going to tell, Darius, if they put you on the stand?" he presently inquired.

"O, I would say anything that would do the most good," grimaced the lobbyist. "But Sharp means to let out a few facts; that is, if they crowd him. You see, Sharp unluckily has a character to nurse. I dare say, too, he thinks he can stop questions by showing that he means to answer them," added Dorman, who always imputed the lowest motives.

Thoroughly scared by this information, Vane resolved to keep off the committee. He went home in the dumps, wished he had never gone into politics, and meditated resigning his seat. Perhaps he would have taken this wholesome step, but he was moved first to consult Olympia about it, and she flatly refused to resign.

"I won't agree to it, — no, never!" she exclaimed, rustling in all her silks with indignation. "Why, I have just fairly got into the best society, and there are all the receptions to come, and the inauguration ball! and the winter is going to be *so* gay!"

"O — well," stared John, who had not thought to look at this side of the medal; "but we must stick to boarding, if we do stay," he capitulated on conditions. "I tell you, the winter ain't going to be gay in Congress, and there won't be much money lying around loose, and we *must* skimp."

Before many days he found cause to pluck up his courage a little. He learned that Slowburgh considered him innocent of evil, meaning, of course, that half of Slowburgh which had voted for him. The committee of a certain association sent him an invitation to lecture before it, and promised that "the appearance of his honest face on their platform would be the signal of frantic applause." Furthermore, certain newspapers remarked that, although John Vane was suspected of owning Hen Persuader stock, he had at least not denied such ownership, and commented upon the fact as an unusual exhibition of uprightness and manliness — in a Congressman. These things revived his confidence so much that his mind was able to work. He saw his game clear before him; he must get in a "long suit" of frankness. There was a little trick, which, if skilfully and luckily played, would give him such a repute for veracity and for just intentions that all the caverns of the Great Subfluvial could not swallow it. What this happy thought was we shall learn presently.

Meantime the excitement of the men

outside politics increased. That vast, industrious, decent American public, which wirepullers usually regard as having no more intelligence or moral principle than one of the forces of nature, showed unmistakably that it possessed much political virtue and some political sense. The discovery that the so-called slanders against its favorites were, in all probability, verities, only made it more determined that those slanders should be investigated. The steady tempest of its righteous indignation scattered good seed through Congress, and produced on that upland of statesmanship a promising nubbin or two of conscience. An investigation was ordered, at first under hermetically sealed conditions, but the popular storm soon blew the doors open.

The rest we mainly know; the whole alien world of monarchies, empires, and despotisms knows it; the capacity of republicanism for honest government is everywhere being judged by it. In every civilized land on this planet, thoughtful souls are seeking to divine, by the light of these dolorous revelations, whether it is possible for a democracy to save itself from the corrupting tyranny of capital. Within our own borders sadder spirits are asking which is the most alluring spectacle, — a free America falling into squandering and bribery, or a monarchical Prussia ruled by economy and honesty.

We know how it fared with Christian and Faithful and Hopeful and Greatheart and other venerated statesmen who had turned more or less into the ways of Achan and Ananias. Anxious to clear themselves of an ugly charge, and trusting that the chief manipulator of the Hen Persuader would be willing to bear their sins in return for their services, they had flatly denied having taken any golden eggs out of his abstracting machine. But this disclaimer left Mr. Simon Sharp under the imputation of putting said eggs into his own pocket, and so plundering his partners in the enterprise of making the national hen lay on indefinitely. Being a man of exact arithmetical in-

stincts, and of inveterate, ingrained business habits, he revolted from such an unfair allotment of the dividends of dishonor, and insisted that every one should take his own share and no more. To the astonishment of everybody, he told a story as straight and searching as a ploughman's furrow; and we will venture to say that no American was proud of the unexpected skeletons which it turned up. There was a time when every fair political reputation reminded us of the Arabian oil-jars, each one of which held a robber; when it seemed as if we should have to concede that our legislative temple was but a den of thieves, sadly given to lying. It was a new and perversely reversed and altogether bedevilled rendering of the Pilgrim's Progress into American politics; it was much as if Bunyan had at the last pitched *his* Christian and Hopeful into the little lurid hole which led from the gate of Zion to the pit. Nothing could well be more subverting and confounding and debilitating to the moral sense, unless it might be to see silver Demas and filthy Muckrake welcomed by shining ones into the Holy City.

And something similar to this last marvel was not wanting. Weathercock John carried out his plan for getting up a new and revised edition of his character as Honest John Vane. He let Sharp and Ironman go on working for him, declaring that he was the most upright creature on this footstool, and recommending him as fit to investigate the very claims of saints to their crowns. But when his name was read as a member of the committee, he rose and requested to be excused from serving.

"My reason is simply this," he said, calmly turning his honest face and dignified abdomen towards every quarter of the house; "I own stock — to the amount of one thousand dollars — in the corporation in question. I will offer no explanations here and now as to my motives in taking it, because those motives will doubtless be demanded of me by the committee of in-

vestigation. I shall be happy to appear before it, but I cannot conscientiously be a member of it. I trust that the House, and you, Mr. Speaker, will excuse me."

The Honorable Sharp looked icicles from his arm-chair, and Dorman looked coals of fire from his rear corner. But as our member sat down there was a general murmur of perfunctory applause, and by next morning he was newspapered all over as "Honest John Vane."

Still, he was not out of danger. As the rain of fire and brimstone into the Congressional Sodom continued, and especially when the blazing flashes of investigation began to light on his own combustible garments, he was in a state of mind to flee into the mountains and dwell in a cave. When he appeared before the committee, he did not look much like one of those just men whose mere presence can save a wicked city. Moreover, Sharp and Dorman testified against him to the full extent of their naughty knowledge. Nevertheless, Vane came out of his furnace without much of a singeing. He exhibited Dorman's receipt of payment for the stock, and triumphantly remarked that "the document spoke for itself." As for the thousand dollars which Sharp had refunded to him, he said that he had always regarded it as a loan, and stood ready to repay it. As for the singular profitableness of the investment, — well, he had expected that it would bring him in something handsome; it was his habit as a business man to invest for a profit.

He tried to raise a smile here, turning his genial visage from one to another of the committee, with an almost pathetic effort at humor. But the sad synagogue of investigators did not smile back; it had been engaged that morning in digging graves for some of the fairest reputations in politics; for once a body of Congressional Yoricks could not appreciate a poor joke.

"What we mainly wish to know," hummed and hawed the worried chairman, "is whether you were aware, at

the time of purchase, that the Hen Persuader was a branch of the Great Subfluvial corporation."

Weathercock John was in dire trouble: if he said "Yes," his character and career were ruined; if he said "No," he was a perjurer. It cost him many seconds of penal meditation to hit upon that happy dodge known as the *non mi ricordo*.

"Gentlemen, I will frankly confess that I did not inquire so closely as I perhaps should have done into that point," he answered, remembering distinctly that he had not inquired into it at all, but had been told all about it by Dorman. "I did, however, know that the two companies were acting under different and independent charters. It seemed fair to infer that investing in one was not the same thing as investing in the other."

It was done. Congressman Vane had found his own way out of his entanglements. The committee-men were ready to rise and salute his escape with benevolent cheers. How in the name of political human nature could they want to find guilty their brother lawgiver, brother worker in the party traces, and, perhaps, brother sinner in special legislation? They bowed him away from their operating table with a look which said plainly, We rejoice that we shall not be obliged to amputate your able and honored head, Mr. Vane.

Only a few people remarked on the shallowness of this show of innocence. Here was stock sold at par which was worth three hundred, which on the day after purchase paid a dividend of sixty per cent, and, only a few weeks later, forty more. How could a legislator and business man doubt that it was a swindle? How could he fail to divine that Mr. Sharp's Hen Persuader was but an adjunct of Mr. Sharp's Great Subfluvial?

But the public, — the great, soft-hearted American public, — that public which has compassion on every species of scoundrel, — which tries murderers under jury restrictions war-

ranted to save four fifths of them, — which cannot see one condemned to death without pleading with tears for his noxious life, — that forgiving milk-and-water public was as mild in its judgment as the committee. It magnified our dishonorable member for not lying, and exalted his name for not committing perjury. What a pity, said this lamblike public which was so bent on getting itself fleeced to the skin, — what a pity that our other shepherds could not have used the shears with a steadier hand and avoided snipping off their own fingers! In contrast to these unlucky and somewhat ridiculous bunglers, what a straightforward, workmanlike, admirable creature was “Honest John Vane!”

And so he escaped all exposure that could injure him in the eyes of a community of humanitarians, and all punishment that could hurt a man whose conscience lay solely in the opinions of others. Even the Subfluvial people did not follow him up vindictively; they admired him so much for his ability in sneaking that they could not hate him; moreover, they considered that he might still be useful. Not long after Vane’s escape from the committee, he held with Dorman one of those friendly colloquies which rogues are capable of when it no longer pays to quarrel.

“What a horrid scrape Christian and Greatheart have got themselves into!” observed John, with cheerful self-complacency. “Why could n’t those fellows have told a straight story?”

“Half-honesty is cursed poor policy,” smirked the lobbyist. “After all, those chaps are the cleanest-handed of the whole gang. They wanted to make an actual investment, — something that would show like a fair business transaction, — just to ease their consciences. The real sharpers took greenbacks and kept their names off paper. Do you suppose that the committee is raking up the Subfluvial to the bottom? Why, our very first move, the mere getting our charter through,

cost us half a million. We have paid out hundreds of thousands to men against whom we haven’t a particle of proof beyond our own verbal statements.”

“Exactly,” nodded Vane, who had long since heard as much. “Well, do you mean to swear in these things?”

“Of course we don’t,” Dorman chuckled. “We know enough not to kill the goose that lays our golden eggs.”

“So much the worse for the Greatheart lot,” inferred Weathercock John. “They will have to go out, I suppose.”

“Don’t you believe it,” scoffed the lobbyist. “I can tell you exactly how this thing is sure to come out. There will be a one-legged report, — somebody giving bribes, but none of the takers guilty of being bribed, — like a gambling case in which only one of the players is a gambler. Then, if the public excitement keeps up, a couple or so will be picked out as scapegoats, to bear off the sins of the congregation. This report will be so manifestly unfair that it can’t help rousing opposition. As soon as it appears a debate will be arranged. All the old war-horses will gallop up and down among charges, counter-charges, precedents, and points of law, raising such a dust that the public won’t be able to see what is going on. When the dust clears away, it will be found that nobody is expelled. The two scapegoats will be almost expelled, but not quite. It will be like the pig going through the crooked hollow log and always coming out on his own side of the fence. Then the wirepullers at home will take a hand in the job. All the convicted chaps will have receptions got up for them in their districts, and be whitewashed all over with resolutions expressing unshaken confidence. *You* won’t have any reception, John. You are not far gone enough to need such vigorous treatment. Your case is lobby varioloid, instead of lobby small-pox.”

Vane felt somewhat offended at this plain speaking, for it is a curious fact that he had not lost his self-es-

teem; but, looking at matters in his habitual profit-and-loss way, he decided that wrath would bring him in nothing.

"Take care of yourself, Dorman," he said, with a tranquil good-nature which did him dishonor. "If I owned a million of your style of property, I should n't feel rich. There'll be suits against your inside corporation."

"I'm out of it," replied the lobbyist, flashes of cunning dancing about his sooty eyes, as sparks run over the back of a foul fireplace. "I have failed."

For the life of him, and notwithstanding the long-faced decorum which sham honesty requires, John Vane could not help laughing. The fact that a financier should declare himself bankrupt the moment he saw himself in danger of being called on to refund his swindlings did not strike our self-taught legislator as a very disgusting exhibition of rascality, but as a very amusing bit of cleverness.

"But you're going to hang round here, I hope," he added, unwilling to lose a trickster who had been helpful, and might be so again.

"No, I am going *back*," said Dorman, in a tone which would have been significant of forebodings and horrors to any soul less carnal than a sparerib. His face, too, was strange; it had an unusually seared, cindered, and smoke-stained look; one would have said that the cuticle was drying up with inward heat. If that scorched envelope had cracked open, and the creature within had bounced forth in some different hide, or in a raw-head-and-bloody-bones state of nudity, there would have been no great cause of wonderment. But Congressman Vane saw nothing remarkable; he simply inquired, with calm, oleaginous interest, "Going back *where*?"

"Where I came from," grimaced Dorman, and disappeared abruptly, either by stepping briskly around a corner, or by slipping under a flagstone.

Not in the least disturbed by this

singular circumstance, and, indeed, altogether failing to perceive anything noteworthy in it, Weathercock John marched on majestically to the Capitol, and commenced his day's work of statesmanship.

Well, there he is still, a lawgiver to this tax-burdened people, and ex-officio a director of its finances. As soon as he has recovered from his present slight scare, he will resume his labor (the only legislative labor which he knows much about) of enacting the national revenue into the safes of huge corporations and into the hats of individual mendicants, for the sake of a small percentage thereof to himself. Can nothing be done to stop him, or at least to shackle and limit him, in his damaging industry? Can we not wrest from him and from his brother knaves or dunces this fearfully abused privilege of voting the public money for other objects than the carrying on of the departments of the government? Can we not, for instance, give the President a right of absolute veto, not to be outflanked by any majority of needy or unscrupulous or ignorant lawgivers, over all subsidy and relief enactments? Can we not even withdraw altogether from Congress the power of aiding corporations and schemers out of an income which is contributed by all for the equal benefit of all? Can we not also provide that, if a man has a claim for injuries to property against the United States, he shall prosecute that claim only in the courts?

Such men as John Vane will inevitably find their way in numbers to the desks of the Capitol. Better and wiser men than he will be corrupted by a lobby which has thoroughly learned the easy trick of paying a hundred thousand out of every stolen million. Nothing in the future is more certain than that, if this huge "special-legislation" machine for bribery is not broken up, our Congress will surely and quickly become, what some sad souls claim that it already is, a den of thieves.

J. W. DeForest.

THE RAILROADS AND THE FARMS.

THREE men meet in a room in New York. They are not called kings, wear no crowns, and bear no sceptres. They merely represent trunk lines of railway from the Mississippi to New York. Other points settled, one says, "As to the grain rate; shall we make it fifty from Chicago?"

"Agreed; crops are heavy, and we shall have enough to do."

Business finished, the three enjoy sundry bottles of good wine. The daily papers presently announce that "the trunk lines have agreed upon a new schedule of rates for freight, which is, in effect, a trifling increase; on grain, from forty-five to fifty cents from Chicago to New York, with rates to other points in the usual proportion." The conversation was insignificant, the increase "trifling." But to the farmers of the Northwest, it means that the will of three men has taken over thirty millions from the cash value of their products for that year, and five hundred millions from the actual value of their farms.

The conversation is imaginary; but the startling facts upon which it is based are terribly real, as Western farmers have learned. The few men who control the great railway lines have it in their power to strip Western agriculture of all its earnings, — not after the manner of ancient highwaymen, by high-handed defiance of society and law, the rush of swift steeds, the clash of steel, and the stern, "Stand and deliver!" The bandits of modern civilization, who enrich themselves by the plunder of others, come with chests full of charters; judges are their friends, if not their tools; and they wield no weapon more alarming than the little pencil with which they calculate differences of rate, apparently so insignificant that public opinion wonders why the farmer should complain about such trifles. Yet the farmers have com-

plained, and, complaining in vain, have got angry. When large bodies of men get angry, the results are likely to be important, though they may not always prove beneficent. The farmers' movement threatens a revolution in the business of transportation, if not in the laws which protect investments of capital. It seems strange, no doubt, to those who do not know that a change of one twentieth of a mill per one hundred pounds, in the charge for transportation per mile, may take hundreds of millions from the actual value of farms. It can neither be comprehended nor intelligently directed, without a full understanding of the conditions under which agriculture exists in the Northwestern States, and of the power which the railway has exerted and still wields for the development or destruction of that great industry.

About 150,000,000 bushels of wheat, 11,000,000 tons of hay, and 1,012,000,000 bushels of cereals are annually produced by eleven States, having in 1870 a population of 14,283,000. In this statement, as in the term "Northwestern States," when used in this article, Kentucky and Missouri are included with the former free States of the Mississippi Valley. Had these States consumed in proportion to their population, there would have remained a surplus of eighty-one million bushels of wheat and five hundred million bushels of cereals. Though the consumption *per capita* is greater of cereals other than wheat in this region than in the whole country, over two hundred million bushels of grain are received yearly at seven chief points of shipment from the West, while a large quantity besides goes directly to consumers at the East and South, without passing through either of these cities. Probably eight million tons of grain, besides hay and other products of the farm, go forth from

this fertile region each year in search of distant markets.

Because the surplus is so enormous, distant markets control in a great degree the price of the whole crop. As the water behind a dam never rises far above the level of the overflowing sheet, so the prices of products largely exported do not rise much above the export price, less cost of transportation to the port of shipment. That this is true of wheat, of which we export about one sixth, is well known; of other grain and of hay we export comparatively little, and yet the surplus at the West is so large, and the demand at the East for consumption or shipment so essential to a profitable sale of the crop, that the Eastern markets rule prices, not only of the quantity forwarded, but of the entire product. A very large proportion of the corn crop is consumed at the West. Yet the average of monthly quotations for the three years 1869, 1870, and 1871 at New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati, the difference per bushel and per cental, and the summer rate for freight per cental from Chicago and Cincinnati to New York all in cents compare as follows:—

	Price.	Difference.		Freight
		Per bu.	Per ct.	Rates.
New York,	87 2-3			
Cincinnati,	64 2-3	23	41	41
Chicago,	62 1-3	25 1-3	45 1-5	45

Thus even in corn, the average rate for three years at these three markets corresponds exactly with the summer rate of transportation between them.

In spite of wide fluctuations, "corners," and local disturbances, the tendency of Western markets is to approximate closely during any term of years, to the rates at which the surplus of products of the farm can be shipped to and sold in Eastern markets.

Consequently, an increase of one cent per bushel in cost of transportation ordinarily costs the Western farmer one cent per bushel in the selling price of his crop. Neighborhood consumers, millers, produce merchants, cattle-feeders, do not ordinarily pay more than the price fixed by Eastern

quotations less the rate of transportation, because they know that millions of bushels all around them must find a market at the East, or be wholly lost.

Cotton was "king," only because it could bear transportation, its value being great in proportion to its bulk. Hay would wear the crown, if, instead of one cent, it was worth twenty cents a pound. Crops differ very widely in their dependence upon cost of transportation, and hence the question of transportation affects the Southern and Southwestern States much less than the States of the Northwest. Wool excepted, Northern crops vary in value from about ten cents per pound for wheat, to less than one cent for potatoes. But tobacco is worth eight, sugar ten, and cotton nineteen cents a pound. Transportation of cotton one hundred miles by wagon (at twenty cents per ton per mile) would cost only one nineteenth of its value. Carriage a like distance would cost about half the value of wheat, and more than the whole value of potatoes or hay. At three cents per ton per mile, by railroad, the entire value of potatoes (at fifty-four cents) would pay for transportation 600 miles; of hay (at twenty-two dollars a ton), 733 miles; of wheat (\$1.24 a bushel), 1,377 miles; of tobacco (eight cents), 5,533 miles; of sugar (ten cents), 6,666 miles; and of cotton (nineteen cents), 12,666 miles. Even in the palmy days of Southern agriculture, the building of railroads was regarded with comparative indifference by the people of that section; and, for the same reason, the contest between the farm and the rail is mainly confined to the Northwest.

Unable to raise Southern crops, the farmers of the Northwest must raise products peculiarly affected in value by the cost of transportation, or relapse into a patriarchal form of industry, and derive their only profit from flocks and herds. The value of animals for food is limited by the demand for consumption. All the animal food required by States which do not produce enough for

their own use — in value about forty millions, or one tenth of the entire consumption — could be supplied by a single State. Texas now has one seventh of all the neat cattle in the country, and the difference in cost of transportation from Texas and from Northwestern States is more than compensated by the difference in cost of land. No large increase in the production of animals at the Northwest could be profitable, unless the people of this country should continue to eat very much more animal food. Wool bears transportation a long distance, but, again, the demand is limited; the entire value of wool consumed, not of our own production, is less than that of the wheat alone exported. Meanwhile Texas, New Mexico, and California will soon supply wool in such quantity that the growing of sheep for wool alone must become even less profitable than it now is in the Northwestern States.

The Northwest not only must produce cereals, but must produce a surplus. The hope that growth of manufactures may create a sufficient "home market" in the farming States is cherished by many, in complete disregard of necessary conditions of manufacture, or the ratio of production to consumption of agricultural products. The average consumption of wheat is four and seventy-six hundredths bushels *per capita*; and of all cereals, including the quantity fed to animals, thirty-six bushels *per capita*. If it were possible to gather up all the hands employed in all the cotton mills of the United States and deposit them in a single county in Iowa, either one of fourteen counties in that State now produces more wheat than all those hands could consume. All the hands employed in all the factories and shops of the United States, if added to the present population of Illinois, would consume less than half the surplus of cereals now produced by that State. A mill of 273 hands on every farm of 100 acres of wheat would only suffice to consume the wheat which that farm

would produce. Until hands in manufacturing establishments eat very much more than they are able to do at present, and manufacturers establish themselves without regard to natural facilities and resources, the great agricultural States will continue to produce a surplus of cereals. The costly exchange of products between farms and factories widely separated supports a class which consumes nearly half as much as do the hands employed in manufactures. In the year 1871, about thirty-nine per cent of the wheat grown in this country was consumed by farmers and those dependent upon them; about eighteen per cent by persons employed in manufactures and those dependent upon them; about eighteen per cent by those engaged in personal and professional services and others dependent upon them; about eight per cent by persons engaged in trade and transportation and their dependents; and the rest, about seventeen per cent, was exported. The surplus of cereals in the Northwestern States, therefore, is not the result of accident or mistaken whim, but the inevitable consequence of fixed laws. Increasing density of population and cost of land steadily drive the larger operations of agriculture to regions more remote from the great centres of population, manufactures, and commerce, and to fresher and cheaper lands. New York produces less wheat and less corn than it did twenty years ago. The cost of moving the ever-increasing surplus of agricultural States, over a steadily increasing distance, to points where it is needed to supply an ever-increasing deficit in production, is a condition of the growth and prosperity of agriculture in this country which it cannot escape.

An increase of five cents per one hundred pounds in the cost of transportation from Western States to New York or other Eastern markets is equivalent to three cents a bushel on wheat, two cents and eight tenths on rye and corn, one cent and six tenths a bushel on oats, and (allowing for con-

venience forty-nine pounds to the bushel of barley and buckwheat, laws of different States varying widely) two cents and four tenths to the bushel of barley or buckwheat. At these rates, supposing the change in rates to affect the whole crop of all the Northwestern States alike, the loss in value to the farmer upon the crop of 1871, as given in the latest agricultural report, may be thus stated:—

	Quantity produced.	Loss in Value.
Wheat	149,600,000 bushels	\$ 4,488,000
Corn	690,900,000 "	19,345,000
Hay	10,915,000 tons	10,915,000
Oats	153,789,000 bushels	2,460,000
Rye	6,625,000 "	185,000
Barley	10,019,000 "	245,000
Buckwheat	1,694,000 "	41,000
		\$ 37,679,000

This loss of over \$ 37,000,000 in the selling price of the products of 44,375,100 acres cultivated is about eighty-four cents an acre. It is a loss, not of valuation, but of the yearly income or profit upon which valuation is based. The actual value of land for farming purposes is that sum upon which the net profit of the yearly crop will yield a fair interest. At seven per cent interest, whatever reduces the net profit seventy cents per acre reduces the actual value of the land \$ 10 per acre. Hence the loss of \$ 37,679,000, in the yearly income from certain lands, is equivalent to a loss of \$ 538,271,000 in their actual value. Such is the result of a "trifling" change of five cents per cental in rates of freight!

It is true, the farmers of the eleven States are not affected in the same degree by a general change in rates. For the effect upon the value of land depends upon the number of bushels produced to the acre. The average yield of different crops to the acre in different States, for the four years 1868-1871 inclusive, and the effect of a change of one cent per one hundred pounds upon the average value of land employed in growing each crop in each State, are stated in the following tables:—

AVERAGE YIELD OF DIFFERENT CROPS.

(Hay in tons and hundredths; other crops in bushels and tenths.)

	Wheat.	Corn.	Rye.	Oats.	Barley.	Buck't.	Potato.	Hay.
Ohio	14.3	40.4	14.2	31.9	24.4	15.1	90	1.32
Kentucky	8.9	29.2	11.0	22.1	19.1	17.6	74	1.28
Michigan	13.9	32.8	16.7	33.7	28.9	17.3	103	1.31
Indiana	12.1	33.1	14.5	28.2	23.7	16.1	76	1.32
Illinois	11.7	32.7	16.2	30.9	23.0	16.1	79	1.37
Wisconsin	13.5	33.8	15.8	33.7	26.6	18.6	86	1.36
Minnesota	14.8	33.2	18.5	35.0	25.1	19.4	100	1.40
Iowa	12.7	36.2	18.1	35.3	27.0	20.5	111	1.58
Missouri	13.6	32.5	17.0	29.9	25.4	21.0	96	1.50
Kansas	16.2	33.8	21.6	32.6	24.8	17.9	134	1.56
Nebraska	14.7	34.1	19.8	36.3	28.4	19.6	106	1.56

Effect upon value of land per acre of a change of one cent per one hundred pounds in value of crop:—

	Wheat.	Corn.	Rye.	Oats.	Barley.	Buck't.	Potato.	Hay.
Ohio	\$1.20	3.20	1.13	1.46	1.05	1.70	7.71	3.71
Kentucky	.76	2.33	.88	1.01	1.23	1.33	6.34	3.57
Michigan	1.19	2.62	1.33	1.54	1.21	2.02	8.83	3.71
Indiana	1.03	2.65	1.16	1.29	1.12	1.62	6.51	3.71
Illinois	1.00	2.61	1.29	1.41	1.12	1.61	6.77	3.85
Wisconsin	1.16	2.70	1.26	1.54	1.30	1.66	7.37	3.85
Minnesota	1.21	2.65	1.48	1.60	1.35	1.75	9.34	4.14
Iowa	1.09	2.89	1.45	1.61	1.43	1.89	9.51	4.43
Missouri	1.02	2.60	1.36	1.37	1.47	1.77	8.23	4.28
Kansas	1.39	2.70	1.73	1.49	1.25	1.73	11.48	4.43
Nebraska	1.68	2.73	1.56	1.66	1.37	1.98	9.08	4.43

From these tables, the effect of any change of rates of transportation or of price, upon lands employed in growing either crop in either State, may be readily calculated; also, the profit on every one hundred pounds of each crop necessary to yield seven per cent interest on any value of land per acre; also, the effect of any change in rates of freight per ton per mile, the distance to the controlling market being known. Thus, from a farm nine hundred miles from New York a change in freight rates of one nine-hundredth of one cent per one hundred pounds, or one forty-fifth of one cent per ton, per mile, will affect the value of wheat land in Illinois one dollar an acre. It is easy to see, also, that there are limits within which only these effects follow, fixed, on the one hand, by the lowest cost of raising any crop compared with its value at a consuming market, and on the other hand by the cost of land.

But within those limits, as far as the price of crops is controlled by distant markets, all the profits and even the very existence of agriculture depend upon the rate charged for transporting its products. It is not strange that the owners of land and producers of grain regard with constant apprehension a power which may at any moment affect the value of a thousand million bushels of cereals, and of forty-four million acres of cultivated land. Even if a change of five cents per cental does not affect the whole crop so much as three cents per bushel in price, it may take away all the profit, — all the reward of a year's labor. And the same power may also raise rates even more at pleasure. The farmers have been taught that the cost of transportation depends upon the will of a few men, and varies with their agreements or quarrels. The *quondam* pedler of Vermont fell out with Vanderbilt, and their quarrel was worth, during the year 1870, one fifth of a cent per ton per mile to the farmers; \$9,000,000 on the crop of wheat alone, if it had all been shipped at the reduced rate. In July, 1872, somebody raised the rates from the West five cents per cental. His act cost the farmers millions of dollars. Is it strange that our greatest industry grows restive under fluctuations which it can neither foresee nor comprehend? Elsewhere the world moves. The beneficent progress of civilization in other lands is toward cheaper transportation and better wages for the producer. Russia pushes railroads through her vast territory, in order that her subjects may obtain at the Baltic and Black Seas better pay for their industry. We cannot maintain sufficient private markets of our own, nor force upward prices in those great markets of the world upon which ours depend. If, while the world makes transportation cheaper, we make it more costly, the loss will be our own.

This the farmer believes we are doing. He declares that others, who stand between him and the consumer, amass great wealth, while pinching

economy barely saves him subsistence and does not keep him from debt. His beliefs, as to the cause of existing evils and the best remedy, whether correct or not, will soon take the shape of laws. He has the votes. Before that power, legislators drop like leaves shaken by the autumn wind. Governors, politicians of all grades, crush each other in their hurry to seize the new standard. Lawyers who do not forget the Dartmouth College case already find themselves ineligible to the judiciary. Has not this same generation set its heel upon the Dred Scott decision? Reverence for judicial precedents is a dam which floods have carried away. Restraints devised by founders of our government no longer bar the people from their will. We have trusted all power to the majority. If its opinion is in error, we have but one remedy, — that freedom of discussion which remains the only safeguard of our institutions.

There are always cowards enough to shout with the majority, right or wrong. But the times now demand men who can tell a majority wherein it is wrong, and by what measures its just aims may be reached. Progress toward cheaper transportation has in fact been arrested. The evil can be removed only by removing the cause. But mistaken remedies will not only fail, they will inflict upon agriculture itself the gravest disasters. By diminishing the cost of transportation, the railroad has made agriculture possible in a large part of the Northwestern States. The extension of railroads has given to the farmers a great part of their wealth, and the natural alliance, a blessing to both, cannot be broken without great disaster to both.

Far away from all the great markets of the world, separated from the consuming States of the Atlantic coast by a thousand miles of distance, with rivers not yet bridged and mountains not yet tunnelled, the vast, rich prairies which now form the chief wealth of the Western States, if left to depend upon natural channels alone, must have

remained in great part untouched by plough, and occupied only, like the pampas of South America, by enormous herds of cattle. Cultivation of land would indeed have been possible along the Mississippi and its tributaries—our great “inland sea”—and near the shores of the lakes. But transportation from these inland regions, by a route long, circuitous, and open only during a part of the year, would have remained very costly but for the sharp competition which railroads created. Meanwhile the cost of hauling by wagons, about one cent per one hundred pounds per mile, would have limited the cultivation of the soil to narrow strips of land along the lakes and navigable streams. It is instructive to note, in the census returns of 1840, how the population of Western States had clustered about such channels. A small quantity of grain, shipped from New Orleans to Atlantic ports, was borne down the river in flatboats; but the entire receipts at that point in 1840 were 63,015 barrels and sacks of wheat, 482,523 barrels of flour, 278,358 sacks of corn, 152,965 barrels of corn in the ear, and 42,885 barrels and sacks of oats. In 1838 wheat sold in the interior counties of Ohio for thirty-seven cents per bushel, and corn for ten cents, and just seventy-eight bushels of wheat were shipped from Chicago. The entire movement of grain eastward from the Northwestern States, by lake and canal in 1840, embraced 595,142 barrels of flour, 1,004,561 bushels of wheat, and 71,327 bushels of corn. The cost of transportation from Buffalo to New York was \$ 10 per ton; before the opening of the canal it had been \$ 100. In the interior of Ohio the chief business was the fattening of droves of hogs and herds of cattle, often driven thither from farms still more distant, there to be wintered and recuperated, prior to the long journey over the mountains to the Atlantic States.

At that time there were only 117 miles of railroad west of the mountains, 59 in Michigan, 30 in Ohio, and 28 in Kentucky. During the next dec-

ade 1,237 miles were built, but still in 1850 not a single line had opened unbroken communication to the seaboard. The detached roads, subsequently consolidated as the New York Central, were interrupted by breaks which compelled passengers to change cars five or six times *en route*, and bound by such conditions regarding payment of canal tolls as amounted to a virtual prohibition of the transportation of through freight. J. Edgar Thompson, then chief engineer, now president of the Pennsylvania Central, had located its line over the mountains in 1849, but connection with the Portage road was not made at Johnstown until August 25, 1851. The Erie was not opened from Piermont to Lake Erie until April 22, 1851. The Grand Trunk was not opened until 1853; and the Baltimore and Ohio did not reach Wheeling until that year; while the Atlantic and Great Western of Georgia first made connection between the waters of the Tennessee and the Atlantic during the year 1850. Thus, twenty-three years ago, no railroad from the sea had reached the lakes or crossed the mountains. The magnificent accomplishment of that day was the “great national road,” from Washington via Wheeling, Columbus, and Vandalia to St. Louis, along which the tide of emigrants rolled toward Western homes, blessing the government for thus reducing their journey to one of several weeks. Even by the fast four-horse coaches, the mail took longer to reach Wheeling than it now takes to reach San Francisco by the “national road” of later days. All the railroads then built in the West were merely subsidiary to the lines of water communication.

But 1,354 miles of such railroads west of the Alleghanies had already increased the shipments of grain by lake and canal, so that in 1850 the receipts of all grain, flour included, at Buffalo and Oswego combined, were 18,166,503 bushels; had raised the price of corn from thirty-two to thirty-seven cents at Cincinnati; and had

contributed largely to the advance in value of farms, which contained in 1850, in the eleven Northwestern States, 79,636,210 acres, valued at \$907,144,395, or \$11.39 per acre.

The year 1850 is the dividing line between the old era and the new. Its statistics mark the growth to which the Northwest had attained with water channels as the outlets for its products, and 1,354 miles of railroad tributary thereto. In April, 1851, the Erie road was completed to the lake; in the same year the Pennsylvania was connected with the Portage road, the consolidation and revolution in management of the New York Central began to take effect, and the long war of competition between railroads and canals began. So great was the revolution in the management of roads that the average charge for freight over all the New York roads, which was four cents and one twentieth per ton per mile in 1851, was reduced to two cents and one fifth per ton per mile in 1860. The effect of the competition is clearly shown in the record of rates charged on the Erie Canal, which, in the year 1847, prior to the completion of the railroads, in 1851, the year of their completion, and in 1858, for flour and wheat, were as follows:—

	1847.	1851.	1858.
Flour, per barrel	77	49	34
Wheat, per bushel	17½	14½	10¼

Notwithstanding this reduction of rates, the canals lost a material part of the grain traffic, and, in spite of many improvements, have continued losing to this day, so that the quantity of Western products moved to tide-water by canal was actually greater in 1861 than it is now.

Thus the railroads, at first subsidiary to water lines, after 1850 entered into direct competition with them, and not only forced down rates, but secured a large proportion of the through traffic. The reduction in cost of transportation of Western products, amounting to twelve cents per hundred weight, effected by competition during the decade 1850–1860, as appears from tables

already given, was equivalent to an increase in value for all the Northwestern States of \$13 per acre for 79,600,000 acres in farms in 1850, or not less than \$1,034,800,000; and moreover some value had been given to 47,200,000 acres of land not embraced in farms in 1850; if we suppose \$5 per acre, we have an increased value of \$1,300,000,000, due entirely to the railroad system. The actual increase in value of farms, from \$907,144,395 to \$2,421,413,973, was over \$1,500,000,000. During this decade, 11,589 miles of road were built in the Northwestern States; if the cost was \$40,000 per mile, or \$463,000,000 (and it was less prior to 1860), it was repaid more than threefold during the same decade by the increase in value of farms. Had the saving in cost of transportation from Buffalo to Albany been only five cents per hundred weight, it would have paid the entire cost of building and equipping all the railroads west of the Alleghanies.

But the successful competition of railroads with canals would not have been possible had not the great trunk roads been enabled, by the building of 11,589 miles of road at the West, to reach a multitude of farms. And the correspondence between the increase in value of land in the several States and the development of the railway system in each is so remarkable as to deserve especial attention.

The efficiency of facilities for transportation can be measured, not by the number of miles of road to the whole area of a State,—for a large part of the State may be unsettled,—but by the ratio of miles of road to acres of land in farms. In Northern States east of the Alleghanies, railroads built prior to 1850 already afforded an outlet to many farms; but the revolution in their management, previously noticed, and marked by a reduction in rates on New York roads of from four to two cents per mile,—one half the entire cost of transportation,—indicates an increase of efficiency and value equivalent to the addition of one half the number of miles operated in 1850. Thus New

York had 1,361 miles of road at that time; counting the increased efficiency of these in 1860 as equivalent to the building of 680 miles, and adding 1,321 miles built between 1850 and 1860, we have 2,001 miles, or nine and five tenths miles to 100,000 acres, as the increase of railroad facilities in that State. But the average value of land increased \$9.30 per acre. Estimating the increase of railroad facilities in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Vermont in the same manner, and entering in the first column the proportion of that increase to the area of farm-land, we place in the second column the increase in average value of all land in farms from 1850 to 1860, and in the third column the cost of all roads and equipments in each State in 1860 to each acre of farm-land:—

RAILROADS AND FARMS, 1850 TO 1860.

	Road, Miles to Acres.	Value Farms, increase per Acre.	Cost of Roads per Acre.
Vermont,	6.1	\$6.68	\$3.25
New York,	9.5	9.30	4.17
New Jersey,	15.3	16.74	7.25
Pennsylvania,	11.7	11.58	4.80
Ohio,	14.4	13.18	5.78
Indiana,	13.2	11.10	4.96
Illinois,	13.3	11.56	5.20
Michigan,	11.0	11.04	3.06
Wisconsin,	11.4	7.02	4.47
Iowa,	6.5	5.82	3.40
Minnesota,	—	4.53	—
Kentucky,	2.7	6.07	.95
Missouri,	4.1	4.95	1.63

Comparison of the second and third columns shows that in each State the farmers would have gained very largely—in most of the States double their outlay—had they paid the entire cost of building all the railroads in operation in these States in 1860.

Comparison of the first and second columns shows a very remarkable correspondence between the increase of railroad facilities in each State and the increase in the average value of farm-land in that State. For every additional mile of railroad to 100,000 acres of farm-land, we have an increase in average value of such land varying not widely from one dollar per acre. In Wisconsin a variation may be in part explained by the fact that 258 miles of railroad, built after the year 1859 be-

gan, had not produced their full effect upon the value of land by June, 1860, when the census was taken; for, excluding these, the ratio of miles to acres is eight and one tenth, and the increase in value \$7.02. A correspondence so remarkable, maintained so closely in every agricultural State of the North, in spite of some local variations, deserves the consideration of the farmers who now see in that very railroad system a merciless foe. It shows that, whatever railroads may have cost, and however little many may have been worth to unhappy builders and stockholders, they were worth to the farmers of the West about \$100,000 per mile. That the same correspondence does not appear at the South, and vanishes even in Kentucky, where the character of crops begins to change, only proves that it is the result of a general law, based upon the proportion of cost of transportation to the value of Northern crops.

In examining the effect of railroad-building upon the value of farms since 1860, we must first get rid of the imaginary valuations caused by depreciation of currency, by reducing them to gold values at the average rate for the year preceding the last census. Then comparing the increase in gold values since 1850 with the increase in railroad facilities since 1850, computed with the same allowance as before for roads built in Eastern States prior to 1850, we have the following results:—

RAILROADS AND FARMS, 1850 TO 1870.

	Road, Miles to Acres.	Value Farms, increase per Acre.
Vermont,	10.4	\$7.88
New York,	14.6	14.29
New Jersey,	34.1	21.37
Pennsylvania,	22.4	16.49
Ohio,	16.3	16.72
Michigan,	16.3	18.17
Indiana,	17.5	15.78
Illinois,	18.6	18.85
Wisconsin,	13.0	9.77
Iowa,	17.2	12.99
Missouri,	9.6	7.01
Kentucky,	5.0	3.44
Minnesota,	16.5	5.78
Kansas,	26.5	5.16
Nebraska,	28.4	4.87

In New York, Ohio, and Illinois the

increase corresponds very closely with the ratio previously noted. In Indiana, also, the proportion of increase in value of lands to increase in railroad facilities is nearly the same in 1870 as in 1860. But in Vermont, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania at the East, and in all the other Western States, the increase in value of land fails to correspond with the increase of railroads. In Michigan alone it exceeds, in all other States falls below, the ratio of one dollar to the mile. The contrast is still more striking when the increase in gold value of land from 1860 to 1870 is compared with the increase of miles to acres during the same period.

RAILROADS AND FARMS, 1860 TO 1870.

	Roads, Miles to Acres.	Value Farms, Increase per Acre.
Vermont,	9.4	\$ 1.20
New York,	8.1	4.99
New Jersey,	22.6	4.66
Pennsylvania,	14.1	4.91
Ohio,	1.9	3.54
Michigan,	5.3	7.13
Indiana,	4.3	4.68
Illinois,	5.3	7.29
Wisconsin,	1.6	2.75
Iowa,	10.7	7.17
Missouri,	9.6	2.06
Kentucky,	5.0	2.63
Minnesota,	16.5	1.25
Kansas,	26.5	5.16
Nebraska,	28.4	4.87

Here it is evident that, since 1860, in the States from Ohio to Wisconsin inclusive, the efficiency of roads built prior to 1860 has been much increased, the value of land having advanced more rapidly than the roads newly built would warrant. On the other hand, in the States east of the Alleghanies and west of the Mississippi, the roads newly built alone should have been accompanied by a greater advance in values than has been experienced. For these phenomena but one explanation appears, — a general increase in the cost of transportation for short distances, and to points where the railroads are not restrained by competition with lakes and canals, without increase in through rates, or in charges from points where such competition has effect. This explanation fits the ascertained facts. The products of sea-

board States are shipped short distances, and a general advance in local rates would check the advance in prices of farm-lands. The products of far Western States, also, are moved first to Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, or some other point of shipment, by lines not competing with the lake and canal; and a general increase in charges, especially for local freight, would materially affect values there. But the Central States enjoy the advantage of through rates to the seaboard constantly restrained from advance by competition with the water route. Even if the local rates have been increased in these States, so that to non-competing points the usefulness of roads formerly built has diminished, the addition of new roads has multiplied the number of competing points, and brought thousands of farms nearer to the market.

Not only do facts sustain this explanation, by showing that the through rates from the West are, on the whole, lower than in 1860, while local freights, and rates for short distances and to and from non-competing points have been generally increased, but they also point very clearly to the causes which have prevented any increase of through rates, and at the same time compelled roads dependent upon local business and traffic for short distances to increase their rates.

The ordinary summer rates for freight to New York, from Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and other Western cities, are the same now that they were before the war, and the rates have been precisely the same during the past summer as during the summer of 1860. But the Western through business is mainly done by the New York Central and Hudson River, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Erie, Pennsylvania Central, and Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago. The average of receipts of these roads for freight per ton per mile, in 1860, was about 2.01 cents, and in 1871 the average was only 1.48 cents per ton per mile. Falling a little in 1861, this average of

receipts of these five great roads rose to 2.05 in 1862, to 2.16 in 1863, to 2.58 in 1864, to 2.83 in 1865; and then declined to 2.74 in 1865, to 2.36 in 1867, to 2.11 in 1868, to 1.89 in 1869, to 1.53 in 1870, and to 1.48 in 1871. Upon these roads, which depend largely upon the through carriage of Western products, and in that business have to meet constant and sharp competition either from the lake and canal route, or from the Grand Trunk on the north, or the Baltimore and Ohio on the south, there has been a reduction of more than one fourth the entire cost of transportation in 1860, and more than one half of one cent per ton per mile. It is worthy of note that the Grand Trunk, paying less for iron than roads in this country, has been able to carry grain from Chicago to Boston, 1,174 miles, for 50 cents, or .85 of one cent per ton per mile,—a rate lower than any of the roads in this country have yet found profitable.

But while through rates and charges for long distances have been thus reduced, being forced steadily downward by competition between railroads and water lines, or between the roads themselves, the roads of shorter line, and those more largely dependent upon local traffic, have increased their charges. The Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts point out the fact that the roads of that State had increased their average charges to and from connecting points from 2.61 cents per ton per mile in 1860 to 2.90 cents per ton per mile in 1870, and to other points from 5.29 cents in 1860 to 5.62 cents in 1870. The New York and New Haven increased its average rate from 4.14 in 1862 to 5.56 in 1871. The New York and Harlem increased its average rate from 3.74 in 1862 to 6.06 in 1871. Many other illustrations might be given; but the fact that local rates and charges upon short roads or to non-competing points have generally increased since 1860 is not disputed, and has led to very great complaint at the West. There even the

longer and more prosperous roads have so largely increased local rates that the general average is higher than it was ten years ago. Thus the average charge per ton per mile on the Chicago and Rock Island, Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and Illinois Central was only 2.51 cents in 1863 (when the average of the five trunk roads was 2.16), and probably not higher than 2.35 in 1860 (when the average of the trunk roads was 2.01), but in 1871 their average charge was 2.45. In November, 1860, the rates charged in published freight-tariffs for transportation between twenty Western cities averaged only one cent and a half per ton per mile; charges for similar distances in 1873 average fully two cents.

It is safe to count upon human greed as a pretty constant force. Managers of railways probably have not become generally so Christianized since 1860 that they make haste to "sell all that they have and give to the poor." But neither is it probable that much greater aversion to the making of money prevailed among them ten years ago than now exists. If there has been an increase in charges for service performed, it is at least reasonable to inquire whether the service itself has become more expensive.

What is a railway? It is an iron track, nailed to the earth with iron spikes, crossing streams on bridges wholly or in part of iron, over which iron engines draw cars whose wheels, axles, brake-rods, and braces are of iron. Now, the average cost of railway bars was \$48 per ton in 1860; but the average for the seven years 1863–1869 inclusive was \$89.71, while the average in 1872 was \$85.12½ per ton. Iron laid in railroads, from 1863 to 1869 inclusive, cost 86 per cent more than in 1860. One hundred tons of rail to the mile cost \$4,800 in 1860, and \$8,971 during the seven years preceding 1870, and this increase of over four thousand dollars a mile in the cost of building roads is in effect a permanent tax of \$280 a mile yearly upon all traffic passing over the road. Roads built in

1870 paid \$ 7,225 per mile for rails, and \$ 7,037.50 per mile in 1871, and \$ 8,512.50 in 1872. At one hundred tons to the mile,—and if roads with single track and few sidings use less, roads with double track and frequent sidings use much more,—the cost of the iron rails alone in roads built since 1862, at the average prices given for each year in tables published by the American Iron and Steel Association, has been as follows :—

	Miles built.	Iron per Ton.	Cost of Iron.
1863	1,050	\$ 76.37½	\$ 3,071,875
1864	738	126.00	9,298,800
1865	1,377	98.62½	12,594,412
1866	1,832	86.75	15,892,600
1867	2,227	83.12½	18,510,924
1868	3,033	78.87½	23,922,787
1869	4,999	77.25	38,617,275
1870	6,145	72.25	44,397,625
1871	7,453	70.37½	52,450,487
1872	6,427	85.12½	54,703,837
	35,159		\$ 277,466,622
	At rate of 1860, \$ 48		\$ 168,763,200
	Increase in cost of iron		\$ 108,703,422

We have here an expenditure, caused by the increased cost of rails alone, of \$ 108,700,000 ; to return seven per cent on the investment, a perpetual tax of \$ 7,600,000 must be paid by the traffic done over these roads. Widely varying estimates have been made of the quantity of iron consumed in railroads beside the rails. One writer, usually accurate, holds that for every pound used in rails three pounds are used in chains, spikes, bridges, buildings, locomotives, and cars, and improvements incident to the construction of the road. As we used 533,571 tons of American rail in 1870, and made only two million tons of iron for all purposes, this can hardly be correct. Eight wheels and four axles for an ordinary car weigh three tons ; other iron may reach a ton more ; and the average supply is about six cars to the mile of road, or twenty-four tons of iron. Of locomotives the average weight is thirty tons, and the supply one to three miles, or ten tons to the mile. Spikes, chains, and fish-plates are about one sixth the cost of the rail to the mile. But while in weight the

iron in other railroad uses cannot exceed the quantity in rails, in cost it probably does, and the price of such iron has been increased in like proportion. Thus, though the quantity of all iron used in railroads is probably less than 200 tons to the mile, its cost doubtless exceeds \$ 17,000 per mile at the prices of 1872, as compared with \$ 9,600 at the prices of 1860. In other words, the entire cost of iron used in roads built since 1863 has probably been \$ 550,000,000, and at least \$ 216,000,000 more than it would have been at the prices of 1860 ; so that the perpetual tax required to pay interest on the increased cost of roads is over fifteen millions yearly.

But rails wear out, and much faster than they did ten years ago. The average life of the rail is not more than three years on roads with heavy business, about five years on roads of moderate traffic, and about twelve or fifteen years on roads of small business. On the Michigan Central, records show an average duration of about four years for iron rails ; on the Erie, in 1868, two thousand tons a month were used in replacement. It is safe to say, therefore, that all the roads in the country, built prior to 1863, have relaid the whole track with rails costing \$ 79 per ton instead of \$ 48, and the additional cost, \$ 99,572,000, is a further investment upon which the roads must hereafter pay interest. Finally, the yearly supply of rails for replacement on the Erie, 24,000 tons for 773 miles, was 31 tons to the mile, which would have cost at the price of 1860 only \$ 1,488 per mile, and at the price of 1872 about \$ 2,639 per mile ; the increase, \$ 1,151 per mile, is another tax which transportation over roads of the larger class must pay every year, because of the cost of rails used in relaying track. On roads of the middle class, where rails last five years, and twenty tons to the mile are needed each year, this annual tax is \$ 742.50 per mile ; on roads of small business, where the rail lasts twelve years, and about eight tons yearly are needed, this

tax is \$297 per mile. The average on all roads can hardly be lower than \$600 per mile, or forty millions a year for 67,000 miles of road. If transportation costs too much, the farmers must charge an excess of forty millions a year to the increased cost of rails used in relaying track alone. The annual wear of iron other than rails is mainly in car-wheels, of which 473,108 were made in 1870; and locomotives, of which 1,137 were made. Perhaps the yearly cost of replacement of all iron other than rails may be \$350 per mile, and the increase in cost since 1860 about \$150 per mile. The entire tax for replacement of iron made more costly by high duties must therefore be about \$750 per mile, or over fifty millions yearly. This tax those must pay who travel or ship freight over the railroads; and the farmers could better afford to pay out of their own pockets the wages paid by every iron establishment in the country than to bear their share of this burden. For fifty millions is about one sixth of the entire operating expense of all the railroads. A reduction of one sixth in the cost of transporting products of the farm, or ten cents per hundred weight, would be worth more than seventy millions a year in the cash value of farm products, and one thousand millions in the actual value of farms.

The high price of iron has here been attributed mainly to the tariff. Until within the present year, there was no room for dispute about it; during any year since 1860 we could have imported iron, but for the tariff, at a cost far below the price actually paid either to importers or American makers. During twelve years, not iron only, but thousands of other articles have thus been constantly rendered more costly by means of duties, and the effect has been to artificially raise the cost of living, of labor, of materials, of production, and the whole scale of prices and values. Hence the effect of the tariff has been not only to raise the price at which a product may be temporarily sold, but in many cases to raise even more the cost

at which its production in this country is possible. Inspection of census reports shows that in many important branches of manufacture the cost of materials and of labor has increased far more than the value of products, and yet the wages of labor have not increased as much as the cost of living. These effects of the tariff continue, so that, even though the price of iron abroad has risen temporarily higher than its price here, and a small quantity is exported, nevertheless it is in consequence of the tariff that we are no longer able to produce iron as cheaply as we did formerly. Under its operation, high instead of low rates for materials have been established, and high instead of low valuations of mines; higher wages for labor have been rendered necessary by the greater cost of living; transportation of fuel and other material has been rendered more costly; furnaces, mills, and machinery costing far more than the same would have cost in 1860, have been put in operation. The return to lower rates and a natural cost of production can come only in connection with a general abandonment of artificial valuations and prices. It is likely to come only under the pressure of necessity, — a necessity pushing that and other branches of industry at the same time to a lower cost of production. Free competition with the industries of other nations would bring it, but that competition the present tariff prevents, and was designed to prevent. Thus the only test of the effect of the tariff is the cost of iron, not as compared with the temporary cost of foreign iron, if free of duty, but as compared with the cost of our own iron before that artificial system of prices and valuations had been established which the tariff still maintains. We ought to produce iron to-day at a cost less than that of 1860. We do not, because every step in the process, from the purchase of the mineral property to the shipment of the finished product, has been rendered more costly. That effect remains, although English iron has risen in price, and it will

remain until our whole tariff system is reduced to a revenue basis. Accordingly, other elements in the cost of railway building and service have been increased through the same influence. The cost of fuel has largely increased, and the wages of all labor employed have necessarily advanced, since the cost of living is at least sixty per cent greater than it was in 1860. The average of wages paid yearly to employees in railroad repair-shops in 1860 was \$370 each, and in 1870 it was \$626 each, — an increase of about seventy per cent. The average value of all coal raised in 1860 at the mines was \$1.34 per ton for bituminous and \$1.46 per ton for anthracite; in 1870, for bituminous \$2.03 per ton, and for anthracite \$2.45 per ton; but the cost to consumers was still more increased by the higher cost of transportation. It seems certainly within bounds to say, in view of these facts, that the whole cost of building and operating railroads must have increased at least fifty per cent since 1860; that one third of the entire cost of building, and one third of the entire cost of operating railroads at this time is due to the increased cost of material since 1860, the increased cost of living, and consequent increase in wages of hands employed. Of a cost exceeding \$55,000 a mile, for 35,000 miles built since 1863, or \$1,925,000,000, fully \$18,000 per mile, or \$630,000,000, is due to the increase since 1860 caused by higher taxes and duties and higher prices. Operating expenses in the year 1872 were \$307,486,632 upon 57,323 miles, or \$5,364 per mile; at the same rate for 67,000 miles now in operation, the yearly expenses are \$360,000,000, and the increase in yearly cost, due to high tariffs and high prices, not less than \$120,000,000. This high tariff is a very expensive luxury. Duties on all kinds of iron and steel yield to government about twenty millions yearly, but compel the people to pay, in increased cost of iron used in transportation alone, about fifty millions yearly. The entire revenue of government from tariff is about two hundred millions,

but we have to pay one hundred and twenty millions yearly in increased cost of operating railroads, and about forty-four millions more as interest on the increased cost of roads built since 1863.

If the actual cost of transportation has increased fully one half since 1860, it is evident that those roads must be most affected whose business is comparatively small, because the larger the business done the less the cost per ton. The increased expense of 24,000 tons of iron yearly for maintenance of track on a road like the Erie, at the prices of 1873, would be about \$888,000, but falls upon a traffic amounting to 897,446,728 tons moved one mile, and is therefore less than one tenth of one cent per ton per mile. But the increase in cost of only eight tons of iron per mile on a smaller road, like the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill, though amounting to only \$36,408 yearly, falls upon a traffic of only 6,096,808 tons moved one mile, and is therefore about six tenths of one cent per ton per mile. From this illustration it will clearly appear that the roads which do a large through business are affected very much less by any increase in the cost of transportation than the roads which do a smaller business and move freight a shorter average distance. It follows, also, that as the business of a road increases, either in number of tons moved or in average distance to which it is moved, the consequent reduction in cost of transportation per ton per mile more effectually neutralizes the increase in cost of transportation resulting from higher prices of materials. It is for this reason that the great trunk lines, whose traffic has vastly increased during the period since 1860, have been enabled, not only to maintain low rates, but even to reduce them, in spite of the great increase in cost of operating. Meanwhile the smaller roads, whose traffic has not increased as largely either in number of tons or average length of carriage, are forced by the increased cost of operating to charge higher rates. Thus the cause to which we have

pointed — a great increase in the cost of operating roads, and especially in the cost of iron — precisely fits the ascertained change of rates, and the consequent effect upon values of farms. It is of such a nature that, in spite of it, the great trunk lines, pushed by sharp competition with the water route and with each other, have been able to reduce their charges, while it has borne so heavily upon roads doing a smaller business, hauling shorter distances, or more dependent upon local traffic, that, if their charges have not been raised one half, it is only because even to them a moderate increase of business has brought some degree of relief.

Somewhat strangely, the farmers of the West have attempted to remedy this peculiar state of things by requiring that railroads shall not charge a less rate for large business or long distances than for small business or short distances. This is as if a surgeon, being called to prescribe for an injured limb, should content himself with telling the patient that he must not limp, or bear more weight on one leg than on the other. Undoubtedly, the railroads do limp. Government has crushed one leg with a tariff which makes light traffic and local business unnaturally expensive. But it will neither help them nor the public to require them to limp as much with the sound leg as with the injured one.

It is not strange, nor is it discreditable to the farmers or the people of Western States, if the measures first tried for the remedy of existing evils prove to be mistakes. The regulation of railroads by public authority, in a country as large as this, is not an easy matter. The nature of railroad traffic, and the conditions under which it must be conducted, have been so little studied and are so little understood that, when we begin to apply law to it, we are somewhat in the case of Voltaire's doctors, who "put drugs of which they knew little into bodies of which they knew nothing." But if all difficulties as to the framing and constitutionality

of a law could be avoided, and the principle for which the farmers contend could be applied in the best possible manner to all the roads, what would be the effect?

That principle was very clearly stated in the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, in the Chicago and Alton case, in these words: "If a farmer is charged fifteen cents a bushel for shipping his corn to Chicago, is it just that the farmer who lives twenty miles nearer Chicago should be charged a higher sum? Certainly not, unless the railway company can show a peculiar state of affairs to justify the discrimination, and this must be something more than the mere fact that there are competing lines at one point and not at the other." The theory here is that distance alone should govern the charge for transportation. But the fact is that the quantity of business done has a very material effect upon the cost of transportation. If a low rate from a competing point will secure a large increase of traffic, the actual cost per ton of doing that increased business is reduced, and the lower rate may yield a profit, though, on the smaller business of another point closely adjacent, the same rate would result in loss. A law which compels a company to equalize the rates from these points virtually forces the people who make the larger shipments to pay part of the actual cost for others who make the smaller. Hundreds of roads have been built in part by the aid of people who desired the advantage which competing lines would naturally give them; after they have paid for this advantage, must they also be taxed to pay part of the cost of transportation for other people who have given nothing? Will not the application of this principle put an end to efforts of people to secure competing lines for themselves, and thus check the building of roads, and all the consequent increase in value of property? Certainly, this is not what the farmers want. They want cheaper transportation and more facilities, not less.

They certainly do not want to put an end to all competition. Yet one road or the other must be the shorter between any two points; if the longer road cannot lower its rate to the competing point without corresponding reduction to many others where less business is done, and where the reduction would cause loss, it will generally be unable to compete at all. The larger business is generally done at the competing points; is it not more for the good of the whole people that the lowest possible rate should be charged for the larger business, than that the larger business should be charged higher rates to pay some part of the cost of the smaller? Indeed, all the product of farms shipped to a distant market is moved from some competing point the greater part of the distance; to force competing points generally to pay a higher rate in order to get lower rates for the non-competing would be, in effect, to raise the charge for transporting the whole quantity the longer distance, in order to lower the charge for transporting a part of the quantity the shorter distance. That railroads may and often do outrageously abuse the monopoly which they hold at non-competing points is doubtless true. But it does not follow that the public would be benefited by preventing all discrimination in favor of points at which the larger business is done. Nor would the whole people be benefited by an abolition of the present system, so far as that system involves lower rates for large business and long distances than for small business and short distances.

The farmers of the West do not seem to have realized that the adoption of a *pro rata* rule, requiring all charges for transportation to be proportioned to distance in each State, would establish a fatal monopoly against themselves, and in favor of those who happen to own farms nearer the seaports or the water channels. Yet, if this principle, that distance alone should govern charges for transportation, is just and beneficial when applied to one State,

must it not be equally so when applied to all States alike? If the farmer who lives at a competing point in Illinois ought to pay a higher rate than actual cost for his traffic, in order that another farmer who lives at a non-competing station twenty miles nearer may get a lower rate than the actual cost of his traffic, must not the farmer of Illinois also pay a higher rate to New York, in order that the farmer of Ohio may pay a lower? This would be the effect of a general application of the *pro rata* principle. In order to lower local rates and yet obtain a living income, many roads in each State must raise their through rates. The present average charge for transportation of all kinds of freight, over roads of all lengths, is about three cents and six tenths per ton per mile, as will presently be shown, and the average charge for grain all distances and over all roads about two cents and four tenths. If the roads should strictly equalize their rates for all distances, according to the average now charged for all, freight from Chicago to New York would cost \$ 21.60 per ton, or 64 cents per bushel of wheat. Even if such rates did not depopulate that thriving city, they would at least put an end to wheat-growing in Illinois, except for home consumption. The average rate for all distances cannot be reduced lower than a cent and a half per ton per mile. The charge for moving wheat from the wheat-fields of Illinois and Wisconsin now averages about 60 cents per 100 pounds — 15 cents at way rates 100 miles to Chicago, and 45 cents at through rates 900 miles thence to New York. At an equalized rate of one and one half cents per ton per mile for all distances, the farmer would indeed pay only $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents per 100 pounds to Chicago, but he would pay $67\frac{1}{2}$ cents thence to New York, and 75 cents in all, and the loss of 15 cents would cost him \$ 15 per acre in the value of wheat-land, and \$ 39 per acre in the value of corn-land. True, the lake route would remain, but, the railroad competition being ended by which canal tolls were

forced down 12 cents per cental, would not a pressure of business greater than the capacity of the canal drive rates up again? There is no escape; corn is shipped at all from Illinois only because there has been a discrimination in favor of Chicago, the chief competing point at the West. To put an end to that discrimination, charging the exact average cost of transportation for all distances, would cost Illinois in the value of farms about \$120,000,000, and Wisconsin about \$56,000,000. Way rates 100 miles to Indianapolis average 15 cents, and through rates thence 43 cents per cental. All discrimination abolished, shipment to Indianapolis would cost only seven and one half cents, but for 838 miles thence 63 cents, or $70\frac{1}{2}$ cents in all; a loss of $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per cental, \$12.50 per acre in the value of wheat-land and \$31 per acre in the value of corn-land, and for the State about sixty millions. Wheat now pays, from the great wheat-fields of Iowa and Minnesota, an average of 15 cents way freight to a point of shipment such as Burlington, and thence 60 cents per cental to New York. Abolish all discrimination, and the charge would be $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents to Burlington; thence to New York, 1,122 miles, 84 cents; total charge, $91\frac{1}{2}$ cents. If the farmers now find it hard to raise wheat at a profit, and burn corn for fuel, would they be aided by an addition of $16\frac{1}{2}$ cents per 100 pounds to their burdens? That vast field, the richest wheat-growing region in the country, might as well be sown with salt but for a system of discriminations in favor of competing points and through traffic. Abolish that system, and the monopoly which distance originally gave to farmers in Eastern States and near navigable waters, which the railroads have in part destroyed, would be restored. Except near the water, not a bushel of grain could be profitably grown, unless for home consumption, on any farm west of Cincinnati.

Extravagant as are the rates often charged for short distances or to non-competing points, it must not be for-

gotten that the actual cost of transportation in such cases is somewhat higher than for long distances or points yielding larger traffic; and if the more costly business does not pay for its own cost in moderately increased rates, the difference must be paid by somebody else. While suppressing the extortion now practised, it is important not to create another, by compelling those who make large shipments to pay part of the cost for those who make small shipments. To the railroad, a long shipment is a large business. Short traffic, no matter how large, can be made profitable only by high rates. At a profit of one fourth of a cent per ton per mile, a car moved two hundred miles a day would earn \$5; the use of the same car for at least a day would be expended in moving a load ten miles, but it would yield 25 cents. Freight receipts average 72 per cent of the whole; they must therefore pay 72 per cent of the interest on \$50,000, the average cost of the road per mile, at seven per cent, \$2,520 yearly per mile; five freight cars to the mile, the average number, must therefore earn \$504 each, or \$1.38 a day. Evidently, increase of long shipments means profit, even at low rates. But without higher rates for short distances, increase of such shipments means heavier loss to the road. Even in Chicago, the usual charge for loading a car at the elevators is two dollars, or 20 cents per ton; the average cost of loading and unloading can hardly be less than 33 cents. For a trip of a thousand miles, this is only one thirtieth of the cost; for a trip of ten miles it is nearly eighty per cent of the cost, use of car not included. Inspection of returns of 88 railroads at the East, 28 at the West, and 11 at the South, whose statements for 1871 are complete, shows that those which moved freight an average distance of ten miles or less, charged an average rate of nine and one tenth cents per ton per mile, and yet yielded only \$1.112 net earnings per mile, less than two per cent on average cost. Those moving

freight an average distance of ten to twenty miles charged six and eight tenths cents, and yielded only \$ 970 per mile net earnings. All these are Eastern roads; full returns are given for only one Western or Southern road having a ton-mileage less than 39 miles. Those moving freight above forty miles each, from the three sections, compare thus with each other and the Eastern short roads:—

	Average Distance.	Charge.	Earnings.
27 Eastern,	75 miles.	3.13 cts.	\$3,152
28 Western,	116 "	2.63 "	2,162
11 Southern,	71 "	5.67 "	1,886
61 Eastern,	27 "	5.95 "	1,815

Evidently the Eastern roads, in proportion to distance of carriage, pay better at a lower charge than the Western or Southern having a larger business, and yet the 61 Eastern roads carrying freight each an average distance less than 40 miles, and all an average of twenty miles and seven tenths, charge 5.95 cents per ton per mile, and yield barely three per cent on their average cost. Taking the Eastern roads separately, and putting in groups those whose ton-mileage is below ten miles, from ten to twenty, and so on, the average ton-mileage, rate of charge, and net earnings per mile of each group are as follows:—

	Ton- Mileage.	Charge.	Net Earnings.
12 roads below 10	6½	9.10	\$ 1,112
17 " 10-20	13	6.80	970
13 " 20-30	25	4.70	2,078
19 " 30-40	33	3.90	2,209
11 " 40-60	49	3.50	3,200
10 " 60-80	66½	3.35	1,825
2 " 80-100	86	2.25	2,241
4 " over 100	159	1.69	7,596

The regularity of decrease in rate charged corresponds with a general law governing all railway service, namely, cost of loading and unloading and fixed expenses being the same whether the trip is long or short, cost of transportation per ton per mile regularly decreases as distance increases, being cost of haulage plus fixed cost, divided by the number of miles. Thus, if cost of loading and unloading be 33 cents, and other items of fixed cost

27 cents, per ton, the actual cost of haulage (maintenance of track, repairs, etc., included) being eighty-three hundredths of one cent per ton per mile, the cost for different distances will be $83 \div 60$ cents divided by distance, thus:—

	Haulage.	Fixed.	Total.
10 miles	.83	6.00	6.83
20 "	.83	3.00	3.83
30 "	.83	2.00	2.83
40 "	.83	1.50	2.33
50 "	.83	1.20	2.03
60 "	.83	1.00	1.83
80 "	.83	.75	1.58
100 "	.83	.60	1.43
150 "	.83	.40	1.23
200 "	.83	.30	1.13
300 "	.83	.20	1.03
400 "	.83	.15	.98
500 "	.83	.12	.95
1000 "	.83	.06	.89

Comparison with the figures above given shows that this estimate of cost corresponds fairly with the average charges for different distances, supposing that about 66 per cent of those charges represents actual cost, and 33 per cent interest and profits on capital. The charges on Western roads, however, follow a higher rate, excepting the main trunk lines, on which competition with the water route has pushed the average of charges very low. For comparison, six of these roads may be classed together as "competing routes,"—the Lake Shore, Fort Wayne, Cleveland C. C. and Indianapolis, Atlantic and Great Western, Indianapolis and Saint Louis, and Great Western of Canada. In another class, called Eastern trunk roads, may be placed the four Eastern roads having a ton-mileage over 100,—the New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania, and Boston and Albany. In another class the remaining Western roads having a ton-mileage over 100 may be placed; namely, the Chicago and Rock Island, Northwestern, Burlington and Quincy, Illinois Central, Ohio and Mississippi, Hannibal and St. Joseph, Burlington and Missouri River, Kansas Pacific, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and Western Union. In a fourth group are all Southern roads, having a ton-mileage of 100 or over,—the Atlantic, Missis-

issippi and Ohio, the Orange and Manassas, Mobile and Ohio, and Louisville and Nashville. Other roads in each section do a large business, but did not publish full statistics for 1871. These groups compare with each other, and with other roads, thus: —

6 Competing routes,	163	1.39	\$ 2,658
4 Eastern Trunk,	159	1.69	7,596
10 Western "	147	2.54	2,782
4 Southern "	120	3.90	1,666
12 Western (below 100),	78	3.70	1,043
56 Eastern (20-100),	41	3.82	2,431
29 Eastern below 20,	10	7.80	1,029

The twenty-four trunk roads do the lion's share of the business. They extend about 13,000 miles, and upon them the whole traffic of the country largely depends. Of these, the Southern roads, with low ton-mileage and high rates, yield about four per cent on their average cost. The six competing routes of the West, though charging a lower rate than any other group, do an enormous business, and yield about five per cent of cost. But the ten Western roads, which gather the grain and move it to the lakes or points of shipment, though doing a large business, and yielding over five per cent of cost for the whole group, charge an average rate of two and a half cents, with an average ton-mileage of 147 miles. Judged by comparison with the six "competing routes," the charges on these ten grain-gatherers could be very much reduced. Finally, the four Eastern trunk roads charge one cent and seven tenths, with an average ton-mileage of 159 miles, and yield over ten per cent on their cost, — the Erie alone falling below, while the others exceed that average. The New York Central route to Chicago yielded in 1871 over twelve per cent, the Pennsylvania route 17 per cent, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, 15 per cent, the Chicago and Alton 16 per cent, the Chicago and Rock Island, 10 per cent, and the Illinois Central and Northwestern, 8 per cent. On the other hand, the great majority of railroads yield less than ordinary interest on the investment, and very many, though charging high rates which only turn

business away from them to roads able to underbid them, still barely pay running expenses and interest on bonds. With them, high charges result less from greed than from need. The few roads strong enough to reduce rates, in spite of an increase of one half in the cost of transportation, have gathered up so much of the business that the weaker, upon which the increased cost falls far more heavily, barely live, though charging higher rates. Examination of charges and receipts thus confirms the conclusion hitherto suggested: that only a few roads of large traffic are able to bear, without increase of charges, the extraordinary burdens which the tariff imposes. In this, as in many other respects, the protective system follows the Scriptural rule, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." In effect, upon railroads, as upon individuals, it "makes the rich richer and the poor poorer."

This review shows that, while high charges on short roads and for short distances, especially since the cost of transportation has been so much increased, are within certain limits unavoidable, unless benevolent human beings can be found who will build and run railroads at pecuniary loss, and for pay be satisfied with the smiles of an approving conscience, nevertheless there are very grave abuses which require a remedy. It shows, particularly, that the charges on the chief grain-gathering roads of the West, for short distances, and from non-competing points, must be far beyond any reasonable estimate of cost and fair profit. For on these roads the average charge for all distances, two and one half cents, is eighty-two per cent higher than the average on the great competing roads Eastward, nor is the difference in ton-mileage or business done enough to excuse an excess so great. Moreover, the rates on through freight on these same roads have been moderately low; if this part of the traffic is done at one cent and a half, while the average for all traffic is two cents and a half, it fol-

lows that the charges to non-competing points must be three and one half or more. Plainly, the monopoly which a false system of taxation gives to a few roads is here abused by some, wherever communities are found dependent upon a single route.

But it is equally clear that the remedy is to be sought, not in less competition, but in more of it. Competition alone has prompted and enabled the great grain-bearing roads to the Eastward to wrest a large share of business from the water route, and to reduce rates, in spite of great increase in cost of operating. To that competition alone we owe it that a tariff which has made iron cost \$85 per ton, has not also made wheat-growing west of Cincinnati and corn-growing west of the Alleghanies wholly unprofitable. Competition alone has prompted the building of thousands of miles of railway at the West, multiplying competing points, and striking the shackles of monopoly from hundreds of thousands of farmers. Not less, but more of it, is needed. No "cast-iron" law, which denies freedom of competition in low rates, can serve the farmer or the public. A graduated maximum, so adjusted (somewhat upon the principle of the table of cost elsewhere given) that no road could charge far *above* the actual cost for a given distance with reasonable profit added, might serve to put an end to serious abuses of power by some roads. But the farmer, of all men, should guard well against any restriction which would prevent the *reduction* of rates, wherever competition prompts it, by requiring as a condition a corresponding reduction to many other points at which no profitable enlargement of business would follow. Still less can it be the interest of the farmer to frighten capital, proverbially timid, to drive it from Western investments, and thus to prevent that increase of railroad facilities upon which, as facts have shown, the value of Western farms so largely depends.

But no possible change in rates of freight which can be reached by State

legislation, by pressure of public opinion, or even by a miraculous Christianization of railway managers, can do as much good as the removal of unjust and unnecessary burdens now imposed by the tariff. After all, freedom is the short road to many blessings. The ten great grain-gathering roads now make net earnings of about eighteen millions yearly. No one will propose that either of them should be deprived of all earnings by any regulation. Yet if all of them should be compelled so to reduce charges as to make no profits whatever, the sum taken from the actual cost of transportation would be less than the necessary increase of expense of operating these roads alone. That tariff removed, not these roads only, but a multitude of others, now crippled by the excessive cost of operating, would compete for the Western traffic. The cost of building additional roads would be reduced; the same capital which now builds two miles to 100,000 acres, would suffice to build three miles, and give the Western farms during the next decade one half greater increase in value. No other remedy applies to the weaker as well as to the stronger roads; the many which now charge high rates because they cannot help it, if relieved of one half of the present cost of operating, would have every inducement as well as opportunity to reduce rates, and struggle for a share of the traffic now denied them. It is not extravagant to say that a reduction of iron to the prices of 1860 — at which the furnaces increased and the mills made large profits — would add one thousand millions to the value of Western farms, by consequent reduction in the cost of transportation alone.

This remedy, the only complete and effectual one, is also the very one which the farmers only can attain. On this question, political parties will never be formed until the West learns that it can elect a President without the aid of Pennsylvania. But, among the farmers, there is but little diversity of opinion on this question, and if it

were generally understood there would be none. They shrink from grappling with it only because they are afraid of "politics." In due time they will learn that the less they have to do with politics, the more it hurts them. The grave responsibilities of self-government cannot be shirked by any class of citizens. Those who blindly

follow any party, and thus suffer others to do their thinking, and practically their voting for them, will, in the end, find themselves robbed. It is in the nature of things, that, if a people intrusted with the power of self-government do not take care to govern themselves, somebody else will govern — and plunder them.

W. M. Grosvenor.

"MARJORIE DAW."

ONCE on a time, a cunning artist drew
A picture, so divinely fair
That each beholder's wonder grew and grew,
Beholding loveliness so rare.

And while we waited, with expectant hush,
To see the crowning light laid on,
One sweep the painter gave with lifted brush,
And all the marvel seemed undone.

But *only* seemed, for, through our summers must
That fairy-freighted hammock swing
To measured cadence of the sea, that just
One rhythmic name is murmuring.

And from a gable-window looking down,
Forever wistful eyes shall view
The dainty foot, and shadowy eyes, and gown
Of gauze, diaphanous and blue.

And summer moons must ever softly touch
Each golden coil upon that head;
For we, her lovers, will not yield so much
As one pale, silken, shining thread.

For, having once bestowed this wondrous gift,
The hand that gave may not withdraw;
So long as light shall change and shadows shift,
So long shall live rare Marjorie Daw.

Eunice E. Comstock.

MR. DEFOREST'S NOVELS.

WHAT novels have we? Descending from the high place where stand the works of our pre-eminent literary artist, Hawthorne, and excluding from present consideration all foreign novels, let us cull our library for a dozen American tales,—American in authorship, character, and *mise en scène*. It is a difficult task where there are so many of proximate rank, and yet, where judgment fails to decide differences, we may leave the choice to our own affections.

After writing fifty names with scratchings and additions, we copy, exactly in the state of mind with which the shivering, long-hesitating bather at length plunges into the water, this list: Margaret, Last of the Mohicans, Typee, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Rutledge, Virginia Comedians, Queechy, Elsie Venner, Hannah Thurston, Horse Shoe Robinson, Kate Beaumont. From what we want, hope for, and believe shall come, i. e. the great singer, humorist, and teacher with *his* story, to what we have, is no disheartening fall. From that ideal best to our possessed good is not so far.

The last in our list, and the other works by the same author, J. W. DeForest, show, notwithstanding faults and shortcomings, indications of something fresh, strong, and advancing. As you go from one work to another of the author, your early inclination to like him grows until you have the assurance that he is more than a talented writer,—a straight, broad, truthful man gifted with the twin honesties, moral and mental; that he is a good type of an American, not a Bostonian, not a Chicagoan, not a New-Yorker, not a Charlestonian; artistic, but not too scholarly; a man probably of as much action and travel as of imagination and study, writing with a strong, broad-nibbed pen that sometimes perhaps blots from coarseness, yet occa-

sionally refines its lines to delicate elegance. What he has written is our subject, and yet most irresistibly we draw first an idea of the writer; so the reader of the books we write of finds himself doing. Whether that speaks more strongly for the man or for the author we need not stop to consider.

The author of Kate Beaumont began authorship in 1856 with *Oriental Acquaintance*; or, *Letters from Syria*, followed by *European Acquaintance*, another book of travel, in 1858. Between the two came his first novel, *Witching Times*, printed as a serial in *Putnam's Monthly*, fifteen years ago. His next novel, *Sea Cliff*, was published in 1859. *Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty* appeared in 1867; *Overland*, in 1871; Kate Beaumont also in 1871: the former written for *The Galaxy*, the latter for *The Atlantic*. At present we find a story of his called *The Wetherel Affair* running in the *Galaxy* and *Honest John Vane* in these pages.

Beside these, Mr. DeForest has been a prolific writer of short tales for the magazines. We have looked up more than thirty since 1868, not including his notable series a few years ago in *Harper's Magazine*, entitled *Sketches of Bureau Life*. Many of these are certainly among the very best of our American magazine stories, and a portion of them have, beside their literary merit, value as materials for future history, so admirably do they portray the manner of life, tone of thought, etc., of certain portions of our country; whilst there is a literalness of surroundings—descriptions of scenery, war records, and political influences—that is wonderfully honest. There seems to have been a cause for each tale. The reader's imagination works more than the writer's; the latter's strength is to observe closely, keenly, and humorously, and then re-

count easily, picturesquely, and conscientiously. The great gap of work between 1859 and 1868 is probably accounted for by Mr. DeForest's three or four years of field service in the army, where he rose to be major, and afterward his several years of department and bureau duty. But those years carried him from the level of *Witching Times* and *Sea Cliff* to that which he now occupies; and each advance of his, whether through the ramble of a story or the march of a novel, has been an ascent, an exhibition of new health and power.

The style and field of Mr. DeForest before and since the war are widely separated.

Southern life or the extremes and colors of Southern character, and the new stage, founded on the Rebellion, of tragedy and passion on which even the average humanity of our diverse Americanisms displays depth, humor, and picturesqueness unsuspected before, furnish material and opportunities most adequate to Mr. DeForest's vigorous art. We have suggestions of his forte in the stories *Parole d'Honneur* (Harper's, August, 1868), *The Colored Member* (Galaxy, March, 1872), *An Independent Kuklux* (Galaxy, April, 1872), *A Gentleman of an Old School* (Atlantic, May, 1868), and complete proof of it in the novel, *Kate Beaumont*. But before the war his work was less assured, had less individuality. Now we sometimes think of him as a Hogarth with the pen: then there was an *influence* of Balzac, as we have imagined, perhaps unjustly, in the best book of his old era, *Sea Cliff*; or, *The Mystery of the Westervelts*. It is the story of a "second circle of New York society" family and their guests at the Westervelts' country-place on the Sound. Mr. Louis Fitz Hugh, who has made the acquaintance of the Westervelts in Europe, goes to call on them at *Sea Cliff*, and an old *tendresse* for the Misses Westervelts (he is uncertain for which), revived by this visit, induces him to take summer quarters in the neighboring village of Rockford. At his first call

he overhears a conversation that introduces the mystery, at first supposed to be Mr. Westervelt's cruelty to his wife.

Mr. Somerville, a beau of utmost elegance, *savoir-faire*, fascination, and suavity, a man of personal force and beauty, of talent and address, is a guest of the Westervelts and the Mephistopheles of the story,—a coarse, cruel, mean brute, to whom respectable birth, early associations, worldly experience, and adroit talents have lent the disguise of a society-knight. Mr. Somerville is a lawyer by profession, and was, before Mrs. Westervelt's marriage, her guardian. Now this lady is a weak, vain woman of kind intentions, and was in her girlhood very pretty. An uncle of wealth had adopted her, and indulged her in extravagance. It was supposed that this uncle would will his property to her; but when Somerville, his lawyer, discovered, a short time before the old man's death, that the money would go to others, the Van Leers, and only ten thousand to the girl, he, by the influence of his talents, his attentions, and a course of flattery and duplicity, entrapped his ward into altering the uncle's will. This crime committed, almost against her intention, she became the villain's victim for life, he finding the means for gambling and debauchery by plucking the poor woman of purse and jewelry, holding over her as his scourge, all the time, her crime. Loving the man whom she afterwards married,—Mr. Westervelt,—she is obliged to hide her slavery from her family, whilst she must admit the villain who governs her to the society of her step-daughters and to the constant hospitality of her home. Fitz Hugh's love for Mary Westervelt brings about the *dénouement*, when Somerville, overtaken and defeated in an attempt to compromise by false appearances the reputation of Mary Westervelt, either that he might force her to marry him or gain a firmer hold than ever on the unhappy family, threatens Mrs. Westervelt, before all her family and guests and those who would force him

ignominiously from the house, with an exposure of her crime. Then Somerville leaves them for a time, and Mrs. Westervelt writes a full confession of her wrong and its entailed misery and disgrace. Delirium follows her confession, and having in some way managed to lure Somerville on with a promise to elope with him, she climbs from her sick-room when Somerville comes for her, and when he would receive her in his arms she stabs him to death, and rushes to the river where she drowns herself.

The story, revolting as it may seem in such bare detail, is managed with great skill and delicacy, and its dramatic situations are relieved by much that is brilliant and amusing. Mary and Genevieve Westervelt are attractive characters, sufficiently individualized and evolved for the action required of them, — Mary very lovely, Genevieve very clever and fascinating, with the fresh personal graces and naïve philosophies of seventeen. They are set off admirably by Mrs. Van Leer, the character, we think, of the novel; she is the natural, beguiling woman of superficial society, full of health, spirits, audacity, and a certain high animal beauty; her coquettish wiles bewitching, if not misleading; a virtuous Vivien suggesting wrong, yet restrained from it by a something more amiable than fear; flirting with Somerville and with Fitz Hugh, yet never looked upon with any jealousy by her large, thick-headed, kind-hearted Bæotian husband, Henry Van Leer.

To the anxious eyes of Fitz Hugh, who has discovered through an accident that it is Mary Westervelt whom he loves, the mystery of Sea Cliff changes from Mr. and Mrs. Westervelt to Somerville and Genevieve, then to Somerville and Mrs. Van Leer, to transfer itself to Somerville and Mary, before it is cleared up by the final tragedy. Through all this the sisters are learning to fear Somerville and suspect him more and more of some wicked power over their step-mother. These complications are admirably used by

the author. The issue of the events subjecting Genevieve to Fitz Hugh's anxious suspicions brings Mrs. Van Leer to suspect Fitz Hugh of trifling with her "little cousin Genevieve." The scene gives such a picture of Mrs. Van Leer that we must quote it: "Before we could turn, Mrs. Van Leer bounded upon us, holding up her dress to a very unnecessary altitude as she crossed the flower-beds. She laughed outrageously at first, and then shook her little fist in my face with simulated anger. She caught my arm and dragged me away, hurrying me, chattering all the way, down the shrubbiest walks of the garden, and stopped in a grape arbor where we were concealed, alike from the house and from our late companions. 'Now tell me all about it,' said she; 'confess the whole extent of your wickedness.' 'There is nothing to confess, ma'am. I am innocent as these holly-hocks.' 'What a veg-etable you are! What little innocent po-sy! But now tell me, did you flirt ve-ry badly? Why did n't you take one of your age? Why did n't you take me, for exam-ple?'"

Fitz Hugh denies any flirtation, and the dialogue proceeds until Mrs. Van Leer says: "'Now do confess. Well, I must buy your secret of you, then. Now, don't be too hard upon me.' She had kept hold of my arm all the while, and she now leaned upon it heavily, while her manner became still more frolicsome and coquettish. It was as I had repeatedly seen her try to allure Somerville; and I half forgot my previous embarrassment in this new one, which was ridiculously perplexing. 'Come,' she continued, 'I would do won-ders to persuade you to confess.' She brought up her right hand, joined it to her left, and clasped both together over my arm."

The dialogue goes on brightly. A change from the first topic leads Mrs. Van Leer to say, "'Don't you believe that the strong-minded women are right? Don't you think that we ought to stand upon a level with men?'"

"'Of course. Why don't you? Why

did n't you grow six feet high, as I did? What made you stop just when your head had got up to my shoulder?"

"Is my head just up to your shoulder?" she replied. "Really, I think it must be higher. Let us measure." She laid her head against the shoulder in question, raised it again, gave me a glance of provoking coquettishness, and sighed. "How hum-bling!" she said, "I admit my littleness. Please go on, what about the strong-minded women?"

"O you veteran, seasoned, reckless flirt!" I thought. "I wish your Potiphar was here to make you let go of me."

"My voice was getting quite husky with embarrassment, but clearing it with a hem (which made her laugh), I launched desperately into my subject. 'A strong-minded — ha — woman, indeed! I don't believe they are serious in their professions. If they are, why not begin at the bottom and set things right in the animal kingdom first? Why don't they get up a charitable society for sewing manes on the lionesses, and giving the peahens as splendid tails as the peacocks?'"

"Perhaps we don't want to meddle with the dirty birds and beasts," interrupted my companion.

"If they could only induce the male parrot not to wear finer feathers than the female, and persuade the cock not to crow louder or fight better than the pullet, we might be shamed into the modest example set us by our inferiors. We should reduce our stature to five feet two, speak treble, and be afraid of thunder."

"O, disgust-ing!" said she. "I would n't have such a man about me."

"Exactly. Now don't you see, Mrs. Delilah, how absurd it is in you to want to cut off the strength-bearing locks of Samson?"

"Ah, but *this* Mrs. Delilah does n't want to cut them off. The most is a wish to have just such locks herself."

"Well, raise them, but then be contented; don't expect us to admire you then for the delicate curls of womanli-

ness that you have thrown away. Now would n't you much rather have a husband?"

"To be sure I would, or a beau, either," she replied, bending her head as if in laughter, so as to let her braids sweep my shoulder. Driven to recklessness, I turned upon the indiscreet yet really cold-blooded creature, and uttered certain remarks, perfectly proper I maintain in themselves, but odious to the average sense of propriety on this side of the Atlantic, — the true sphere of woman, — the pains and glories of maternity; and I expressed myself in the plainest English. I discovered that the most heedless of hoydens may be a prude, just as the most boisterous of bullies may be a coward. Mrs. Van Leer took off one hand from my arm, then the other, and finally stood a full yard away from me, although she laughed heartily."

We have hinted in a not confident way of a *soupeçon* of Balzac in the *ante bellum* DeForest; but it might be said with more justice to our author's genius that New England for the whole year of a novel is too dull and bleak for its temperament, and he must give some season of his romance to a clime nearer the tropics. Sea Cliff is a book that its publishers should not suffer to be out of print, though it was written fourteen years ago, and its author can do better things to-day.

In his first novel after the war — Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty — we have an interesting story narrated naturally, without straining or sensation, and without drags of dulness or flights of inflation, whilst the characters, recognized by every-day experience, are faithfully drawn, warmly colored, and always filled with life. There is no subtle psychology; at least our author does not *study* that science with his characters and us before him, as many do, but proves his knowledge of it, so far as it is necessary, by the growth of his creatures and the acts of their lives. But above all, we find American feeling and thought and history as the war expressed them, viewed

too from different sides, concisely *impressing* us. It is an harmonious novel, the very air of character and representation true to the accompaniment of time and events. Moreover, there is a salubrious satire, a presentation of ourselves as others see us, freshening every page of the story. Mr. Colburne, a young lawyer of New Boston — we take the liberty of translating it New Haven — meets in his native city some time in 1861 a Miss Ravenel of New Orleans, a vivid secessionist, who has been forced to leave home with her father, a professor in the Medical College of New Orleans, because of his position as a Unionist. The Professor, we are told, is a Southern-born man, but, except in warmth of heart and suavity of manners, he reasons, feels, and acts as the truest Yankee; seeing the faults of his alleged people with the utmost severity, and exposing them with scathing frankness. So, although such an exception is possible, his construction weakens the book a bit, we think. Miss Ravenel at that time is merely a very pretty, bright, well-bred girl, but we imagine the possibilities of a lovely womanly character, such as is evolved by the events of her romance. She is devoted to her father, but is a ready champion of *her* South. Early in Colburne's acquaintance with the Ravenels, Lieutenant-Colonel Carter appears on the New Haven scene. He is a Virginian, of the F. F. V's. on his father's side, a West-Pointer, with several years' service, years ago, in the regular army, but now holding a volunteer commission from the Governor of Barataria (Connecticut), his mother's native State. He is in New Haven on sick leave, but busy seeking to induce the Governor to inaugurate a militia system like that of Prussia, etc., etc. The Colonel has given up his father's State, because, having been educated a United States soldier and a follower of Scott, he is a disbeliever in the State right of secession. The tie of birth was not the only one to have held him to the South. "He had married a wife and certain appertaining human property in

Louisiana; and although he had buried the first, and dissolved the second (as Cleopatra did her pearls) in the wine-cup, it was reasonable to suppose that they had exercised an establishing influence on his character; for what Yankee even was ever known to remain an Abolitionist after having once tasted the pleasure of living by the labor of others?" Moreover, the high powers of the secession movement, knowing Carter's courage and professional ability, had sought to seduce him into treason by earnest persuasions and flattering blandishments, but had failed. Confidently and cheerfully he elects to fight for his old flag and his whole country. Yet this cavalier, what was he? This cultivated soldier and man of high birth, how did he live? A regular wine-bibber, though seldom drunk, a gambler occasionally for amusement, an adulterer — yet — *yet*, a man of tender heart, of generous impulses, of scrupulous professional or, say, conventional honor, susceptible of reverence for purity and righteousness, an undaunted soldier, passionate for the honor of the service, bitterly hating cowards, who long struggles against *demeaning himself* by bowing down to corrupt politicians for professional promotion. Now this Colonel Carter, the personage of the novel, certainly, and one of the most symmetrically modelled we think of all Mr. DeForest's creations, we try to present in a few words, whilst it takes, as it should, the whole story to adjust in one figure the contradictions of his nature; to reprobate the school he is of and his evil career, yet make us feel a brotherly tenderness for him whilst his errors harm only himself; to follow him with hopes of his regeneration under the sweet governance, which for a period promises much; to make us despise him when he injures the pure woman who entirely loves him, never suspecting his wickedness; and to make us pity him when he dies a gallant soldier, though the brute had long ago won the victory over the man. Admirably complete, we say, is Mr. DeForest's por-

trayal of this character,—the type of that brilliant, dangerous class, not more common, though perhaps more conspicuous, in America than in other countries,—that class of the splendid fellow! This one is unmistakably American, peculiarly individualized by birth, by his time and his associations.

Whilst we see for a short time the quizzical side of New Haven,—the square, trim houses, the stiff, careful taste, the timid hospitality, the strong sympathy with right, the enthusiasm in matters of conscience, the cliques, the top crust of president and professors, the maiden belles of thirty and more, and the beaux of college boys, etc., etc.,—Mr. Colburne falls in love with Miss Ravenel, and Colonel Carter begins seriously to admire that young lady, who, besides looking somewhat like his late wife, “had a charming mixture of girlish frankness and of the thorough-bred society air which he considered indispensable to a lady.” Then came Bull Run, the wounding of the Colonel, the raising of his new regiment in New Haven, and Colburne’s appointment as captain under Carter. The regiment goes to New Orleans, having, after a couple of months at Ship Island, followed the track of the great Farragut. In the summer succeeding General Butler’s recovery of New Orleans, Professor Ravenel obtains a permit from the government to return to his Southern home, and on a certain scorching day in June knocks at the door of a house assigned to Captain Colburne as his quarters,—an elegantly furnished little house which had once belonged to a gentleman now a captain in the Rebel service. Colburne is out, but the door is opened by his second lieutenant, and we, with Professor Ravenel, are introduced to Lieutenant Cornelius Van Zandt of Company I, Tenth Regiment Barataria Volunteers, “of an old Knickerbocker family, one of the aboriginal Peter Stuyvesant Knickerbockers at your service, sir,” a dark-visaged, Heenan-shaped man, with the ringing bass voice of a Susini, and with an elaborate, boisterous, ostentatious courtesy of man-

ner, which puzzled the Doctor, “who could not decide whether he was a born-and-bred gentleman or a professional gambler.” This reprobate son of a very respectable New York family, as we soon learn from Captain Colburne’s conversation with the Doctor, “is a very valuable officer, though when drunk, not an uncommon event, the drunkest man since the discovery of alcohol. He is n’t drunk to-day. He has not had above two quarts of sherry this morning. I let him have that to keep him from swallowing camphene.” This Van Zandt is a good specimen of DeForest’s many briefly and boldly drawn side characters with a necessary rôle to play whilst they make color in certain situations and set off the prominent actors. The interview between the simple-minded Doctor and Lieutenant Van Zandt, before the Captain enters, is capital. The amusingly wicked, hilarious, dashing lieutenant is admirably contrasted with the good, old-fashioned man of science. We beg our readers to turn to this scene and conversation. There is the liveliest action and most mischievous wittiness in it, and the dialogue and situations are in the author’s most sparkling mood;—reckless, vinous Van Zandt pouring down the choicest wine of the Soulé cellar and pouring out on the innocent old professor a stream of revelation that shocks and perplexes his simple moral sense.

Coarse, the reader may think, as he reads that chapter,—a coarse study. True, but necessary to show the New Orleans and army scene. There is no coarse impression, result, or example. It is but one of the true shadows needed in the painting, the effect of which is wholesome and pure. Mr. DeForest is too honest to shirk the truth, from conventional delicacy.

But we must not dwell on the details of our Miss Ravenel’s story, though there are many points to keep us. Miss Ravenel finds her home and old friends much changed. Half had disappeared, and the other half had turned to enemies. “She was to be cut in the street, to be glared at in church, to

be sneered at in the parlor, to be put on the defensive, to be obliged to fight for herself and her father. Her temper rose at the thought of such undeserved hardness, and she felt that if it continued long she should turn loyal for very spite." It is the beginning of the end.

All through these New Orleans experiences we get a most vivid knowledge of Rebel feeling, Rebel sufferings, Rebel schemings; we know the very heart and features of that people in their desperate strait. No newspaper correspondence ever approached the truth and force of this novel in rendering of that time in that locality. The author sees artistically and yet with judicial eye; not as an actor and a partisan, but with a fairness and consideration brightened with healthiest humor. The government of Butler we learn to see in many lights; the politics brought from Washington, to harm the army and help unarmed foes of our country, we note with disgust.

In New Orleans, Mrs. Larue, Miss Ravenel's aunt, the captivating snake of the story, comes on the stage,—a Becky Sharpe with more grace and more tenderness; an admirable combination of lovely woman and wily Satan. Finally, she makes Colonel Carter the victim and partner of her wickedness just when we begin to have hope of, and pride in, the devoted husband of our Lillie Ravenel, who, we almost believe, is planting a clean, strong soul in that soldierly body. But in the early New Orleans days when we first know Mrs. Larue, the modest, duty-doing, self-sacrificing, noble-principled gentleman, our citizen-soldier Colburne, loves, as he ever does, Lillie Ravenel, though she suspects it not; whilst the brilliant Colonel, whose badness her purity cannot see, lays impassioned siege to her heart. His desperate love for our heroine is so seen by the reader in the beauty reflected from the object loved that one feels a sympathy and forgiveness for him who, on the field of battle, is always a gallant warrior. Of course this conflict of emotions in us is evidence of the author's power.

Ordered suddenly to act the most dangerous part in the Lafourche expedition under General Weitzel, Carter, before he goes to the battle, offers himself to Lillie, and is accepted. Here the author finely represents the struggle of the old Doctor between his hatred of that class of men of which he believed and feared the Colonel to be one, and his love for his daughter. And here and hereafter we see Colburne patiently bearing his disappointment with a magnanimity which takes more thought of Lillie's great danger than of his own terrible loss.

Colonel Carter and Lillie Ravenel are married, and the Professor, appointed by General Butler to commence an organization of Southern labor, selects a plantation and obtains blacks. Lillie accompanies her father to his new home on the Mississippi, whilst her husband is in the field. Captain Colburne, too, marches and fights with great credit, and gets severely wounded at Port Hudson. His adventures and Colonel Carter's, the acts of the iron-nerved, dashing Van Zandt, always full of whiskey, and the cowardice of a certain political major named Gazaway are parts of a graphic panorama of the Southwestern campaign.

Observing merely that the interest of the story never flags, and, even when intense, never arises from a forced or improbable situation, we quote here two scenes from among many others equally good. In the first, Carter, having gone North on certain duty, meets on the cars between New York and Washington the Governor of Barataria,—the State Governor who commissioned him,—and the lieutenant-colonelcy in the Tenth being vacant, the Colonel asks the Governor to give it to Colburne.

"'But I have promised that to Mr. Gazaway,' said the Governor, looking slightly troubled.

"'To Gazaway!' roared Carter in wrathful astonishment. 'What! to the same Gazaway? Why, Governor,

are you aware — are you perfectly aware why he left the regiment?’

“The Governor’s countenance became still more troubled, but did not lose its habitual expression of mild obstinacy.

“‘I know — I know,’ he said softly. ‘It is a very miserable affair.’

“‘Miserable! I never heard of anything so utterly contemptible. Certainly you did not think of letting this infernal poltroon back into the regiment?’ Then Carter tells the sickening story of Gazaway’s disgraceful cowardice, to which the Governor listened, knowing it all before; and Carter concludes, ‘And you propose to restore him!’

“The Governor sighed, and looked very sad, but still as meekly determined as Moses. He replied that he knew it all, but must act out our American principle, the greatest good of the greatest number. Gazaway was not to keep the commission. ‘It is merely given to whitewash him. He will accept it and resign.’

“‘But what the — do you want to whitewash him for? He ought to be gibbeted!’

“The Governor, rather crushed, then explains the *political* necessity. How ‘we must give the administration a clear majority in both houses; and as Gazaway’s Congressional district is a close one, we must whitewash him, because we fear his assistance is necessary to gain it.’

“‘My God! what a disgraceful muddle! The way to carry elections is to whip the Rebels! to have the best officers and the best army, and win all the victories. My God!’ was Carter’s indignant comment.

“The Governor assures Carter that he is sacrificing his own feelings, that it is a most painful step, etc.

“‘I would n’t take the step,’ returned the Colonel. ‘I’d let the elections go to hell before I’d take it.’”

After further conversation in the same way, Carter cannot stand it, but jumps up suddenly. “‘Excuse me if I leave you for half an hour,’ observed Carter,

without attempting to conceal his disgust. ‘I want to step into the smoking-car and take a cigar.’

“‘Certainly,’ bowed tranquilly the Governor. He was used to such unpleasant interviews.

“‘Horrible shame, by Jove!’ Carter muttered, chewing rather than smoking his cigar. ‘I wish the whole thing was in the hands of the War Department. Damn the States and their rights!’

“Each of these men was a wonder to the other; each of them should have been a wonder to himself. The Governor knew that Carter was a *roué*, a hard drinker, something of a Dugald Dalgetty; and he could not understand his professional chivalry, his passion for the honor of the service, his hatred for cowards. The Colonel knew the Governor’s upright moral character as an individual, and was amazed that he could condescend to what he considered dirty trickery. In one respect Carter had the highest moral standpoint. He did wrong to please himself, but under the pressure of overwhelming impulse, and he paid for it in frank remorse. The other did wrong after calm deliberation, sadly regretting the necessity, but chloroforming his conscience with the plea of the necessity. A well-intentioned man, blinded by long confinement in the dark labyrinths of political intrigue. He would have shrunk with horror from Carter, had he known of that affair with Madame Larue. At the same time he would commission a known coward above the heads of heroes, to carry a Congressional district,” etc.

The other scene we shall quote occurs after Carter’s fall, and subjection to Mrs. Larue, unknown and unsuspected as yet by his wife, when Lillie, reaching “the apotheosis of womanhood,” Carter is summoned to her chamber.

“The very expansion of Lillie at sight of him, the eagerness with which her soul reached out to him for help, pity, love, was perilous. As for him, he had never before witnessed a scene like this, and he never forgot it.”

Later, when the baby is a week or more old, and the visions of fever vanish, "she beckoned her husband to her, and with tears begged his pardon for some long-since-forgotten petulance. This was the hardest trial that Carter had yet undergone. To have her plead for his forgiveness was a reproach that he could hardly bear with self-possession. He must not confess, — no such relief was there for his burdened spirit, — but he sank on his knees in miserable penitence.

"Oh! forgive me," he said, "I am not half good enough for you. I am not worthy of your love. You must pray for me, my darling!"

"For the time she was his religion, his loving, chastening, though not all-seeing deity; uplifting and purifying him, even as she was exalted and sanctified by her child. . . .

"He washed her face, took her meals in and put them out, fed her with his own hands, fanned her by the hour, and all, she thought, as no one else could.

"How gentle you are!" she said, her eyes suddenly moistening with gratitude. "How nicely you wait on me! And to think that you have led a storming party! And I have seen men afraid of you! My dear, what did you ever mean by saying that you are not good enough for me? You are a hundred times better than I deserve!"

"Carter laid his forehead in her gently clasping hands, without speaking."

Lillie, learning of her husband's baseness, in a manner which establishes it beyond slightest hope of excuse, whilst he is in the field and just before his death, gives him up forever and returns to the North with her father. Her agony we are brought to know and to sympathize with, though it is not spoken or acted on the open stage of the book.

Ordinarily we readers find an injustice done both us and an author's creations when the man or woman who has won our hopes and affections is allowed to enjoy her or his reward only after some unworthy one has possessed it first. But with so much art

does Mr. DeForest portray Lillie's heart and life, so nobly metamorphosed is Colonel Carter by her presence and in that love, that the thought of her former marriage does not trouble our joy when Colburne, the true hero of the tale, is at length united to Lillie Ravenel.

Though this novel of Miss Ravenel's Conversion may be far less known than Overland or Kate Beaumont, yet to a careful reader of Mr. DeForest, many reasons will appear why we give longer consideration to it, and make it somewhat an exponent of his achievement and of his promise.

We wish there were space here to do justice to Overland. In interest it surpasses any of his other books; yet we class it as a story rather than a novel, if this distinction of titles is legitimate and explanatory. It displays in the highest degree the author's great ability in description, proves how industriously he studies his work and then how faithfully and energetically he handles his materials, and it exhibits freshness and fervency of style. It is witty and humorous, abounds in the most thrilling situations, and brings together in the minor characters some of his most striking and original conceptions, as Texas Smith and Captain Glover for antipodal Americans, Sergeant Weber and Sweeny for our German and Irish admixture of nationalities, Coronado for Spanish color and heroic villany. But as a novel it falls short, because the *dramatis personæ* are used for the incidents and plot, instead of these latter proceeding from, being evolved by, the former. Mr. DeForest himself corroborates the exception we have taken, when, more than two thirds through the story, he writes: "We have had hitherto little more than a superficial view of the characters of our people. Events, incidents, adventures, and even landscapes have been the leading personages of the story, and have been to its human individualities what the Olympian gods are to Greek and Trojan heroes in the Iliad. Just as Jove or Neptune rules

or thwarts Agamemnon and Achilles, so the monstrous circumstances of the desert have overborne, dwarfed and blurred these travellers." Yet Overland has magnificent points, such as that prose poem, sustained through six chapters, of the doomed voyage of Thurstone and his two companions down the terrible San Juan, through its prison cañon, and the awfulness of the Great Cañon of the mysterious Colorado; and that picture, in another place, of tottering beasts, savage-painted Apaches, United States soldiers, Mexican teamsters, and civilized women — absorbed by a thirst which was more burning than the rage of the pursuers or the panic of the pursued, all plunging together into a desert stream, and drinking for life.

In the novel of Kate Beaumont, the most prominent, the most popular, and probably the best of Mr. DeForest's works, we have the feud between two South Carolina families with a heap of honor-slain victims on either side, sadly hindering the course of true love. So much for the plot in brief. The lovers merely draw the thread of the story through the book: that is their prominence; the other persons of the cast receive the strength of the author's characterization.

Kate Beaumont is a wonderfully entertaining and honest (without any malice or grudge behind it) satire of a certain class and of a certain sentiment in the South. DeForest wished to picture one scene of Southern life, striking, picturesque, and of the latitude, — as the painter might take a piece of the Dismal Swamp with its contrasts of gloom and brilliancy, its cypresses, mosses, and bits of plumage, all intensified perhaps by the lurid glow of a setting sun slanting through gnome-shaped vistas and reddening the sky above. It is only *one* piece of Southern scenery the artist in either case has chosen. There are mountains, plains, light, life, activity elsewhere and constantly in the Southern country; but this bit is, as it were, of its inner self, and is peculiar, be-

cause seen only in that clime, and because, though limited and remote, it seems somehow to satisfy our ideal knowledge of the landscape. The painter selects this piece of nature, of which he can make the best work of art; so our novelist has chosen that phase of Southern life and character which, copying truly, he could use most artistically. This we note in justice to the South, of which many of us are as yet somewhat wilfully ignorant, and in justice, too, to the truthfulness as well as to the art of the author. Let Southern readers, too, consider with satisfaction how faithfully this novelist presents the noble, beautiful soul, Colonel Kershaw, the patient, chivalrous Frank McAllister, the courteous, sweet-hearted Major Lawson, and our dear Kate Beaumont, all as peculiarly the product of the section of civilization dramatized, as are the loud, fighting, drinking Hon. Peyton Beaumont, Randolph Armitage, Tom Beaumont, and the poor rough cracker, Redhead Saxon. We have before alluded to this thorough conscientiousness of Mr. DeForest's judgment and performance; how he never swerves from duty to truth and reality; how, whilst he contemns brutalities and lawlessnesses, makes the duello horrible and its code ridiculous, and strikes heavy and sharp at whatever is barbarous, — he yet leads us to admire with him the ever-ready personal courage, the high dealing, the frank speaking, the ease, the affluence, the polished manners, and all else that is captivating in the society he pictures. He has a strange will and power to turn every side of a figure to our gaze. In Peyton Beaumont, the most industriously wrought character of the novel, how careful he is, when he has made us hate his habitual intemperance, his savage pride, and his "intense pugnacity, as fiery as powder and as long-winded as death," to show us his kindness to his dependants, his passionate love for his children, his profound regard for truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, his imaginative (if that only) reverence

for religion. This Colonel Beaumont, whom we fear and reprobate, whose character and career greatly win our interest and even affection (if you understand such a feeling as holding place alongside of reprobation), who is both fond and fierce, rough yet gentle, is an original character in literature, yet such an one as we have often met and known on the Southern seaboard before the war. It was one to mature itself only in that latitude, and under the institution of slavery; one perfectly probable in the scene, if not in this case a reality.

We regret that the limits of this article, added to the fact that Kate Beaumont has been printed in these pages, forbid us to quote two portions of the novel, each establishing the greatness and extent of DeForest's literary powers, and complementing each other in characterization of personages and realization of the incidents. We beg the reader to do our author the justice to read the ninth chapter of Kate Beaumont, and then the thirty-second chapter. At one view we get a sweep of scenery in which to estimate Mr. DeForest's range and performance; and we must applaud both the striking foreground of action and the fine background of charitable knowledge and intent. Where have we any such humorous and faithful representation of the relation between master and slave? or a better reproduction of the wit, tact, and fond familiarity of

the Southern house-servant? or such a picture of South Carolina plantation housekeeping and the domestic life? or a clearer view of family sentiment and unity so little known in other parts of our country? And in the last chapter referred to, how dramatic, how pathetic is the strain of feeling, and how exalted is the morality!

In all Mr. DeForest has written since the war, we discern breadth, strength, and movement, wonderful honesty, freedom from prejudice, no affectation, very little exaggeration, and an entire absence of sentimentality. We find, too, great power of accurate and elevated description. His power lies not in delineation of very fine natures, not in delicate shading or *genre* painting, but in bold, true outlines, full of life and suggestion. He is not a painter of delicious colors and complexions, but a draughtsman of form and action; or he is a fresco-artist doing boldly on large surfaces histories of average humanity, — strong, legitimate effects to be enjoyed *en entier* and not close-scanned with half-shut eyes; good, wholesome, artistic effects, without cramped, elaborate, or laborious minutiae. His plane is that broad, difficult one trodden by average humanity; those brothers and sisters with whom most of us trudge along, and whose portraits, from long acquaintance with the originals, we can declare to be true and artistic.

Clarence Gordon.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

EVERY poet creates a type of himself, by which all that he does afterwards is felt as his, and variance from which is not easily forgiven. He becomes his own rival, as has often been said; yet even in his self-rivalry it is not his likeness but his unlikeness to himself that displeases; and whilst we protest against any criticism that presumes to limit a poet to any vein, or to dictate how and what he shall write, as vulgar and impudent, we confess a sympathy with the popular expectation that each poet shall be in manner what he has been, as nearly as he can. In the love we bear a man's poetry there is something analogous to the repetition-asking principle in music; some recurrence of accustomed mental attitudes we all desire. It was the absence of these in Mr. Longfellow's *New England Tragedies* and *Divine Tragedy* which disappointed a generation unable to read as impartially as the future, and unwilling to accept their severe outlines in place of the pictures and opulent reliefs they were used to being pleased with in him. The next generation will do what we hardly can: read the *Christus* with a due sense of it as a whole. For us, with whom *The Golden Legend* was long ago accepted as a complete poem, and to whom *The New England Tragedies* and *The Divine Tragedy* came afterwards without warrant of their relationship till the last, they must always remain disunited in our thought, whatever they are in fact. The two latter parts, indeed, are the fruit of artistic moods quite different from that which produced the first. Something of the self-denying strictness with which the Dante was translated seems to have forbidden them the richness and the quaint detail of the earlier drama. But in the three books of Mr. Longfellow's *Tales of the Wayside Inn*, the last of which is now closed in the volume called *Aftermath*, the dominant mood is always the same, so that the three series are as intimately related in manner as are the different *Idyls of the King*.

Moreover, in *Aftermath*, the poet appears willing to recall to the lovers of his poetry all their favorites among his works. It is a pensive, delicious refrain, the melodious reverberation, in delicately subdued effects, of the old colors, tones, feelings; and the art is mellowed to that last flavor of perfection which in Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette* is almost enough of itself to constitute a poem. Those who have loved a poet long and constantly feel the charm of this with a keenness unknown to the fickle and impatient; but there is certainly in the ripe performance of every great master of style a delight which no intelligent reader can miss. By exercise and study of his art all its highest effects come easily to him; he has but to wave his hand, as it appears, and they are there; sometimes it even appears as if they came unbidden. Besides, in *Aftermath*, we have somehow a better sense than before of the tranquil breadth of our poet's genius. The perfect serenity of his mental atmosphere widens those clear horizons along which lurks a melancholy light, and lets us perceive how great his range has been, and in what an ample spirit he has touched his many themes. These poems, as effortless, as uncompelled, as the color and sweet of Nature, affect us as if they came from a store as rich as hers, and suggest her largeness as well as her fertility.

We suppose this sense of their spontaneity is heightened by their freedom from the didactic tendency which characterized some of Mr. Longfellow's shorter poems, at an earlier period. The tales are simply stories, teaching by incident and character, and often not teaching at all; and the poems that follow them, brief and few in number, are almost pure expressions of feeling; or are expressions of feeling tacitly directed towards a lesson, not bearing it as a burden. And on the whole we believe we are ready to set some of these poems

* *Aftermath*. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Marjorie Daw and other People. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Outlines of German Literature. By JOSEPH JOSTWICK and ROBERT HARRISON. New York:

Holt & Williams, F. W. Christern. Boston: S. R. Urbino. 1873.

Protection against Fire, and the Best Means of Putting out Fires in Cities, Towns, and Villages, with Practical Suggestions for the Security of Life and Property. By JOSEPH BIRD. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

before any in the language of a similar kind,—of quite the same kind there are none. Take, for example, this called

CHANGED.

From the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

This is full of the feeling to be conveyed; but it is not surcharged by the slightest touch, it is exquisitely balanced; and this which follows is such a pleasure in its artistic loveliness and completeness as a whole literature can but twice or thrice afford:—

AFTERMATH.

When the Summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

Fata Morgana is almost as good as these twopoems, but is perhaps not so marvellously poised, not so wholly freed from all process of art; and then we have *The Haunted Chamber, The Meeting, and The Challenge*, that suggest in mood and movement the best of Mr. Longfellow's earlier shortpoems, and are worthy a place in our memories with *The Beleaguered City, The Footsteps of Angels*, and other kindred pieces, which they equal in richness and tenderness of sentiment and surpass in the evidence of poetic mastery.

Of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, our readers already know *Scanderbeg*, and have, we hope,

“liked the canter or the rhymes
That had a hoof-beat in their sound,”

and the midnight solemnity of the atmosphere thrown about the wild, fierce tragedy; and they have also enjoyed the peculiarly Longfellowish humor of *The Rhyme of Sir Christopher*. All the other tales, and of course the interludes and preludes, are here printed for the first time. It is the Spanish Jew who tells the story of *Scanderbeg*, and he tells also the first story in the series, that of *Azrael and Solomon*, and the *Rajah* who flies from the death-angel only to meet him at his own door. The Poet's tale of *Charlemagne*, which follows next, is a rather singular achievement in literature. Its climax is simply the terror of the Lombard King *Desiderio* at the sight of *Charlemagne*; it is a scene, a spectacle, rather than a story, and affects the reader as a painting of the same subject might; it is dramatic in the last degree, and the critical reader will notice with what consummate skill, with what fulness and yet with what wise reticence, he is possessed of the situation. The Student's tale is that old and pretty story of the king's daughter who carried her lover from her bower lest his footsteps in the snow should betray them both; and we need not say how sweetly it is told, and how it turns as innocent in the poet's verse as the Theologian's tale of the fair Quakeress *Elizabeth Haddon*, who as she rode through the woods to meeting, with her guest *John Estaugh*, lingered behind the others a little, and whispered:—

“Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth.’
And they rode slowly along through the woods conversing together.
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

“Then *Elizabeth* said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:

‘I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, *John Estaugh*.’

“And *John Estaugh* made answer, surprised by the words she had spoken,
‘Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.’

But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.

When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labor completed

He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness

Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance.'

"Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,

'So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.

It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow

Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not

When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,

Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me.'

And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others."

This purely Quaker love-story, in which of course John Estaugh finally "has freedom" to accept the love of Elizabeth, is perhaps the best in the book. The quaint and homely material is wrought into a texture marvellously delicate; and its colorless fineness clothes a beauty as chaste and soft as the neutral-tinted garments of the fair, meekly bold Quaker maiden. The English hexameter which Mr. Longfellow has so intimately associated with his name, he has never more successfully handled, we think, than in this poem, which recalls *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* at their best, and yet has a humor and sweetness quite its own, and unmistakably knowable for Longfellow's. But the humor is his quietest, naturally. That gayety, that *esprit* which among modern poets is almost peculiar to him, finds its broadest expression in the Sicilian's tale of the Monk of Casal-Maggiore, who pretended that he had been changed into an ass for the sin of gluttony. It is as the poet says of it,

"A tale that cannot boast forsooth,
A single rag or shred of truth;
That does not leave the mind in doubt
As to the with it or without;
A naked falsehood and absurd
As mortal ever told or heard."

And it is as merry as a tale of Chaucer's and told with a relish for all its comic points and extravagances which the reader cannot refuse to share. All the character-painting is in the mellowest tones,—the wily, worthless, jovial monk, the simple peasant, the hospitable housewife, the old grandsire with his memories of the French and Milanese wars. How good is this picture of

the rogue of a friar, supping at the peasant's board:—

"It was a pleasure but to see him eat,
His white teeth flashing through his russet beard,
His face aglow and flushed with wine and meat,
His roguish eyes that rolled and laughed and leered!

Lord! how he drank the blood-red country wine
As if the village vintage were divine!

"And all the while he talked without surcease,
And told his merry tales with jovial glee
That never flagged, but rather did increase,
And laughed aloud as if insane were he,
And wagged his red beard, matted like a fleece."

When Brother Timothy returns to his convent, the prior sends to market the ass which the guilty monk had persuaded Farmer Gilbert to believe his penitential shape.

"Gilbert was at the Fair; and heard a bray,
And nearer came, and saw that it was he,
And whispered in his ear, 'Ah, lackaday!
Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see,
Has changed you back into an ass again,
And all my admonitions were in vain.'

"The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear,
Did not turn round to look, but shook his head,
As if he were not pleased these words to hear,
And contradicted all that had been said.
And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,
'I know you well; your hair is russet-red;
Do not deny it; for you are the same
Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name.'

"The ass, though now the secret had come out,
Was obstinate, and shook his head again;
Until a crowd was gathered round about
To hear this dialogue between the twain;

"'If this be Brother Timothy,' they cried,
'Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest grass;
Thou canst not do too much for one so tried
As to be twice transformed into an ass.'
So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied
His halter, and o'er mountain and morass
He led him homeward, talking as he went
Of good behavior and a mind content.

"The children saw them coming, and advanced,
Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck,—
Not Gilbert's, but the ass's,—round him danced,
And wove green garlands wherewithal to deck
His sacred person; for again it chanced
Their childish feelings, without rein or check,
Could not discriminate in any way
A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

"'O brother Timothy,' the children said,
'You have come back to us just as before;
We were afraid, and thought that you were dead,
And we should never see you any more.'
And then they kissed the white star on his head,
That like a birth-mark or a badge he wore,
And patted him upon the neck and face,
And said a thousand things with childish grace."

This, which is so charmingly said, has all the elder story-teller's amiable pleasure in

the truth of such simple details as the children's fond and credulous rapture, and the donkey's gravity of behavior. The ass, in fact,

" Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes,"

or, as he stands

" Twirling his ears about,"

is studied with the same humorous observance and appreciation of brute-character as Chaucer brings to the portrayal of Chanticleer and Dame Partlet,—a whimsical playfulness akin to that with which our poet indicates the kind of animal with whom Sir Christopher Gardiner found refuge from the justice of Massachusetts Bay:—

— " the noble savage who took delight
In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,
His gun and his rapier, and the rest,
But as soon as the noble savage heard
That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,
He wanted to slay him out of hand,
And bring in his beautiful scalp for a show,
Like the glossy head of a kite or a crow."

The Musician's tale is a version of the affecting Norse ballad of The Mother's Ghost; but we care less for it than for the others. The whole book, however, seems to us the best that we could ask of the poet whom it suggests, if it does not reveals, in his whole range; and who has given more pleasure of a high and refined sort to more people than any other poet of our time.

—Through most of the sketches in Mr. Aldrich's very welcome book "one increasing purpose runs," which we fear may be justly described as tending to dupe the single-minded reader, to engage his interest and even his affections in behalf of people whose adventures turn out to be of the most deceitfully trivial character, and who even turn out themselves to have no existence at all. It is true that this purpose is skilfully accomplished, and that Mr. Aldrich, beginning with *A Struggle for Life*, has almost created a new species in fiction,—a species in which character and incident constantly verge with us towards the brink of a quite precipitous surprise, without being for a moment less delightful as character and incident, and without being less so even when we look up at them from the gulf into which they have plunged us. Marjorie Daw, Miss Mehetabel's Son, and Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski are the sketches in which he perfects the sort of story which he has made his own, if he has not actually invented it. We have no dif-

ficulty ourselves in choosing Marjorie Daw as the best of these three; it is singularly well plotted, and told with a liveliness that almost wholly preserves itself from excess, and which keeps the reader amused even while he forebodes a conventional *dénouement* as unlike the real close as anything can be. We like its being in the old-fashioned form of letters, a fashion so long disused in fiction that it may equally well be called new, and that next to dialogue is the most dramatic expression of character. It is curious to observe, in connection with one's own feeling towards Marjorie Daw, that, although one knows her to be a wholly fictitious person, one finds it intolerable when she proves no person at all; and it would be interesting to inquire just how tangible the figures of romance do really become to the reader. We suspect that they have much more being, the successful creations, than one is commonly inclined to think,—perhaps as much as historical personages, and nearly as much as people one has known a great while ago; though probably they always have less reality to the author than to the reader. Otherwise we cannot imagine Mr. Aldrich's deliberately obliterating Marjorie Daw even to gain the effect at which he had aimed from the first. To be sure, she lives in spite of him, and is at this moment enjoying a polyglot immortality in Europe; when we saw her last she had passed through French, Spanish, and German into Danish, and now she is doubtless figuring in the braided jacket and the neat boots of the Magyar.

Mademoiselle Zabriski is a person less to our liking, but her story is a very pretty study for those who care to see how much may be unlaboriously made out of the slightest material, and how a fable, which, vulgarly presented, might make us laugh, becomes by Mr. Aldrich's lively art a thing that moves altogether different feelings, as well as those of merriment. It is a trifle, to be sure; but we should like to have such trifles in the place of many serious things which we know, and which are seriously wanting in wit, grace, and point. The surprise with which it ends is quite as well managed as that in Marjorie Daw; but, admirable as both of these surprises are, they do not seem quite so ingenious as that artifice in *A Struggle for Life*, where it turns out not only that Philip Wentworth was in Julie Dorine's tomb one hour and twenty minutes instead of two days, but Wentworth himself, on

being so addressed, turns out to be Frederick Jones, and to have had no other existence save in the fancy of the supposed narrator.

Miss Mehetabel's Son, though we classed it with the sketches we have named, is equally allied to those of another sort in the book, and is as much a study of character as a story with a surprise in it. We do not think it is so good as the others of either kind, *The Friend of my Youth* being the best of the character-studies, and sketching with compassionate justice a most delicious scoundrel, — a rogue who, if his whole history could be as well told, would make his author's fortune as the hero of one of the best picaresque tales ever written. We should say that in one way Mr. Aldrich's style was at its best in this sketch; and in another way it was at its best in *Père Antoine's Date-Palm*, which was published in these pages a great while ago. The fancy from which the little story is woven is a pathetic one. If it appears tame, says Mr. Aldrich, "it will be because I am not habited in a black ribbed-silk dress, with a strip of point-lace around my throat, like Miss Blondeau" who told it him; and he keeps the delicate fancy from fraying in our hands by a certain light movement throughout, and by presenting even its affecting points with a kind of archness.

Quite So, *A Young Desperado*, and *A Rivermouth Romance* are the other pieces — we like the last the best for what seems its greater simplicity and ease — in a book that may be read and read again with cheerfulness and refreshment, and that one need find no fault with unless his unhappy business should be fault-finding, in which case he may blame it for giving him so little occasion to be censorious.

— Outlines of German Literature is a book which will be found of service to students and to general readers. Its aim is to give a brief but complete sketch of German literature with all the necessary names and dates, and such abstracts of the more important writings as may afford the seeker after information a more definite idea of their merit than would whole pages of descriptive adjectives. The most important quality in a book of this kind is accuracy, and it is to be found in this volume. The writers start with the remote beginnings of German literature, and bring it down to within a year or two from the present time. For greater facility this time is divided into seven periods. The first is from A. D. 380

to 1150. This division contains a description of the different forms of the language and of Ulphilas' version of the New Testament in Gothic, and the few surviving works in Old High German. In the second period, 1150 — 1350, we have analyses of the *Nibelungenlied* and the *Gudrun*, as well as of the romances of chivalry, such as *Tristan* and *Parzival*, and mention of the *Minnesingers*. The third period, 1350 — 1525, includes the *Master Singers* and other less important writers. The fourth, 1525 — 1625, has for its most prominent names *Luther* and *Hans Sachs*. The fifth, 1625 — 1725, gives us an account of the poetry of the time, and some pages devoted to *Leibnitz*. The sixth, 1725 — 70, discusses those who were paving the way for the real literary blossoming of Germany, — *Gottsched*, etc., and includes *Klopstock*, *Lessing*, and *Wieland*. The seventh, 1770 — 1830, treats of the Golden Age in German literature, and gives a tolerably full account of *Goethe*, *Schiller*, *Jean Paul*, the Romantic School, *Heine*, *Rückert*, etc. There is, too, a painstaking analysis of the works of the different great philosophers. In addition we have several chapters, bringing the book down to the present time. If a great part of the book is dull reading, that is the fault much more of the German writers than of the authors of this book, which shows very well how astonishingly meagre German literature is. While it will be found a useful handbook for reference, the reader of German, who will be the one most likely to use this volume, cannot do better than supplement its brief accounts by making use of some history of German literature written in German. For this purpose we should recommend to him to turn either to *Julian Schmidt's Geschichte der deutschen Literatur*, or to that written by *Hettner*, which is perhaps less well-known. They are both admirable books. Of *Hettner* one thing can be said, that he is perhaps the only German, except *Schopenhauer* and *Heine*, who has ever written with a pleasing or even graceful style.

— A more timely book than that of Mr. Bird on Protection against Fire has seldom been written. It appears at a time when various delusions about the merits of steam fire-engines, begotten of their massive size, their glistening brass, their lofty streams, have been either entirely removed, or much modified by events. Insurance men and architects have taken the greatest interest in introducing certain changes, and lagging behind them are those who manage the fire

departments, who apparently consider themselves the victims of an unavoidable fatality, rather than in any way responsible for the great losses by fire which have been so frequent of late. They assume, too, an aggrieved air in the face of criticism, the main object of which should be to enable us to sleep comfortably in our beds without undue terror whenever an alarm of fire is sounded.

It is always easy to be wise after things have happened, but Mr. Bird, a year before the great fire of last November, called the attention of the public to the very dangers of which we have since had so bitter experience. Already a great deal has been written, and much more said, about the small number of fire-engines in the part burned over, the slowness with which from their size they must reach the fire, the delays in giving alarm, etc., etc., and we need not weary our readers with repeating it. But we would add, that as matters stand, they exactly correspond with what we are accustomed to laugh at so much when it is our grandfathers whose faults we are discussing. Certain defects have been proved to exist in the present system, but we see only very few steps taken to correct them. It seems to be imagined that a great fire is to a great city like measles to the individual, that it only comes once in a life-time; but the conditions being the same, fire will be as ready to burn this November as it was last. Buildings have been built of greater strength against fire, but citizens have a right to demand that every possible precaution be taken.

Mr. Bird urges that small engines would be of great utility at fires before the more ponderous "steamers" arrive, that they would often be of service in places which the heavier engines cannot reach; it is objected they would be unserviceable because they would require water. But all engines require water, and in Berlin, the excellent fire-department, one of the best in Europe, finds no difficulty in carrying water to the fire. How much can be done by such measures, which we suppose excite the derision of the regular fireman, may be seen in the testimony in the report of the Fire Commission, about the way in which the store of Messrs. C. F. Hovey & Co. was saved in the fire of last November. There was system, well-directed energy, though with inefficient material, and the result is the only consoling chapter in a volume of material which is anything but encouraging

reading. What should we think of a general who, when fighting in the field, relied on nothing but his heavy artillery against a foe that was unwilling to wait until he had all his pieces favorably placed and ready to work? Those who urged the use of cavalry, infantry, and light artillery should not be suspected of any wish to decry the heavier weapons; they do but recommend the efficiency of other means. Change to be wise should be slow, but not too slow. And in order that an intelligent public opinion may be formed, we warmly commend Mr. Bird's book. It is better that the lesson should be taught in this way than by a repetition of the horrors of last November and last May.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

IN his third volume of essays Mr. Julian Schmidt writes about various lesser lights in contemporaneous German literature, such as Willibald Alexis, Fritz Reuter, Spielhagen, Hermann Grimm, and Gervinus, and he adds thereto from seventy to eighty pages about Shakespeare. What he has to say is always interesting, and it is not his fault if there are no more Sainte-Beuves or George Eliots or Turgénieffs about whom to write, as he has done in his earlier volumes. Three at least of those Germans we have named are more or less well known in this country. Fritz Reuter has a circle of admirers, the warmest being those who are able to read him in the original *Plattdeutsch*, which, be it said, presents but few difficulties to good German scholars; and many more know him from the excellent translation of *In the Year '13*; most of Spielhagen's novels have been put into English and are widely read, more widely it seems to us than they deserve; while Hermann Grimm's *Life of Michael Angelo* has found a considerable number of readers. Grimm has another claim upon us in that he has written a novel which has a good deal to say about America; its name is *Unüberwindliche Mächte*. It has the fault of presenting this country, not as it is in reality, but as it appears to the foreigner who is uncomfortable in Germany, who admires Emerson, who fancies that because

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

Neue Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit. Von JULIAN SCHMIDT. IIIter Band. Leipzig, 1873.

Impressions et Souvenirs. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris, 1873.

we have no counts or barons here, we respect every man according to what he is and does ; in a word, he imagines a people with all their virtues as they appear in public speeches, as if they were locked up in glass cases, secure against all the tarnishing which daily use might bring them. These faults Mr. Schmidt points out, and he gives a very satisfactory account of Mr. Grimm's solidier work, for which he has much greater natural aptitude. Spielhagen receives the honor of being mentioned in a long essay giving us an analysis of every one of his novels and a good deal of criticism, which, however, is not in the same key as all of the rest, — as if the writer were personally acquainted with the subject of his essay, and had to avoid giving that offence which one's neighbors are apt to take at criticism. That the Germans should be proud of Spielhagen need not surprise any one who is familiar with their lighter literature of the present time ; it is so gushing, so weak — of course with a few respectable exceptions — that even the patience with which we in this country stand with our hats in our hands ready to cheer the great American novelist is equalled by that of the Germans. Spielhagen, too, has the merit of trying to aid the solution of certain social problems which interest his countrymen. His heroes consequently rail furiously against modern society, or while they imagine themselves to have sprung from the dregs of the people, they really have all the aristocratic tastes and perceptions of those born in the purple, and then they find out that they spring from noble lines. Then, too, the *Weltschmerz*, the moral dyspepsia of the century, has all the attention which even it demands. Mr. Schmidt in closing gives a side blow at one marked peculiarity of Spielhagen's novels, in warning foreigners who are apt to form their opinions of the manners and morals of another country from the novels which describe its society, not to have too sure an opinion of the rottenness of society in Germany from the loose tone of Spielhagen's descriptions of it. This is at once a useful caution and a word of sound criticism. It touches a fault which is altogether too common in these novels.

Fritz Reuter is a very different person. In our opinion, he is the greatest novelist now writing in Germany. He is as far removed from the lackadaisical sentimentality of half a hundred little writers of the day as he is from any such *tendenz*-work

as that of Spielhagen, or such working after French models as distinguishes Paul Heyse's rather graceful stories. He is a poet, he is a man who has really suffered, but who has learned strength from his sufferings, which is "more better" than the uneasy repining of Spielhagen after he knows not what. He simply tells us what he has seen, but with real humor and pathos, with no visible effort, and with a cheery manliness which no reader can help liking. It is no wonder that he is so popular with Germans, and we cannot help urging students of that language not to be alarmed at the apparent difficulty of Reuter's *Plattdeutsch* ; it will disappear after a few hours' work, and the reader will find awaiting him more entertainment than he can find from the writing of any living German author. And this we say with due respect to Freytag and Auerbach. Occasionally these two nod.

The essay on Shakespeare is interesting, for no really intelligent man can be dull when he has that subject to write about. Mr. Schmidt does not add a great deal that is new but he shows us what he finds in Shakespeare, and thereby he gives us a good opportunity to measure his own ability. The volume is interesting, but its interest is less than that of any of its predecessors.

Madame George Sand's *Impressions et Souvenirs* is a curious medley of her views on the education of children, the condition of France at the present time, the future condition of women, personal reminiscences, etc., etc. One cannot give an adequate idea of the book without copying out the whole of it. It is all written with her wonderful grace, and with the ease which she never loses. She tells us about her manner of working, which deserves to be read ; but perhaps as interesting a chapter as any is one dated in Paris, January, 1841, in which she gives an account of a conversation between herself and Delacroix about the *Stratonice* of Ingres. Then, as if to make the scene more complete, Chopin joins them and takes part in the conversation. We translate from it : —

"Chopin and Delacroix are very, even tenderly, fond of one another. In character they are not unlike, and they have the same great qualities of heart and mind. But Delacroix understands Chopin and adores him, while Chopin does not understand Delacroix. He has esteem, affection, and respect for the man, but he detests the

artist. Delacroix, who is broader in his sympathies, appreciates music, he understands it; his taste is accurate and delicate. He is never tired of listening to Chopin; he enjoys it, and he knows much of his music by heart. Chopin accepts his adoration and is touched by it; but when he looks at one of his friend's pictures, he suffers and is unable to utter a word. He is a musician and nothing but a musician. His thoughts can be expressed only by music. He has much wit, tact, and *malice*, but he understands nothing of pictures or statuary. Michael Angelo frightens him. Rubens horrifies him. Everything that appears eccentric scandalizes him. He limits himself, by a singular anomaly, to the rigidest conventionality. His genius is the most original and individual that exists, but he dislikes to have any one tell him so."

This is followed by an account of a monologue by Delacroix about shades in painting.

"Chopin does not listen any longer, he is at the piano, not noticing that we are listening to him. He is improvising carelessly; he stops. 'Well, well,' cries Delacroix, 'that is not all!' 'It's not begun. Nothing occurs to me. . . . Nothing but shades, shadows, reliefs, which are all vague. I am trying to fix the color, but I can't even make sure of the drawing.' 'You won't get one without the other,' said Delacroix, 'and you'll find them both.' 'But if I only find moonlight?' 'You will have the shade of a shade,' answered Maurice.

"That idea pleases the divine artist. He goes on, without seeming to begin again, so vague and uncertain is his theme. Before our eyes float the soft tints which correspond to the gentle modulations which we hear. . . .

"Chopin speaks very seldom, and then but briefly about his art; but when he does, it is with admirable clearness and soundness, which, if generally known, would overthrow many heresies. But even in private life he is reserved, and only pours forth

his soul at the piano. Nevertheless he promises us to write a treatise in which he will describe, not only the practice, but also the theory of music. . . .

"The bell rings, Chopin shivers and stops playing. I tell the servant I am not at home for any one. 'But,' said Chopin, 'you are for *him*.' 'Who can it be?' 'Mickiewicz.' 'O, yes, to be sure! But how do you know it is he?' 'I don't know, but I'm sure it is he; I was thinking about him.'

"It is he in fact. He shakes hands with us all kindly, and soon takes a seat in the corner, begging Chopin to go on. Chopin continues; he is inspired, he is sublime. But the servant runs in in terror; the house is on fire! We rush out and find my chamber is on fire; but we are in time to save it. We put it out at once. Still it keeps us busy for an hour, and afterwards we ask, 'Where can Mickiewicz be?' We call for him, he does not answer; we return to the parlor, he is not there. Ah, there he is in the little corner where we left him. The lamp has gone out, but he did not notice it; we made a great deal of noise two paces off, but he did not hear anything; he did not even ask why we had left him alone; he did not know he had been alone. He had been listening to Chopin, and he was still hearing him."

There are but few passages which are as interesting as this, which makes us wish that this remarkable woman had given us, or might still give us, a fuller account of her singular life. When one considers how many people she has known, how vast the experience she has had, one cannot help wishing that it might be set down for us to read and draw a moral from. Whatever other merit it would probably lack, it would be certainly interesting. But we suppose it would be as hard for her to write us the plain unvarnished truth as it was for her in her youth to look forward and see what it would be. The minor virtue of accuracy would probably be wanting, but we still should like to read it.

ART.

THE Italian Art Congress in closing its annual meeting, held at Parma in 1871, which had been placed, to parody a formula of the Roman Church, under the patronage of Correggio, determined to hold its next session at Milan, and decreed, beforehand, the honors of the occasion "to that universal genius which was Leonardo da Vinci." The Italian government interested itself in the proposed meeting, and the Minister of Public Instruction, Signore Cesare Correnti, suggested that the best way to signalize the occasion would be to publish an *editio princeps* of Leonardo's works. But, greatly as this is to be desired, the task presents so many difficulties that it was deemed not best to attempt it; and it was finally concluded to publish a volume of selections from that great treasure of the Ambrosian Library, *Il Codice Atlantico*, a name which it derives from its size, it being the largest single collection of sketches and manuscript notes by Leonardo that exists. Of thirteen volumes, all of the same general character, but of different sizes, which were stolen from the library in 1796, by the French, or rather, let us say, by Napoleon, and which it was promised by the treaty of 1815 should be returned, this is the only one that was so returned, and the whereabouts of the others is only to be guessed at, though it is generally admitted that most of them are in Paris. This is the famous volume of which everybody at all interested in literature or science has at least heard, if he has not been so fortunate as to see it, and it was the study of such extracts from it as had been published from time to time, notably by Venturi, in 1797, that moved the discreet and learned Hallam to that eulogy on Leonardo which from almost any pen but his would have been set down as extravagant. "These fragments," says the historian of the literature of Europe, "are, according to our common estimate of the age in which he lived, more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis. . . . If any doubt could be harbored, not as to the right of Leonardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century, which is

beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which, probably, no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made, it must be by an hypothesis, not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record."

It having been decided to publish these selections, the Minister of Public Instruction appointed a commission of seven literary and scientific men, by whose joint labors they should be edited and illustrated with whatever might be necessary to give them completeness. Accordingly, under the modest title of *Specimens of the Works of Leonardo da Vinci*, — *Saggio delle Opere di Leonardo da Vinci*, — the commission has issued, under the editorship of Signor Carlo Belgiojoso, the President of the Academy of Fine Arts in Milan, a random selection of twenty-four drawings from the *Codice Atlantico* reproduced in fac-simile by photolithography. The portion of the volume containing the text is a sumptuous specimen of printing in the grand Italian manner, — "a river of text in a meadow of margin," — large type, black ink, and white strong paper such as we knew in the days before tinted-and-satin-smooth paper was the tasteless, effeminate mode. As for the plates, we are sorry to be obliged to say that they do no credit to Signor Angelo della Croce, who executed them, and whose process was chosen by the commission for this work as the best that Italy can produce. Italy is far behind Germany, France, and England in book illustrations, and especially in illustrations that depend upon the new processes of reproduction, and photolithography in particular. We wish these sketches could have been submitted to the process of Heliotype; we are sure that a far better result might have been looked for. We must say a word as to the text of the present publication. It will be found of noticeable value and interest, and it is a pity it could not be put into a more convenient and accessible form. Leonardo's genius is exciting more and more interest, and yet the material for the study of him is scanty, the essays in the present volume being by far the most important contribution that has been made to our

knowledge of facts, — not as much the facts of his life as those of his intellectual history. The text of the present volume contains, first, a brief but valuable Biographical Sketch of Leonardo, by Cav. G. Mongeri; an Essay on Leonardo as Man of Letters and Man of Science, by Cav. Gilberto Govi, and another by Cav. Camillo Boito on Leonardo as Painter and Sculptor, — two essays that do honor to Italian scholarship, and place us all under great obligation.

The sketches reproduced are mostly of mechanical contrivances, with explanations, more or less full, in Leonardo's own handwriting. To each plate is prefixed a brief but clear explanation by Signor G. Colombo, Professor of Industrial Mechanics, and a member of the Royal Literary and Scientific Society of Lombardy, who has also translated on a page following each sheet the remarks appended by Leonardo to his drawings. "Translated," is the best word perhaps to apply to the task of making readable to us these notes, always terse even when most ample, and in a handwriting that runs from right to left, and which can only be read — and then only by an adept — by reversing it before a mirror, or by holding up the paper to light. Nor is this the only difficulty. Leonardo employed so many abbreviations and shorthand devices, omitted so many words, and erased or altered so many, that it could have been no easy matter to find out his meaning, nor does the editor pretend that in all cases he has done so. What were Leonardo's reasons for adopting this method of recording his notes — whether, as has been asserted, he was left-handed, or was merely whimsical, or wished to conceal himself, or enjoyed being superfluously dexterous — we cannot know; but it is evident from the very first plate in this volume that he could write in the ordinary way when he would. This first plate is the fac-simile of his well-known letter to the Duke of Milan, Lodovico Sforza, in which he offers his services to the Duke, and recites his qualifications for employment. We shall not undertake to give an account in detail of all the plates in this volume; we can only refer to the more important ones, wishing that such a welcome may be given to this selection as will encourage the publication of more and more specimens, until the whole *Codex Atlanticus* at least shall have been put into the hands of students.

Leonardo seems to have given the first impulse to the enterprising spirit which pushed Milan to connect herself by canals, not only with the Po, but with the Italian lakes. Not only did he build, among others, the famous Martesana Canal, but he is credited by many with the invention of the canal-lock, and of other parts of the apparatus by which canals are managed. Be this as it may, we have here three drawings relating to the subject of canals. The first shows a system of dams crossing a stream in diagonal, each having a lock at the end down stream, where there is, of course, the least movement. This is a good specimen of these sketches at their best, clear and firm, without a stroke too little or too much. The second drawing is of a machine by which the operations of digging out a canal and building its banks may be performed at the same time. The third illustrates the way in which water can be drawn from a canal for irrigation, when the water is at different levels. A curious speculation, further on, as to the feasibility of reducing the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the ocean to the same level, is not made out as clearly as we could wish, nor helped much by the bird's-eye view of the region that accompanies it. But it is, at least, evident that Leonardo had a notion in his own mind, and perhaps a study of the subject by an engineer would make it out more clearly than we can do. Leonardo's head was full of ingenious ideas, and he knew it, yet was very far from being conceited about it. It is interesting to see how, in several cases, when he has propounded a theory to himself, and brooded over it, and experimented with it, he coldly draws his pen through the original statement, and writes, "Leave this. There is nothing in it."

And we see here, beside, his way of working. In one plate, particularly, we have the rough sketch with all its corrections, erasures, blottings, and seeming aimless pushings about of the pen, and alongside of it, on the same paper, the finished drawing, clean, complete, and showing, by comparison with the rude sketch, how clear Leonardo's mind was from the first as to what he was driving at. The drawing we refer to is of a balista made on the general principle of a revolver. Four great crossbows serve as the spokes to a large wheel. A group of men make this wheel revolve by treading the steps that are fastened to its broad periphery. As they turn the wheel, its axis, turning with it, winds

up four cords attached to the strings of the fore crossbows. As the opening in the circumference of the wheel opposite each bow comes in line with the object aimed at, a boy, seated on the axle, slips an arrow into the bow, releases the cord, and repeats this operation as each bow comes up in turn with the revolutions of the wheel. The men who tread the wheel are protected from the enemy's fire by a tilting screen of wood, which receives all missiles at such an angle as to break their force. No doubt this machine will look impracticable enough to the eye of a practised engineer, but to the layman it is ingeniously murderous, and whether good for anything or not, it is drawn in a very interesting way. The youngster in the middle, who is the most active agent in the mischief, is a handsome child of the type of the early Florentine painters, and it is worth noticing that he appears in embryo plainly enough in the rude first sketch. These balistas evidently occupied Leonardo's thoughts very seriously for a time, and it would seem as if he did not recognize the fact that in his age their occupation was already gone. By the end of the fifteenth century gunpowder had already thrown the mediæval engines of war, balistas, battering-rams, scaling-ladders, and the rest, into the second rank as means of defence, and the city-walls themselves were tumbling down before the rams' horns filled with powder. Even Dürer, who, in some respects, seems the parody of Leonardo in the versatility of his powers and in the way in which he sometimes trifled with them, and who was only nineteen years younger than his great contemporary, wasted no time, in his book on Fortification, over balistas and crossbows, though perhaps it will be thought a proof of as little sagacity that he gave so much study to the planning of equally useless walls and bastions. But Dürer believed in cannon, as not only his book shows, but his etching on iron called *The Great Cannon*, made in 1515. So far as we know, all Leonardo's speculations on the conduct of war were purely mediæval; they did nothing to advance the revolution brought on by the invention of gunpowder. One of these drawings shows a fanciful, almost comical, device for pushing the ladders of a besieging party from off the walls of a town. It is not actually impracticable, but looks easier on the paper than we suspect it would be found in execution. Here Leonardo is trying his hand at solving a prob-

lem that had puzzled a good many ingenious heads in the Middle Ages as well as in his own time. Viollet-le-Duc says, "The books of the Middle Ages on the military art are filled with models of engines of war, and particularly with various inventions for ladders, which it would be impossible to make of practical use"; and perhaps the best thing to be said of this particular drawing of Leonardo's is, that it is an impossible device for knocking down an impossible ladder. If we find these war-engines extremely interesting and ingenious in the Album of Villard de Honnecourt, particularly when his rude sketches are interpreted and put into an orderly form by Viollet-le-Duc, it must be because they seem more ingenious than we could have expected to find in so rude a time; and it is because Leonardo's general cleverness would justify us in looking for something more in accord with the growing science of his time that we study his designs for war-engines with some impatience.

Leonardo is to be praised, however, for this, that, as a rule, his mechanic inventions and studies—at least such of them as we see in this book—are directed to the immediate needs of his country and his time. Here are clear, decisive drawings for machines to cut files, to shear the nap of cloth, to saw marble, to twist silk; and here must be one of the first lamps, properly so called, that was ever devised. It has a very modern look, and might easily be taken for a carcel lamp. Of its internal machinery, if it be supposed to have any, we do not read anything in Leonardo's description, and it may be merely a wick set in a cup of oil; but what makes it look singular is, that the globe of glass surrounding the wick is filled with water,—a simple expedient for increasing the light. Singularly enough, this device has just been introduced into our cities, where it is employed with an ingenious modification to light shop-windows where goods are displayed. A hemispherical bowl of glass is filled with water, and the gas-jet being arranged over it horizontally, a diffused but brilliant light is thrown over the goods below. Doubtless, Leonardo suffered, as a student, for the want of a brilliant and equal light at night. Italy has had to wait all these centuries for the American petroleum, which she doubtless thinks the best result of her great son's discovery, to give her the much-desired comfort. Excellent

candles are made in Italy, none better anywhere ; but they are only for the rich, and, picturesque as the brass lamps are, they give a miserable light. The delight of the Italians, especially of the poorer sort in the petroleum oil, which makes their rooms more brilliant than the king's palace could have been but a few years ago, is expressed with childish profusion and volubility ; and the very look of the placards that offer "*Petrolio d' America*" for sale is a sort of mute "*Hurrah*." Here, then, we see Leonardo trying, like a Renaissance Franklin, to supply practical needs in practical ways. Quite as impracticable looking, on the other hand, as Franklin's experiments with electricity must have seemed in the beginning, are these sheets from Leonardo's sketch-book filled with schemes for flying-machines, one page being taken up with a careful study of the means of utilizing for his purpose the structure of the wing of a bird.

We have said enough, we think, to indicate to our readers the general character of these notes and sketches by Leonardo. They are the speculations and studies of an ingenious mind curious about many things, and with a superfluous activity that sought satisfaction in a hundred channels. Work was Leonardo's play, and he found rest for

his mind in unceasing and unwearied study, as Dürer found rest for his in unwearied and unceasing labor of the hands. But, while we welcome even this partial publication of that great collection of his studies which has been the subject of such enthusiastic praise, not only from men of the eminence of Henry Hallam and Sir William Hunter, but from all the students of art and science who have made even a superficial acquaintance with it, we submit whether the time has not come, seeing the means we have at our disposal, to publish the whole of the *Codex Atlanticus* at least, and of whatever other collections can be discovered of Leonardo's sketches, in order that we may know exactly what services he has rendered to mankind in the way of original investigation. Did he really render any such services, or was he only a busy and ingenious speculator, with little true mechanic genius, and with little capacity for scientific investigation ; — a poet, before all, playing with science as Bacon and Goethe and Oken played with it, catching glimpses of scientific truth, as by a sort of inspiration, and wasting time, if one should dare to say it, in pursuing will-o'-the-wisps, that might have made the world richer with miracles to mate with the Gioconda and the John Baptist.

MUSIC.

AS the "season" gradually draws near, and the various music-purveyors begin to show forth their respective bills of fare, a naturally hopeful disposition and instinctive trust in the better side of human nature for the moment triumph over the less reassuring teaching of experience that impressarios' promises are not always to be implicitly trusted, and that an exhaustive bill of fare does not always mean a good dinner. But really the list of "attractions" is more than usually striking. Well-known names of great singers stand forth in goodly quantity in the advertisements. Nilsson-Rouzaud, Lucca, Ilma de Murska, Tamberlik, Campanini, our own Miss Kellogg, who, it seems, is to appear this time in English Opera, and Miss Annic Cary, who will be associated

with Madame Nilsson-Rouzaud, go to make up a most inspiring list, though a thought of the vast amount of money so much world-wide celebrity must cost the adventurous managers suggests a fear that this list of stars will necessitate a meagreness of support of which the two past seasons have been but a foretaste. When shall we have an opera company in America really worthy of the name ? Some hint at an answer may be found in a rather flourishing announcement a few weeks ago in the New York papers, of a grand operatic project of Mr. Theodore Thomas, showing that all his work for the last six years has been tending towards the founding of a permanent opera in New York, in which the orchestra, chorus, and all the accessories shall be upon the same footing as in the

principal opera-houses in Europe. From what we know of Mr. Thomas's musical convictions, we suppose that the production of Richard Wagner's musical dramas is one of his prime objects. But no doubt we may also expect operas by Gluck, v. Weber, Mozart, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and perhaps the German versions of the most important works of Meyerbeer, Halévy, Gounod, and Cherubini. Mr. Thomas's well-known scrupulousness in perfecting every smallest detail in the performance of the orchestral works that he and his orchestra have brought before the public during the last six years, as far as the means at his command would allow, implies some solid foundation for the glowing promises of "perfection" held forth by the papers. However much many people may differ from Mr. Thomas's musical views, there can be no doubt that he is a man to persist in doing everything he undertakes as perfectly as possible, cost what it may of toil and vexation; and the reputation he has earned for himself in his past labors would seem to be no feeble guaranty of success in this more daring venture. Even a partial success of his undertaking would be more valuable to the artistic culture of the country than any musical enterprise that we can conceive of.

An established opera is the point at which are concentrated the musical executive forces of a community. The opera is the only institution that can afford to keep together a really satisfactory orchestra and chorus at the same time. The poor quality of much of the music almost unavoidably performed at the principal opera-houses all over the world has tended towards giving the opera a worse name than it deserves, yet in almost every capital in the world the opera is the standard of executive excellence. Such exceptions as the orchestra of the Conservatoire at Paris, and some of the orchestras in London (where the opera exists under quite peculiar circumstances), do not in the least go to disprove the rule. We take it as a matter of course that Mr. Thomas's enterprise is to be exclusively directed towards the production of German operas, with the possible exception of such French and Italian works as we have named above. And we must confess that, after hearing the Italian operas of the Bellini-Donizetti-Rossini school performed at the principal opera-houses in Germany, we should not be at all sorry to see them left out of the list. The Germans

have certainly not as a rule the faculty of satisfactorily performing these works. But in the mean time, until Mr. Thomas shall have completed his great work, we must look to Messrs. Strakosch, Maretzek, and Co., for our operatic entertainments, and be thankful for what is good, and try not to grumble overmuch at what is bad. And let no one suppose that we undervalue the privilege of hearing the great artists whom their opera troupes bring to us, and whom we should in all probability never have heard except through their agency. Many of us must surely count some of the highest musical moments of our lives among the hours we have spent at our opera-houses. It may go to our hearts to see the manner in which great masterworks are cut and slashed and ignominiously rehashed to bring them within the executive scope of some of our companies; to see feminine youth and beauty fall a victim to the fascinations of some roving young blade of sixty, of whose seductive voice there only remain a few wintry notes; or to see the passionate attempts made by some unhappy maiden to restrain the impetuosity of an aspiring hero whose highest endeavor is evidently to keep his eye fixed on the conductor's *bâton* and not to lose his place. There is some consolation in thinking of what old Caffarelli said to the young singer who expressed some trepidation at singing the part of Berenice to his Antigono: "You will make fiasco; that is of little consequence to us. I shall so sing as to make the audience forget that the part of Berenice exists." This is a bad artistic principle to be sure; but where the secondary, and alas! sometimes certain of the leading parts are as poorly filled as they often are with us, let us be grateful that there are artists who can, if only for a moment, make us forget that they exist.

The list of operas promised us contains some interesting novelties. Of these Richard Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and *Lohengrin* will probably excite the most curiosity, if nothing more. Concerning these two operas, and for the benefit of those people to whom Wagner is only known as a theorist, the following passage from a letter of the composer to M. François Villot of Paris may be not uninteresting: "The first three of these poems, *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, had already been written, composed, and also, with the exception of *Lohengrin*, produced upon the stage, before the drawing up of my theoret-

ical writings. In them . . . I could show you the process of development of my artistic productiveness up to the point where I found myself prompted to account to myself theoretically for my proceedings. I only mention this to call your attention to what a great mistake people make when they imagine that these three works are to be explained by my having composed them with a conscious purpose, according to abstract rules formed by myself. Let me much rather say that even my most daring conclusions concerning the feasible dramatico-musical form forced themselves upon me through this, that I carried in my head at the same time the plan of my great Nibelungen drama, of which I had already written a part, and was developing it in such fashion that my theory was hardly anything else than the abstract expression of the artistic productive process that was developing itself in me. My real system, if you would call it by that name, thus finds in those first three poems as yet only a very limited application."

Rossini's *Otello* is an opera which, we believe, has not yet been produced in Boston. The beautiful swan-song, *Assisa in piè d'un salice*, is, however, quite familiar to most of us. Mozart's *Magic Flute*, an opera which ranks only second to the mighty *Don Giovanni*, will be welcome to us all. It is in fact the greatest of his German operas, and has been most shamefully neglected in this country. That the part of the Queen of the Night has been one of Madame Nilsson-Rouzaud's most brilliant successes will perhaps act as an inducement to those Verdified and sensation-loving beings to whom Mozart sounds "tame and antiquated," to go and hear the opera. Verdi's *Aïda*, written by order of the Khédive of Egypt, will be at least a curiosity. Various contradictory reports have come to us about this opera, some saying that in it the composer has outdone all his previous efforts, others that in attempting to elaborate his ideas in the modern French style, and to give something to the world that should show him to be not behind the spirit of the age, he has so overlaid his ideas with elaborate writing, that the ideas themselves, none of the best at the outset, have literally gone to pieces. The only number of the opera—a tenor song, *Celeste Aïda*—that we have yet seen points rather to this latter supposition than to the former. Upon the whole, unless Messrs. Strakosch and Ma-

retzek fail to perform a very large percentage of their promises, the "season" looks rather hopeful than otherwise.

The Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society comes this year. Let us hope, for the honor of Boston that Mr. Paine's "St. Peter" will find a prominent place among the good things performed. May we not also hope for a complete performance of Sebastian Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*? After so many years' coquetting with this colossal composition, such a hope may not be deemed unreasonable. The symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association we have always with us, and we may no doubt expect a visit from Mr. Theodore Thomas's orchestra, perhaps the last one.

—In recently published sheet-music,* we notice a quite graceful, though perhaps rather drawing-roomy transcription by Sidney Smith of the fascinating Nocturne in Mendelssohn's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" music. Louis Meyer of Philadelphia is also publishing, under the style of *Album d'Artiste*, a collection of excellent salon pieces by the best modern piano-forte writers. The edition is exceedingly well got up and the engraving of the very best. A set of eight short pieces called "Arabesques," by Isidor Seiss, are also worthy of sincere commendation.

In songs we notice *Lost*, by Virginia Gabriel, as better than most songs of its class, and *So the Children say*, by Berthold Tours, as quite fascinating, graceful, and singable. The accompaniment of the latter is much better written for the piano-forte than usual, and adds greatly to the effect of the song.

We would also recommend to all Mezzo-soprani to whom the German language is not a sealed book a thoroughly charming ballad, *Er hat vergessen sein schönes Weib*, from Carl Reinecke's opera of *König Manfred*.

* *Nocturne* from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Transcribed for the piano-forte by SIDNEY SMITH. Op. 76. Philadelphia: Louis Meyer.

Arabesken, Short Pieces for the piano-forte. By ISIDOR SEISS. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Lost. Song by VIRGINIA GABRIEL. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

So the Children say. Song by BERTHOLD TOURS. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Er hat vergessen sein schönes Weib. Romanze aus *König Manfred*, Oper in fünf Acten von FRIEDRICH ROBER. Musik von CARL REINECKE. Op. 93. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel.

POLITICS.

WRITING, as we are obliged to write, while the panic in New York is still going on, it is impossible as well as useless to attempt to predict the result; but there are certain considerations connected with it which will be just as important and worthy of attention whether it temporarily destroys the credit of a few stock-brokers' firms, an isolated bank, and a trust company or two, or whether it ends in a general crash, involving the business community.

The immediate cause of the panic lies on the surface, and the public knew when the Stock Exchange closed on September 20th as much about it as they will ever know. A large number of firms had made advances to railroads, which the roads could not pay; this caused a depression in stocks, and the failure of one or two firms; the depression of stocks caused a general feeling of insecurity, a run on a well-known trust company, the failure of the trust company, a wild excitement, the closing of the Exchange, and in short a panic.

But why did not the panic occur at some other time? The period of the war and the period immediately succeeding the war were periods of great speculation and inflation. The currency was of entirely uncertain value, vast fortunes had been made by means of government contracts, and the probability of a crash was a constant subject of thought among all those interested in business. For the last two years, on the contrary, gold has been in the neighborhood of 112, with slight fluctuations; the business of the country has been conducted on a system of short credits, — a system which on land has very much the same effect as reefing sails has at sea; and the general prosperity of the United States, if we take as a test either the profits of railroads or immigration, has been very great. Yet for more than a week — how much longer it may last we do not know — the business men of the principal city in the United States trembled with anxiety to know from hour to hour whether the whole financial fabric was not going to tumble about their ears at any moment. It is very well after the event to say that the standing of the Union Trust Company, and of the Canada

Southern road, and of the house of Jay Cooke & Co., and of Henry Clews, were all unsound; but the fact remains that a month before they failed, nobody said that their unsoundness was a matter of public importance, and the discovery after a panic has set in that there is a panic is not of itself very valuable.

It is a fact, well known to every one in England and America, that there is a periodicity in panics which entitles the public to expect a crash every few years; and as there has been none in this country since 1857, it would have been safe enough to say that one was due, or rather overdue. On the other hand, it may be said that panics are produced by expansion; and since, so far as the general business of the country has been concerned, there has been no expansion, there was no reason to expect a panic at all. The mere suspension of a number of stock and bond brokers, of dealers in money, shows nothing more than that those particular dealers in money have failed. Why should this affect the entire community?

A panic is not understood when it is traced to its immediate causes. We must go farther back to know why a general alarm has seized upon a whole community. Every one knows that it only needs a run on the banks at any time to produce a panic, because the banks live on the presumption that there will be no run on them. If a general distrust seizes upon a city for any cause, we must know what is the cause of the general distrust if we wish to arrive at any safe conclusion as to the real nature of the trouble. In order to get at the bottom of the panic, we must get at the bottom of the distrust which caused it.

The distrust which caused the panic has been on the steady increase for some years; it has in fact increased *pari passu* with the revival of commerce and general prosperity. We can all remember that the immediate result of the victory of the North was an almost childish exultation over the reunion effected by it. We were all brothers once more, — those who were left alive, — and we would all advance hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, to that goal of general prosperity which Christian good-will and

confidence were sure to bring. There intervened, to be sure, the unfortunate Johnsonian period; but we can hardly consider the war to have ended, in a moral sense, before the election of General Grant; and in his exhortation that strife should cease and peace reign again, peace meant naturally enough to most of us a lucrative peace. If any one will turn to the files of the newspapers of that time, he will find them filled with editorials of the most optimistic kind, dwelling on the immense resources of the country, the indomitable energy of the people, and that spirit of confidence which is bred of success and a belief in a collective social strength of purpose, principle, and aim. Even foreigners who came to the country at the end of the war were infested by this spirit; and so skilled an observer as M. Laugel published a book in which he described the average American in such roseate tints that it was almost difficult to believe him in earnest. We may say as much as we please about the absurdities of American journalism, but it is nevertheless unquestionably true that there is no country in the world in which the press so thoroughly reflects the tides of feeling and opinion which sweep through society; and we have no hesitation, looking back at the time of which we are now speaking, in saying that the buoyant, hopeful feeling which then found its expression in the press was the real feeling of the country.

If any one will compare dispassionately a file of some newspaper of that time with a few numbers of the same newspaper now, — we do not care what newspaper it is, — he will be struck with the fact that within a few years the spirit of the community has completely changed. Where he found before rosy pictures of the future, he now finds a very dark picture of the present. Most of the news he discovers to be news of fraud, defalcation, and political treachery; most of the editorial opinion to be accusations of more fraud, defalcation, and political treachery. He learns, it is true, as we have just said, that the country is in a very prosperous condition, that railroads never earned more freight, that the cotton crop was hardly ever so large, and that even the condition of the farmers at the West is still so much better than that of some other agricultural populations that the chieftain of one great body of producers has recently come to America to see whether it will not be a wise act to transport them all

from their own country to this. Even American shipping, which was a short time since declining, and had but yesterday almost disappeared, has begun to revive. It must not be forgotten, too, that taxes have been decreased, and the national debt steadily reduced. What is the meaning, then, of all the doubt, distrust, accusations, investigations, and exposures which fill the air? Why is it that we cannot open our morning newspaper without some new revelations of such astounding character that even hardened men of the world stand aghast at them?

We believe that there is one simple answer to this question. The distrust we feel to be in the air has been caused by fraud, by corruption, by the most shameless breaches of trust, and by open dishonesty. We do not care to discuss the question whether we are more or less honest than other people. The day for patriotic international comparison of virtues has long gone by. No one cares whether we are more or less honest than Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Germans. The question is, whether we are honest when tried by the standards generally accepted among civilized men; and we have no hesitation in saying that we are not. There is no use in beating about the bush for excuses; we may as well admit that, as a rule, persons who are placed in positions of trust and profit in which they have large powers confided to them are not trusted in the exercise of them, and with good reason. It is not for nothing that the directors of railroads, as a class, are accused of making use of the control of the stock to swell their own fortunes; it is not for nothing that people begin to laugh when a trust company is mentioned as a safe place of deposit, any more than it is for nothing that when Congress voted itself an increase of salary, the act was denounced as a theft, and a howl of execration went up from one end of the country to the other.

When a large body of the public has lost its confidence, not only in politicians, but in railroad men, brokers, and in the management of institutions of trust, public credit is no longer in a sound condition. Each person looks with suspicion at each other, and the moment, for any reason, the ordinary course of business is interrupted, it may be by the most accidental and temporary immediate cause (as in this by the failure of a firm of railroad-men long known to have been, in the slang of the street, "weak"),

alarm seizes on everybody; people who have money in banks draw it out, and people who receive money are afraid to put it in; a general feeling of apprehension sets in, and, in short, we find ourselves in a panic.

To resume what we have said, the true cause of panic in New York is to be found in the well-founded suspicion of dishonesty in many kinds of business which is the natural and legitimate result of the thousand exposures of all kinds of rascality which has been the daily mental food of the American people for the past few years. Instead of believing in one another, we distrust one another, and it is but one step from distrust to panic. There are some people who believe that this state of feeling can be relieved by repeated assurances that there is no cause for it; and it is amusing to find that almost all the houses which went down in the first excitement of the panic of September closed their doors, according to their own account, not because of insolvency or inability to pay their debts, but for the reason that their large surplus of securities could not be sold, or because of some temporary difficulty in obtaining what are known as banking facilities. These announcements had no effect whatever in allaying the trouble, any more than had the earnest exhortations of the press to the public not to be agitated or imagine that there was any real cause of alarm; these exhortations being accompanied by the most startling announcement of facts of a character not at all calculated to allay apprehension. The panic was in reality a healthy indication of the unwillingness of the public to be deceived any longer as to the real condition of the financial affairs of a small number of speculative houses.

To many persons it may seem absurd that we should speak of a panic as a healthy indication; and indeed if the public remained for any length of time in a wild and excited state, rushing about to draw their money and hiding it away in stockings, and frightening each other, we should have a different opinion of the subject; it would then be evident that distrust had really so thoroughly supplanted credit that for the time being the financial system was broken down. This would imply a much more disastrous and barbarous condition of society than we are willing to believe exists; and the immediate action of the banks of New York in forming a combination for mutual support shows that the crisis had at that

time, at any rate, produced no such effect on the public imagination. A panic which goes no farther than to secure a general collapse of houses which have been engaged in over-speculation, and which then results in a suspension of business for consultation and defence against the general enemy, is panic of rather a commendable kind.

This panic will tend to make several things in politics clearer than they have been. Never before have the intimate relations between Wall Street and the Treasury been made so manifest. Secretary Richardson and Secretary Boutwell have both, it is true, intervened in times of commercial difficulty; but their interference before has always been spoken of as a matter of exceptional necessity. On this occasion, however, the administration has itself come to New York, and the President and Secretary have held an audience on the situation at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and it has been admitted on all hands, that unless the government did something the entire business of New York, if not the whole country, must come to a stand-still. There is indeed no half-way between interference and non-interference; the Treasury must be managed in its own interests, or in everybody's interest. The reserve of \$44,000,000, which is legally no part of the currency of the country, has been treated for two years as if it were legal currency, and might be issued at any time; and no doubt a belief was created in the minds of a large number of persons that it would be thrown on the market whenever it was needed. Certainly the brokers closely connected with the government had reason to believe that it would be used for their assistance. But when the President came to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he suddenly discovered that it was illegal to issue this reserve, and announced that the law could not be violated, except in the very last emergency. The result of all this vacillation is that the government is in possession of \$44,000,000 of which no living man knows the exact character. The Senate committee, who have reported on the subject, say that it is retired currency, and so much waste paper; it was the opinion of the late Secretary of the Treasury that the sum was so many million dollars legal tender in the payment of debts, with which the government might do what it pleased; it is the opinion of the present Secretary and of the President that the \$44,000,000 partakes

of two opposite and directly contradictory characters ; that so long as money is easy and Wall Street feels confident, it is waste paper ; that so long as it is possible to keep it back, it is illegal to issue it ; but that the moment the emergency becomes overpowering, *presto* the waste paper becomes good legal money, and is currency again. We sincerely trust that this absurd state of affairs may come to an end this winter. If Congress has any sense of what the financial condition of the country demands, it will forever set at rest the doubt about this sum by a plain enactment ; there is really no doubt about it, even at present, but the behavior of the President and his Secretaries has given many people good reason to think that some doubt exists.

There is another thing in connection with this interference of the Treasury which demands investigation. Grave accusations have been brought against the Secretary of the Treasury for what is, to speak plainly, a falsification of the accounts of the department. No one suspects Mr. Richardson of dishonesty, but he has been trained in a school of politics which has never taught its pupils that respect for truth is the first political virtue, and it would be quite within the bounds of possibility that Mr. Richardson should think it a very praiseworthy action to represent the affairs of the Treasury as in a more prosperous condition than they actually are, by treating "called bonds" as gold, or some other simple device. He has denied in general terms the truth of the rumor, but he has not given any reason to believe that he will court investigation. It is one of the peculiarities of the present administration, that it resents all criticisms and inquiry into its proceedings, as if the election of its head by the people gave it a sort of political infallibility.

The crisis will have one good effect, if it turns people's attention away, for the time being even, from the farmers' movement. The depression in stocks and the total collapse of some of the houses which made their money out of handling bonds, ought to do something towards convincing the farmers that the iniquitous monopolists who invest their money in railroads do it at considerable risk, of which they cannot wholly relieve themselves even by allowing the directors to enrich themselves out of the earnings.

This panic has many features which

distinguish it from any panic which has been much spoken of or written about of late. It is, we believe, the first great panic in the history of modern commerce in which the dread of a general crash has been made use of as a preventive of a general crash. In former panics dread has got the better of every other feeling ; in this case, the effect of the first suspensions was to warn everybody of what was coming, and to produce a general conviction that, unless matters were kept quiet, the result would be disastrous. If we can imagine the nature of panics to become so thoroughly understood by the business community as to make this always the case, it is probable that panics would lose some of their terror. In every commercial crisis, it is only a small part of the community that is really insolvent. The great mass of the people, even of a reckless and extravagant country, live within their income, and over-trading is always confined to one class, over-speculation in stocks to another. In the panic of this year, as we have said, the mercantile houses were known to be in a prosperous condition from the beginning. If in all future panics, before a purely animal terror has seized on every one, measures of precaution are taken, the trouble may certainly in some of them be confined within its proper limits. If those who owe more than they can pay should be forced to make settlements with their creditors on reasonable terms, while the rest of the country is enabled to transact its business as usual, smooth water might be reached at a comparatively early day. By precautionary measures, we do not mean measures to bolster up insolvent corporations or men, but measures to discover the real condition of affairs, to make the losses fall upon those who have really brought about the crisis, and to relieve perfectly solvent banks and individuals from pressure. Meantime it is useless to attempt to conceal the fact that the great danger for the country now is, not so much from over-speculation, as from fraudulent speculation. When we take into account the millions of fraudulent debt foisted upon the public by the Southern States, by such city governments as Tweed's, and of doubtful debt by such a railroad as the Northern Pacific, the only wonder is that we were not all swamped by them long ago. Fortunately for our dishonest comfort, we have had Europe to swindle as well as our own fellow-citizens,

and many millions of the money thus obtained — unquestionably the greater part — has been profitably though dishonestly invested in domestic enterprise.

The political article in the *Atlantic* for August has been subjected to some very curious criticism; it being apparently the opinion of a large number of persons that it was calculated to strengthen Butler's chances, while the General himself frequently referred to it in his stump speeches as containing a statement that there were "certain old families," in Massachusetts who "had a traditional right to control the politics of the State." It is hardly necessary for us to say that the *Atlantic* never contained, and never will contain, any such fatuous statement as this, and we merely refer to it because it furnishes an amusing instance of the difficulty of political discussions to which General Butler is a party. If he had gone about the State saying that the *Atlantic* was in favor of an hereditary despotism, a standing army, and the introduction of crucifixion as a substitute for the gallows, he would hardly have been further from the actual facts; but the actual facts are no part of his weapons. In the article to which we refer we endeavored to point

out several things with regard to the change which has taken place in the condition of Massachusetts in the last generation, and to account by these historical facts for the strength of Butler. We also stated that he had the support of the administration, which was indignantly denied by Republican newspapers throughout the State. We believe the event has so thoroughly justified what we said, both as to the strength of General Butler and the means by which he might be defeated, that it is hardly worth while to reopen the discussion. As to the support afforded by the administration, it is hardly necessary to do more than point to the resolution passed by the nominating convention at Worcester on this point, in which the administration, always referred to in the early stages of the conflict as perfectly neutral, was denounced for interference in State affairs, and called upon to remove the intermeddling officials. As it is perfectly well known from one end of the United States to the other that the administration interferes in every important State election, we may say, in conclusion, that the vacillation of opinion on this subject, in certain quarters in this State during the Butler campaign, was contemptibly absurd.